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THE
LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

STEPHEN OLIN, D.D., LL.D.,
LATE PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

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LIFE AND LETTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE DANUBE—HOMEWARD BOUND.

DR. OLIN sailed from Smyrna on the 5th of June for Constantinople, where he arrived on the 11th. After making some short excursions in this beautiful city, and enjoying delightful intercourse with the American missionaries, he went to bed with a fever, which confined him to his room for eight days. The discomfort of this illness was greatly alleviated by the kind attentions and Christian hospitality of the Rev. Mr. Hamlin and his wife, in whom he was truly happy to recognize the sister of his dear friend, the Rev. Samuel C. Jackson. After his recovery, he spent a week in exploring, with his usual indefatigable energy, the city and its environs; and from the ample notes made of these excursions, of his ten days in Athens, his fifteen days on horseback among the mountains and valleys of the Morea and Continental Greece, and of his voyage up the Danube, it occurred to him, after the publication of his "Travels in the East," to prepare two volumes, uniform with these in size. In pursuance of this design, he had already written out for the press his observations on Greece and Constantinople,

when he was induced to abandon the idea of publication; and the notes on the Danube, intended to form the basis of a second volume, were left in the rough.

On the 29th of June, he bade farewell to the kind friends who had so greatly contributed to his comfort, and furthered his objects in visiting Constantinople. With Mrs. Hamlin—first seen as a young girl in her father's house amid the green hills of Vermont, then a Christian matron, performing gently and gracefully the varied duties of her oriental life—he was next to meet in the better land. In the same year, God called these, his servants, from the East and from the West, to sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in His kingdom.

The month of July he spent on the Danube. "A few pencil lines," as Gray somewhere remarks, "are worth a cart-load of recollection afterward;" so Dr. Olin's penciled notes, written mostly on the steamer, may be considered of no inferior value, especially as recent events have invested that country with peculiar interest.

Journal.

July 6th, 1840. This has been a day of excessive heat. The small islands yesterday and to-day are some of them beautiful, being covered with an impervious low copse, perfectly green. In the evening we passed a large village on the left, with a respectable mosque. Behind is a vast plain, bounded by the lofty Balkan—a fine view. To the right of the village is a three-arched stone bridge.

7th. We reached Widdin, on the left bank, early in the morning, and stopped to take in merchandise. A large mosque, three stories high, is close to the shore, whence a

company, singing, and with a green flag, entered the town. I followed them to the opposite side of the city, where a crowd was gathered to witness the departure of pilgrims for Mecca. The bazars which I traversed are ample, but meanly built of wood, and badly supplied. I saw massive salt in cubes two feet square, iron roughly hammered, long piles of bales of cotton, a cargo of which we take for Vienna—it is in bales of one hundred and fifty pounds; bags of coarse black and gray striped wool. It was brought, two bales on a horse, from Macedonia; it is of a bad quality, short staples, like the shearings of broad-cloth. Many houses are of wattled branches of trees, plastered with mud mixed with short straw. There is a good deal of lumber in the town. I saw seventeen of the twenty-three minarets said to be visible. The country is gently undulating, and just above are swells on the right bank. The population is composed of Turks, Jews, Greeks, Armenians, and Bulgarians. The Bulgarians have light hair and blue eyes; their dress is a frock and trowsers, red sash, and skull-cap. Widdin is an extensive fortress, with fosse and abatis; the walls are of stone—the embrasures upon them of earth, kept in place by wicker-work. A little above, and nearly opposite, is the large village of Calofat, to which the number of flocks in its vicinity, and the white tents of the shepherds give a pleasing effect. At 1½ P.M., the mercury under the awning on deck was 99°.

July 8th. At seven this morning we are opposite a village on the right, built of wicker-work—small round huts, &c. This bank of the Danube, so long a dead flat, is at first an undulating plain, and, two miles from the shore, is a ridge of the Oriental Carpathian Mountains, beautifully wooded up the side, and the top spotted with yellow fields of wheat. The left bank is high, and conical hills form the background. The Danube bends to the north. The Wallachian side is beautiful. Gently swelling hills and vales, cultivated fields plentifully intermingled with rich wood, and now and then

a white cottage. It is a new sight. The Wallachian Lazaretto is on the bank, and consists of several respectable white houses. 9½ A.M., at Trajan's Bridge. A pile of masonry stands on both shores, close to the water. It is from ten to fifteen feet high, and composed of rough stones in cement. The bridge seems to have been narrow in proportion to its length, which was about one mile. Just above, on the right, is a fragment of a wall, fifteen feet high, said to have been a part of the Roman camp. Other ruins, less visible, are scattered around in the vegetation. The whole region is beautiful.

The boat stopped at 11½ A.M. Higher by one or two miles is Scala Gladova, where the Austrian flag flies, and where the boat of the other side of the river stops. Here is a wattled village, the chimneys the same, the roof thatched. Just opposite, on the left, is a Turkish fort, with several good buildings within, and a mosque. It is called Feth Islam, or Gladova. A mile higher is the Servian village of Gladonitza, where we anchored at 11½ A.M., too late to get to Orsova to-night. We stay on board till to-morrow morning in an ill humor. This is a vile village of twigs, thatch, and mud. The opposite bank is a mountain of slate, which dips from the Danube at a great angle. The passage from here to Orsova is made in boats towed by oxen, or carriages, which are immense baskets, something like a coach in form, and suspended on wheels. The soldiers who guard the banks of the Danube in Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia belong to the principalities, and are not Russians. The dress of the Servian and Bulgarian female peasants is a white handkerchief tied upon the head, a long gown of white cotton, a colored petticoat, open at the sides, reaching half way from the knees to the ankles, and confined at the top by a girdle. They come for water with two buckets, pendent from the ends of a lever, which they balance on the shoulder, and they wade in the river to fill these vessels. The men, who are as

straight as Indians, have long light hair. There are large warehouses of wicker-work for salt—a government monopoly, and the unloading is done from the high poops of ships.

July 9th, 1840. We left Gladonitza early this morning for the Lazaretto at Orsova, distant sixteen miles. Our conveyance was a large, flat-bottomed boat, with a shingled roof, painted green inside and out, and towed by four white oxen. A huge boat, laden with the merchandise, had twenty oxen. Gladonitza is a wicker-work town. The granaries are immense baskets on posts. At the distance of a mile and a half, the mountains of mica slate come to the river with a steep slope. They form many swells, varying from five hundred to eight hundred feet, and are covered with a low growth of wood. The scenery is very beautiful. About half way between Gladonitza and Orsova is "The Iron Gate," where the rock runs quite across the bed of the river, leaving now sixteen inches of water; but, when dry, the rock appears a great part of the way. It is more than two thousand feet long. The current here is very swift, and the rock opposes an effectual barrier to the passage of steam-boats. There are on the left the remains of an ancient canal, which is not now allowed to be kept open. Two miles below Orsova is Old Orsova, a ruinous Turkish fort, built of brick. On the left is Fort Elizabeth, built by Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, and finished by Joseph II. of Austria. A subterraneous passage, a mile in length, leads to the opposite side of the mountain. Here is the *last mosque*; and, on reaching land in Orsova, the first sound was a fine church bell. I thank God, who has brought me to a Christian land. A soldier, with a gun and bayonet, walked by our boat; a woman drove the oxen. The men wear long hair.

Quarantine at 12. The Lazaretto is in a considerable vale, surrounded on all sides by well-wooded mountains. Our apartments are small; our court sixty-nine feet by forty-five, where a mixed company are gathered together. Our Wal-

lachian guardian knows no language but Wallachian. The garden in the interior is planted with shrubs, and the peaches on the trees are as large as partridge eggs. Grain is white for the harvest.

July 19th. We left the Lazaretto at 3 P.M., and reached Orsova at 5, after much ceremony at the custom-house and passport office. Our books, of which as well as all other articles we had to make report on entering the Lazaretto, are taken to-day, plumbed, that is, put under seal; and they will come into our hands again at Semlin or Vienna, if not found to contain dangerous opinions. The countryman's costume is loose trousers often bordered, petticoat, and figured jacket, a red girdle, and a hat with a semi-sphere crown and broad brim, turned up all round. The female costume is a gay head-dress of a red kerchief tied on the head with one end flowing, a two-folded apron of gay colors and fringed at the bottom, with boots. On Sunday evening, a number of good-looking peasants were dancing to the music of the flute and violin. Orsova is a neat little town of one thousand inhabitants, with two churches, and houses whitewashed and covered with long shingles. I saw many fine Vienna-made carriages for Odessa and other Oriental places, proofs of growing wealth and civilization, and of improved roads. I here saw hogs, the first I had seen, except two or three, since I left Syria. The German beds here, as in Hanover, are short, narrow, and foul; the wash-basins are most inconveniently small. We saw three women to one man in the field; some of them had distaffs, and others had a child, slung in a basket or on their backs. The men are employed in military service; and the women are made hags, prematurely old and ugly, here, as in other countries of Europe, by this rude exposure to the sun, and by their hard labor; a great contrast are they to the veiled and secluded women of the East.

We are now amid the celebrated passes of the Danube, through the Carpathian range, a wild and sublime region.

The river, which is two or three hundred feet wide, is rapid and deep, and full of eddies and rocks. Narrow passes succeed each other at short intervals. The mountain is a thousand feet high, with nearly perpendicular sides, and top covered with brushwood. Our road along the Hungarian bank is blasted in the mountain, and has an overhanging gallery. The ancient Roman road, opposite, on the Servian bank of the Danube, was cut in and under the rock, and was said to be roofed. It was fifty miles long, and in some places it was a mere platform for many miles, overhanging the river, and resting upon beams mortised into the face of the perpendicular cliff.

Men wear conical sheep-skin caps, with long black and white wool. Sandals are made by perforating a bit of skin, of proper size, with holes along the border, and drawing them on the foot with a thong. The women in the field are naked to the hips. We passed three towers—two on shore, very ancient, and one on a rock in the water, which is reached by a bridge, and which is still used.

July 21st. A small Austrian fort on the right, connecting with a small island in the river. A mile further is the Servian castle Romor, which is semi-ruinous, with four towers on a rocky point. There are said to be Roman ruins near. The mountains cease—even the hills, on the Hungarian side, are lost in an immense level, a little above the water, with a low sand ridge in the background. The Danube is from one to two miles wide, muddy and swift, with low brush-covered islands, much as it is three hundred miles below.

3½ P.M. Semendria on the left—a small Servian town, half concealed amid foliage, and appearing well from the boat. Close to the water is a triangular fort of the fifteenth century, built by a Servian prince. Its inner wall is battlemented, and strengthened by twenty-four battlemented towers. A long window is seen in the side of the towers looking within. Two or three lower towers stand near the angles

on the river. There is an outer wall like the first, but lower, and without towers. Servia is beautifully variegated, and much wooded. Hungary is a vast plain.

6 P.M. Just opposite there is a large Servian village of mud and thatch, very mean, but full of small trees. The country is hilly and brushy. On the Hungarian side, the land barely rises out of the water, and is mostly in grass. There are several villages in the distance. The guard-houses, which occur every mile and a half, are raised on posts four or five feet high. Great heat.

July 22d, 1840. Arrived at Semlin after dark last night. For a considerable distance below, the Danube is very broad, and imbosoms many islands covered by willows and coarse grass, and rising just above the water. We sailed close to the fortress of Belgrade. This town is finely situated on a high point, at the junction of the Save and Danube. Belgrade, though Servian, is held by Turkish troops—a troublesome compliment to the empty claims of the sultan, useless as well in war as in peace. The immense plain of Hungary shows scattering villages—fertile, but badly tilled.

At Semlin we leave the *Banat*, the girdle or military frontier. This singular institution, which had its origin in the sixteenth century, was established in this region—wasted by the Turks, and peopled by the refugees to defend it from the Turks—to act as a sanatory cordon, and to prevent smuggling. It is a check of Hungary, a nursery for soldiers, and its extent is eleven hundred miles long and sixteen broad. Every thing is military. Duty from sixteen to sixty for land, and the soldiers are employed two thirds of the time. From five to eight thousand are stationed in guard-houses, on borders, heights, and rivers. Villages are under military régime; so is all domestic and farm industry—schools and churches every where. The soil is badly tilled, mostly by women, who are very vulgar. The soldiers wear a homespun uniform, sandals, and cap; and in summer, white trowsers and shirt.

They are good soldiers, and devoted to Austria, not to Hungary. From eighty to a hundred thousand may be mustered, who must go any where in time of war. The cause is now ceased for this peculiar institution, which devotes this region to comparative barbarism. It were much better to have regular troops. The military frontier goes up the Danube, above Peterwardein and Neusatz, from which to the Theiss; the region maintains a river fleet of boats.

Semlin has wide, regular streets; decent, small, white houses, with many gardens and trees. Around is a fosse and stockade, made of logs from ten to twelve inches in diameter, and from ten to twelve feet high, set close together in the earth. I saw six churches and several warehouses. This is a place of great deposit from the Save, Theiss, Danube, &c., for lumber, hides, wool (long and coarse), and grain. I saw many stores for tanned sheep-skins, with wool for winter clothes, and to line coats, and for sandals. The streets are clean. I met many corpulent women. There is some silk business; the cocoon winders get twenty kreutzers and food per day; others work from four in the morning to eight in the evening.

The Castle of Hunniades is on a high bluff overlooking the Danube. It is a quadrangle, faced in and out with brick; the rest rough stones in mortar. There are four round towers, one at each corner. It commands a boundless view; much land covered by water on the Hungarian side; a dead level, with extensive forests of oak and ash. A group of gypsies were seated near the old tower.

July 23d. Left Semlin at midnight. We had a disagreeable night. More passengers and great noise. The Hungarian young men are reckless and boisterous; play and drink hard. One is a noble, who played all day, and at Semlin drank all night nearly; slept in his boots; and yesterday morning sent for a band of music, and he and a few more caroused all day. His bill was five hundred florins. At

night he brought the band on board ; but the captain, after a few minutes, forbade their playing.

Peterwardein, on the left bank, is approached by a very winding course of the river, which imbosoms small islands. It is a strong fortress, on a high point, in a bend of the Danube, which flows close under its guns. A range of bulwarks runs just above the river, and incloses a large area occupied by barracks, &c. ; and a high elevation is surmounted by the citadel overlooking the river and city. The ramparts rise one above another in great beauty. They are topped with green turf. It is calculated for ten thousand men, and may yet be a bulwark against Russia, though no longer of use against Turkey. It is named from Peter the Hermit, who once assembled the crusaders here. Peterwardein is joined by a bridge of anchored boats to Neusatz, on the right bank.

4½ P.M. Illok—a station of the boat, built of sections of trees five inches in diameter. On the hill is a large church and convent, with battlemented walls. The bluff is finely wooded to the top, and gives a very charming air to this site.

5½. A large village on the left bank, and the ruin of a castle on the high bluff. The most common tree on the Danube throughout its course is the willow ; in the lowest ground, mere brushwood ; in the higher, that is, above high water, it is often from one to two feet in diameter, low and spreading. Scattered over the vast pastures, it resembles the apple-trees of a New England orchard. The Hungarian and Russian ladies, of whom we have a number on board, knit perpetually.

The heat to-day has been oppressive, the mercury 88° at 6 P.M. No breeze, and the boat so slow as only to raise enough to bring the smoke and heat under the awning.

July 24th, 6½ A.M. The boat is in the midst of a vast sea of tall grass and low willows, with occasional islands of wood, through which the Danube winds in all directions. It imbosoms many islands, all thickly clad with brushwood. No

hill or habitation in sight. We passed the Drave, the limit of Sclavonia, early this morning.

9 A.M. In the midst of a village of mills turned by the strong current. The wheel, which is of great diameter and length, plays between two boats, anchored in the strong current by large chains. One boat is a covered house for the mill; but the millers' families do not live in it. These mills work with much force, and might be adopted in the American rivers. Immense savannahs of grass and brushwood.

9½. Anatin—a re-enforcement of passengers. The better sort of Hungarians are a good-looking people—have strong features, long, ample noses, good foreheads, &c. They wear bushy hair before, but cut it close behind, and cultivate carefully enormous mustaches. They come on board with huge German pipes in their hands, and a showy tobacco-pouch, worked with beads or other ornaments, on the arm, like a lady's reticule. The ladies dress very finely on board, wear much jewelry, and have a good deal the air of fashion, though all is of rather ordinary material. One always observes with pain the abasement of the common people, who take off their hats with an air of profound humility, which seems to say, "Forgive me for breathing the same air with you."

5½ P.M. Stopped at Mohacs, which covers a large area of low, flat ground, close to the Danube. With the exception of some government establishments, and a few shops and dwellings, it is a city of cottages, built mostly in a uniform style—small, low mud walls, whitewashed gable to the street, windows of four small panes, thatched with long reeds from the marshes, and surrounded with small inclosures of wicker-fence, better made and more neatly kept than usual. A good many willows are scattered through the place. Trenches, containing green water, run on one or both sides of the wide streets. Multitudes of dirty and unhealthy looking, but not ragged, children were running about the town. There are a few shops, and from fifteen to twenty good churches, a con-

vent, and fine gardens. A vast region around the opposite side of the Danube is flat, and covered with brushwood. Seven girls wheeled the coal into our boat—no man there. Their costume was a blue skirt or apron, and blue handkerchief tied simply over the head, and hanging down with many beads behind. Some have sheep-skin jackets, and some, in full dress, had tufts of hair carried round the face and hanging down behind, all shining with grease. The men, in broad-brimmed, semi-sphere crowned hats and loose trousers, have long, coarse, tangled hair. Sheep-skin caps are used by many. Mohacs is famed for two great battles between Turks and Christians; the first adverse, the second favorable to the latter. We stayed here till 1½ A.M., received a crowd of passengers, and had a more uncomfortable night. Every thing grows daily worse on this line. We sleep on slides, on plank sixteen inches wide, which are drawn out parallel, and six inches apart, and a cushion is laid upon this. Hitherto I have had two; this night I had to balance myself on one—full business for a man wide awake.

Hungary, though semi-barbarous, was for centuries the bulwark of Christianity and civilization, and probably saved Western Europe from the fate of Asia Minor. Often routed, it always contended, and the power of Turkey was stayed and broken against this shield, till Europe grew stronger, and the zeal of Turkey and the terror of her name declined. Hungary was to Turkey what the aroused population of Spain was to Napoleon. The vale of the Danube is the largest and most fertile in Europe, fit to give food to fifty millions of people. It is uncultivated after sixteen hundred years, through the influence of bad governments, wars, &c. Under favorable circumstances, Hungary, Servia, Wallachia, Moldavia, &c., not to mention Asia Minor, might take the emigrants of Europe, to whom they offer more natural advantages than America—good soil, cleared of forest, mild climate, proximity, &c. The races here are not improvable,

nor fit to be free. There is a want of people. Governments know not how to mend matters. Impossible! Slow progress of improvement by steam-boats—four new boats are building. The Danube is difficult of ascent, through its shallow water and rapid currents: from twenty to forty horses are seen towing the large boats. The navigation is only fit for steam-boats, of which there should be many more. With American enterprise, there would be fifty in two or three years. Every thing here is slow—quarantines—indolence—jealousy—want of capital, of trade, of manufactures—all impede the march of improvement. Yet with such a region on its banks, with Vienna, Pesth, and other fine towns above, and Constantinople and the East below, the Danube should swarm with boats like the Mississippi. It is, with the exception of the American, the most extensive line of inland navigation in the world.

The Hungarian gentlemen strip off their coats if they find it too warm at dinner. They all raise the hat and bow, wishing you well when you sneeze. There is much freedom in their intercourse with their servants. This is the case, too, with the different sexes, though less deference is shown to females than with us. The nobles do not associate with the richest merchants. They hold all lands, and have no sympathy with the people. The Magyars are of uncertain origin—either Asiatic or Scandinavian. They conquered Hungary in the eighth century. Latin is spoken by the educated classes, and it was used in the Diet till five years ago.

July 26th. We arrived at Pesth at two P.M., and I stopped at the Hotel of the Queen of England, which is well kept, and close to the bridge. I am very unwell, and have been so from Orsova, but have great reason to be thankful for God's mercies, which have supported me. Pesth is on the east side of the Danube, and may be two miles long. It is compactly built of brick, plastered and whitewashed—walls thick. There are many palaces, as in Vienna, subdivided for a num-

ber of families, which gives a noble appearance. Pesth is a fine-looking city, and very striking on coming from the East, where all private buildings are mean. A noble range of buildings fronts the Danube, leaving room for a well-paved street, a landing-place, and a space for carts, coffee-houses, hotels, and offices. There are several fine streets of stores immediately in the rear of this. The shops are richly filled with all sorts of merchandise, vying in splendor with stores in Vienna and Paris. The signs, like those in Vienna, are beautiful pictures of men, women, animals, and wares, the work of the first artists. The public buildings, besides the usual supply of respectable, but not remarkable, churches, are the military hospital, just below the town, near the Danube; the military school, in the same neighborhood; the Stadt-house, a venerable-looking edifice, with a lofty steeple; and some immense barracks. These, as in all Europe, cover no small part of the city; but here are two, especially that of Joseph II., of immense size, the latter said to be the largest in the world. It has many cells under ground, and, the Hungarians say, was built for a prison. Draying is awkwardly done—sometimes by three yoke of oxen or two pairs of horses, in long wagons, which answer in these wide streets, or in single wagons, the pole lashed to the horse's neck. Near Pesth the Danube is very deep, and a vast number of boats, all clumsy, show the greatness of its trade. There are large floating baths, besides several others on shore, which are some of the largest and finest buildings. There are many fine cafés and hotels. The Cassino contains an extensive reading-room, and the best restaurant. One great defect of this really fine city is the want of trees. It has many spacious squares and broad streets, all bare of verdure and shade. The merchants, who are mostly Germans, are rich. One sees, however, no thronged streets.

There was a great freshet in Pesth in March, 1838, caused by the breaking up of the ice in the Upper Danube. A large

part of the town was flooded ; the water rose from five to six feet in the churches, and in several places the soil was swept away some feet in depth, traces of which I saw. All the mills, and upward of two thousand houses, were destroyed, and several thousands of lives were lost. Among these were many prisoners confined in subterranean cells—a reason why magistrates made no report of numbers. There is great danger when the ice in the Danube above breaks up before it does below. Soldiers are stationed at proper intervals to watch, and the ice is broken by the discharge of cannon against it. Immediately opposite Pesth, on the left bank, is Buda, or Ofen, the ancient capital. The Danube is passed on a bridge of forty-five flat-bottomed boats, moored with chain cables at the bow and stern of each. They are also tied to each other with massive chains. These are the piers of the bridge, which is three hundred and eighty-eight paces long. It is a toll-bridge, and the only one, perhaps, on which the poor alone pay, and every well-dressed man goes free. The nobles of Hungary are exempt from taxes—the poor peasants paying all ; and the reason given for the anomaly I have referred to is, that toll might be asked through mistake of a nobleman. The collectors draw the line very low—it is only of coarsely-clad poor persons that money is exacted. A bill has passed the Diet to build an iron bridge, where all must pay. This is a triumph of principle. The work is slowly advancing. This iron bridge, fourteen hundred feet long, is to be six years in building. A Scotch engineer has the direction of it, and fifteen English laborers are employed at thirty shillings a week. The Hungarians can not haul large loads, nor cut stone, nor work iron well. Mr. — had great difficulty to induce them to come at the ringing of the bell, and to give up smoking when at work, which took one fourth of their time. They now do nearly double the amount of labor they performed at the outset. The iron is brought from England.

Two lofty hills rise on this bank of the Danube almost from the water's edge, with a deep valley between them, which approaches the river just opposite to the end of the bridge. The south hill, or that below the bridge, is five hundred feet high. It is surmounted by an observatory, and commands a grand view of Pesth, Buda, the Danube above and below, and the vast plains of Hungary. The north hill is less elevated. It is crowned with the large palace of the vice-king and other public edifices, the whole inclosed in strong walls, and forming a citadel that commands both cities.

Buda is built in the valley between these two hills, all around the second, and along the river for three miles or more—a part of the way consisting of a single street, so close do the hills press upon the water, and again spreading out into a considerable breadth. With the exception of the public buildings, it is much inferior to Pesth, and has but little trade. One fine street runs along the summit through the citadel, which contains private dwellings as well as public edifices.

The adjacent country is uneven and picturesque, though not populous. It is covered with vineyards. Buda or Ofen is said to have thirty thousand inhabitants, Pesth eighty thousand. One steamer goes down the Danube weekly, and two to Vienna. There is a daily line of coaches to Vienna, which take only three passengers. A thriving village in America would have more intercourse with its market-town. Here is a great capital, and mart of a kingdom of twelve millions of inhabitants—the most fertile country in Europe—for which these meagre means suffice. More steamers are to be built. European steamers are never crowded like those in America, two hundred passengers being the most I have ever seen, except in a single instance. These are divided into two or three classes, paying different fares, and not allowed to encroach on the space allowed to each other. The main cabin and quarter-deck have thus rather a select company. The

same arrangement prevails at table, where there is never a rush for places, and seldom a noise.

July 28th. I saw Mr. W——. I learned that Hungary and Transylvania have no connection. The Archbishop of Transylvania sits in the Hungarian Diet—for no reason. Hungary is divided into fifty-four comitatus, formed of the descendants of the Magyar noblesse—some of whom are now poor—and of those who hold lands of the crown. Large towns have no vote. Pesth has two in the comitatus of ten thousand votes. The comitatus has local powers, controlling roads, bridges, schools, religion, election of judges (for three years), of delegates to the Diet, &c. It can negotiate in some cases with foreign powers. It instructs members of the Diet, and recalls them at pleasure. The terms of citizenship differ a little—the clergy of the various churches, Catholic, Lutheran, and Calvinist, having preference in different comitatus.

The Diet has six hundred members, all paid and lodged. It ought to sit at least once in three years, though not always called by the king (emperor), who dissolves it at pleasure. It votes by comitatus, each of which must agree upon its vote in Diet. The Diet grants soldiers and taxes, and has extensive legislative powers. It chooses the Palatine—four candidates—two Catholic, one Lutheran, and one Calvinist being nominated by the crown, and other high officers. Members of the comitatus pay no taxes directly, no tolls at bridges, ferries, roads, &c. Rent is paid in so many days' work. The Catholic Church has much land—the Lutheran, Calvinist, and Greek are supported by the public. Formerly a majority of the noblesse were Protestant, but, with much gallantry, they changed their faith for that of their queen, Maria Theresa. Many are still Protestant, who hold equal rights and many offices. Transylvania, where Protestant influence predominates, is a prosperous region, and has good schools and colleges. The people are of a Saxon stock. Joseph II. tried to introduce German in all courts, &c., but his successor gave

up the attempt. Now all is in Hungarian, which has much improved the literature. Signs are in Hungarian, German, and often French. The Diet last year refused the grant of soldiers till they got a promise of amnesty to certain imprisoned liberals. Lands in Hungary yield six per cent., or are sold at eighteen years purchase. An estate commonly has a part let irreclaimably for one tenth of the produce and a number of days' labor. The rest is free, and is let for two thirds of the product. The proprietor has a farm to employ the labor. Land may now be bound for debt, which improves its value, and it will rise. The Banat is better tilled than Hungary.

July 30th. Left Pesth in the steamer Galatea at 6 A.M. A cool morning, and fine, clean boat, with two hundred passengers. Two miles above Pesth is an island laid out in lawn and garden, and well kept by the Countess Palatine. Indian corn is the common crop. Wheat is in the harvest. Villages are frequent and populous, and the banks variegated and picturesque. At 11 o'clock we passed the ruined Castle of Wissegrad, the palace of the ancient kings of Hungary, situated on a lofty rock, with an extensive wall and several towers—one near the water. Hills, or, rather, low mountains, their summits covered with brushwood, press to the water's edge on both sides of the river. About two o'clock we passed Gran, a small town of from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, and the ecclesiastical metropolis of Hungary. A cathedral, on a lofty rock, close to the Danube, begun in 1826, is still incomplete. It is within an old citadel, which is also to contain an Episcopal palace, a convent, and other buildings on a scale of great splendor. It was begun by the archbishop, and an annual appropriation is made by the Diet. It will be the finest church in Hungary. The hill is covered with vines. The Danube above Pesth is less turbid than it is two or three hundred miles below, though its volume and rapidity are not perceptibly less than below its junction with the Save, Drave,

and Theiss. At 6 P.M. we are again in the midst of an immense plain, pretty well tilled. An Austrian major (to guard their principles) does not allow officers to travel in England, France, or America. They go to Russia. Others encourage their officers to go to Algiers to learn war; but Algiers refuses to receive them. They may go to Circassia.

At 7½ P.M. we pass Comorn, at the junction of the Waag from Gallicia with the Danube. It is the Gibraltar of the Danube, and the strongest fort in Austria. The environs are flat, and some outworks are on the opposite side of the Danube. Francis I. retired here when Napoleon took Vienna. There is a considerable town, and a bridge over the Danube on piers to an island, and on boats thence to the left bank. The fort was never taken. Here are four hundred convicts.

July 31st, 6 A.M. The Danube is more than a mile wide, full of islands and sand-banks, which, with the shores, are only just above water. The navigation is difficult, the water not being more than four feet deep, and the channel very crooked. One dragging machine of twelve horse power is employed near Presburg — twelve are wanted. There are boundless flat lands on every side. In low water, this is a portage, and passengers are conveyed in tow-boats to a steamer above. 12½ P.M. A copious rain is falling, and some snow. Both banks of the river are covered with forests of small trees. The boat advances two miles the hour. We stopped at dark a mile below Presburg, being unable to stem the current. The Danube has risen very high, and is a perfect torrent, and very turbid.

August 1st. We came to Presburg this morning. It is a handsome town, close to the Danube, over which a bridge of twenty-seven boats extends. The palace is on a very commanding hill. We left Presburg before 8 o'clock A.M., in a carriage for Vienna.

On his arrival at Vienna, Dr. Olin was at once prostrated by the fever which he had taken in the fens of the Danube, and which now attacked him in the form of congestion of the brain. Days of partial derangement, and several weeks of dangerous illness, ensued; but he was under the care of a skillful physician, and friends with Christian sympathy and unwearied kindness ministered to the lonely sufferer, till, by the good providence of God, he passed the crisis of his disease safely, and was enabled, though still feeble, to leave Vienna on the first of September, in an Austrian diligence for Munich. He remained three days in this beautiful city, and then proceeded, by the way of Constance, Zurich, and Basle, to Paris. His anxiety to return home, and his extreme weakness, led him to forego a tour he had contemplated amid the mountains and valleys of Switzerland; and, after resting three days in Paris and twelve in London, he embarked at Liverpool in the steamer Acadia for Boston, and made "one of the roughest, and, at that time, one of the shortest voyages ever made across the Atlantic."

CHAPTER II.

REST AND RECOVERY.

DR. OLIN spent the first winter, after his return from Europe, at Columbus, Georgia, in the charming family of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Howard, where he enjoyed every comfort that watchful kindness and affection could provide. In the spring he went to reside with his brother, in Salisbury, Vermont. Many changes had taken place in the home circle during his absence in Europe. His father had sold his farm in Leicester, which was not compact enough to suit him, and had purchased another in the adjoining town of Salisbury. The house to which he removed was burned down shortly after their change of residence, and in it were consumed all Dr. Olin's letters to his father and family, written before his departure for Europe. His brother repeated the exact words of some of these letters, which informed his father of his conversion, after a lapse of nearly thirty years; and on being asked how his memory could retain them so long, he replied, "I lived upon them; I never had expected to see my brother religious." The old familiar faces were not there to greet the returning traveler. His married sisters, with their families, had removed to Illinois; and his eye asked in vain for the father's room, memorable from childhood, the great arm-chair, and the venerated form that used to fill it. His brother's place was a pretty,

cheerful New England home—a new house, white, with green blinds, not far from the site of the one destroyed by fire. At a little distance rose the white spire of the church, built through his instrumentality, a new and powerful interest in religious things having been awakened in the neighborhood by the prayers and labors of this invalid Christian.

On the 3d of August, 1841, Dr. Olin writes to his brother from Saratoga Springs: "I expect to set out for the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, in two days. I *may* return to Vermont this fall, even if I winter in Georgia. All is uncertain now. I am lately quite feeble, but hope to be a little stronger in a few days. Upon the whole, I do not think my prospects brighten. I must be ready for any result. So must my friends. God will do right. I trust in Him. I may not despond. I offer body and soul to Him through Christ."

He returned to Vermont, and spent the winter at Salisbury. A pleasant family circle, consisting of his brother, his brother's wife, his niece, and his youngest sister Clarinda, who is thought to resemble him more in person and character than any of the family, gave him the needful relaxation of society; while with renovated health the ability to use his pen for four or five hours every day furnished occupation to his mind, gave an object to his life, and made the winter pass cheerfully.

On the 19th of December, he wrote from Salisbury to his cousin, Mrs. Dwinnell, with whom he had formed a very agreeable acquaintance at Saratoga a few months before. "Early in August I went from Saratoga to New York, on my way to the White Sulphur Springs,

in Virginia. I, however, found myself unable to proceed, and being admonished by my physician that the attempt would be not a little rash, I stopped three weeks on Long Island, and then came, with some difficulty, to this place. I, of course, gave up my plan of wintering in Georgia, and concluded to try the fierce climate of my native state. For three or four weeks I grew worse, and pretty much concluded that I might end my race in a short time. With the cooler weather I began to improve, which I have done steadily, and I now am better than at any time within the past year. This is most unexpected to me, and the occasion of many thanksgivings. I trust I have been quite willing to submit to the will of God even in dying; but if I may live—still more, if I may live to labor for His cause and glory, it is much to be preferred. And I can truly say, no part of my life was ever made so abundantly desirable by rich and permanent religious enjoyments. It is according to the blessed economy of the Gospel of Christ, that one so bereaved and beaten down in the dust as I am should find indemnity in sufficient grace and hallowed anticipations. I know you will rejoice with me in this, and thank God in my behalf, and it is for this purpose, as well as to speak for the Savior's praise, that I thus write.

My dear brother is in very feeble health, with no prospect of recovery, though, I hope, none of speedy death. No one is riper for heaven. He is a mature and lovely Christian, in whom is no guile. He has sold his farm here, and bought a house in West Poultney, where I have also bought a field to try the effect of labor. We go there, if possible, in April."

Mr. Olin sold his farm because he found that the necessary attention to it, and the anxieties connected with the religious interests of the neighborhood, were too weighty for his feeble health. This he did with the advice of Dr. Olin, in whose judgment he placed such implicit confidence that he always consulted him in every business transaction. In the spring, they removed to West Poultney, a pretty village in the lap of the hills in the southern part of Vermont. It is about half a mile from the New York state line, so that, in Dr. Olin's daily drives, his road frequently skirted two states. The house is pleasantly situated, nearly opposite the Troy Conference Academy. Dr. Olin added a wing containing a large, cheerful room, with windows on three sides, and a small entry, with a door opening on the grassy court-yard. In this room he finished writing out his *Journal in the East* for the press, and here he expected to end his days; but God had more work for his servant to do on the earth.

Dr. Olin did not keep a journal of his religious life. He said he had begun it several times, but he was arrested by the fear that, unconsciously, he might be influenced by the thought that the eyes of others would rest upon the page. At another time he said that these records, written in the still hour of meditation, would present the soul in its most devotional attitude, and would scarcely give a fair idea of its ordinary life. He has, however, erected four great landmarks of his spiritual progress, which he did with the deepest solemnity, and as in God's immediate presence. The first commemorates his entrance upon that life which leads to glory, honor, and immortality; the second, on his birth-

day, and on beginning his journey through the desert, records an act of renewed self-dedication to Him who, amid the "dreary and unprofitable Sabbaths of heathen lands," was keeping his soul in peace, and enabling him to walk by faith. The third, in all humility and godly sincerity, bears testimony to that work of grace in his heart, which gave him "*perfect repose* in Christ; and the fourth, written as in the near prospect of death, declares his strong conviction that "the law of affinities will have place," and that the appropriate home of his spirit would be in "that gathering in the heavens."

The third record in his journal is as follows :

Salisbury, Vt., March 13th, 1842.

I have been much exercised, for many months past, upon the subject of a universal dedication of myself and all I possess to God. The experience I have had of His goodness, especially during my residence abroad, and under the peculiar privations and afflictions which I was called to sustain in my domestic relations, and in being separated for so long a period from the house of God and all social religious privileges, has made a deep impression upon my mind. I have felt something like surprise that, under such circumstances, I was not quite carried away by the strong tide of my own corruptions, and quite estranged from the love of Christ, toward whom I was and am conscious of great infidelity and neglect. Still, I was kept from apostasy, and returned to my country not worse, I trust, but rather a good deal improved in spiritual things. I found the throne of grace especially accessible, and confidence in God unusually strong and easy to be called into exercise. Upon the whole, I enjoyed more *peace* than I ever did before, and felt a more assured and steady faith in Christ. I have also been led to the exercise

of more lively *gratitude*, and have had a more affecting sense of the agency of Divine Providence in the things which have befallen me. This has especially been my frame of mind for the last year and a half, and it now is. I have seemed to be led by these feelings to a sense of *obligation* to consecrate myself fully to God, and to seek *perfect conformity to His will*, which I never realized to the same extent before.

I think that I also perceive the reasonableness of the Methodist doctrine of holiness, and its entire conformity to the tenor of the Scriptures and to the genius of the Gospel, with a clearness and application which they did not formerly possess in my view. And I have been led strongly to desire a deeper experience in true vital religion. I have endeavored to make a *new* and solemn offering of soul and body to Christ, and am earnestly seeking for the experience of perfect love. I record my feelings now and my vows with the hope that this may give increased stability to my purposes, and be the means of inciting me to greater diligence in seeking for all the fullness of Christian experience. It will have this effect only if God will, in whose sight and in humble reliance upon the merits of Christ and the aid of the Holy Spirit, I here enter my solemn vow, which I have often made, and which I now more formally repeat, that I will from this hour, and through all future life, make God's will the sovereign rule of my actions—that I will perpetually present before him, in living sacrifice, my body and soul, my life and health, my humble talents and attainments, my influence, my time and property, to be used only as a trust for which I am strictly accountable. I will not consult my own will, but always labor to fulfill, so far as I may, the duty implied and imposed upon Christians in the Savior's prayer, "Not my will, but thine, Father, be done." I humbly pray for grace to keep this solemn pledge, which I here record with great deliberation, and under a deep sense of its import. O God, give me

this needed grace for the sake of the infinite merits of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, in humble reliance upon whose blood I have come into thy presence with this act of self-dedication.

Saratoga Springs, August 7th, 1842.

Since the above record was made of my experience and feelings, I have continued in nearly the same general frame of mind and heart as is there expressed. My *feelings* are much influenced by the condition of my health, and, as my complaints are, to a great extent, nervous, I experience considerable vicissitudes from day to day, and at different hours of the day. It is not unusual for me to have great clearness and comfort in my morning devotions, while in the evening, and at other times of the day, my mind is clouded, and my feelings little moved. Still, I am preserved by Divine grace from all despondency. I am able to exercise faith and hope, commonly gratitude. Indeed, there is no view I can take of God and his dealings with me, that does not very impressively teach the duty, and really excite the feeling of gratitude. I have encountered an unusual proportion of sickness, disappointment, bereavement; but these, as it seems to me, have only afforded more and more eminent occasions for the manifestations of the Divine mercy. This is precisely that part of my history to which I am accustomed to look when I would provoke my heart to thanksgiving and praise; I often think that, had I been less afflicted, I must of necessity have received fewer tokens of God's care and love. I am able to see his hand with *especial* clearness in the deliverances which he has wrought for me—in the provision which he has made for my comfort and safety, when sick and alone in foreign lands, among strangers and heathen—in restoring me to life and a degree of health so often, when I had no reasonable prospect of recovery—in supplying all my wants, and granting me a degree of pecuniary independence, and even ena-

bling me to give aid to others—in imparting to me perpetual cheerfulness—in keeping me from being burdensome to my friends, either through my pecuniary wants or my infirmities, my complaints being such as usually demand no nursing, and as almost never to render me helpless.

And as to my direct religious enjoyments, how very striking and impressive is the goodness of God in the preservation of my hopes and comforts under circumstances apparently so little favorable to growth in grace and progress in spiritual life! I am wholly unable to attend upon the preaching of the Gospel, or other means of grace, social or public. I can perform long journeys, take long walks, read or write for several hours in the day; but a single half hour in a place of public worship produces sleepless nights, and days of disorder and anguish. As a matter of duty, I refrain from exposing myself to these painful and certain consequences of enjoying what I always prized as the dearest of privileges. It has cost me a protracted struggle to yield *willingly* and *without reserve* to this privation. It is precisely in this matter that I have the clearest manifestation of the Divine mercy. These years of estrangement from the sanctuary have been my best years. I never before experienced such rest in Christ—such calm, unshaken faith—such ready, unreserved consent of the heart to the Divine will—such an utter surrender of my own will to God's. I can not find, after much prayerful examination, that I have any disposition to do or to love any thing that is not well-pleasing in His sight. I write this with great self-distrust, but as the result of self-examination. Such a state of the affections in a Christian so little advanced, and so specially undeserving as I feel myself to be, appears incredible to me, and I am constantly looking for the development of a still unsanctified nature. In the mean time, I admire the grace of God; I am surely thankful for the manifestations of regard toward the most unworthy, unprofitable of his servants.

I would record it as a special mercy that I have been enabled for several months past to study from three to five hours daily. I went up from New York to my brother's, in Vermont, last September, in a deplorable state of health, having little prospect of rising again to my usual low standard of strength and comfort. I began to mend in October. On the 26th of November I began to revise, or, more properly, with regard to the most of it, to recompose my journal in Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine. I aimed no higher than to prepare a few pages for the Methodist Quarterly Review, at the editor's request. I was, however, able to continue the work with not more than eight days' interruption from sickness, until the 1st of August, when I left home for this place, having gone over the ground I design to occupy with a publication. I had a strong desire to prepare my travels for the press, but had quite despaired of being able to do it, as I had been sick more than a year after my return to the United States. I esteem it a great mercy to have been able so far to accomplish this desire. It is hastily and very imperfectly done. I was afraid to take time to elaborate. My object—I hope my *main object*—has been to produce a work that may be useful, especially to the young, in leading them to a greater reverence and a better understanding of the Holy Scriptures, the natural though indirect tendency of a work written with truth and simplicity upon these countries. I have thought that my extensive acquaintance in the Methodist Church, and the confidence of many excellent ministers which I am happy to enjoy, might open the way for the circulation of such a book, and that I might in this way do some good, though laid aside from the ministry. These have been my aims and hopes. I have not expected literary reputation, nor sought it. I have offered the work from day to day, I may almost say from hour to hour, during its progress, to God. I have constantly sought his help to guide me, to save me from low, ambitious, selfish motives; and now I think I may

say of it, at least as confidently as of any undertaking of my life, that it has been enterprised and prosecuted "in simplicity and godly sincerity." The employment prosecuted under the influence of such motives and such trust in God, has been a source of daily pleasure. I commit the result, as I have often done, to the Almighty, praying for his blessing upon it through Jesus Christ.

An extract of a letter from the Rev. Samuel C. Jackson describes in vivid phrase an interview between friends, the warmth of whose affectionate attachment knew no change. Theirs was one of those friendships which look to a more favored clime for full development and expansion.

"At our next meeting," says that gentleman, "he had reached the summit of his usefulness and fame. He had been successfully connected with different colleges as a professor or president. He was ranked among the first of the most celebrated preachers of his country; he had visited foreign lands, and, as an author, had instructed the public by his excellent volumes of travels, and—what was then deeply and personally interesting to myself—during this tour Providence cast him, weary and sick, into the family of my youngest and tenderly-beloved sister at Constantinople. There, for some weeks, her kindness ministered to his comfort, and her gentle and delicate spirit made him welcome. In America, she had shared her brother's regard for him who was now her guest, and to meet and befriend him in her own home abroad was a pleasure which only Christian friendship which has been bereaved and denied could appreciate. As soon as circumstances permitted, after Dr. Olin's return to this country, he met me by appointment at my own house. I was then a country pastor, having had all my religious and professional life, since we last saw each other, at the home of my childhood, among the green mountains of our native

state. It was a memorable interview ! Few such occur in any life ! It was the second since we met in his sick-room on the day of his graduation. Between that day and our next meeting at my father's house, what a change in him ! And now again, since the morning of our parting in Shaftsbury, Vermont, what a change ! Then he was on the threshold of his public life. Then all his achievements for the Church and the world were in the future. Now he was in the meridian of his strength. The distinction predicted of him was a reality. He was the mature, honored, great man—of commanding intellect, extensive attainments, rare powers of eloquence, wide-spread usefulness, great influence over the most numerous religious denomination, his name and fame still extending,

“ ‘And the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *this was a man.*’ ”

His varied treasures of information, gathered by extensive travel and intercourse in this country and in other lands ; his shrewd and common-sense observation of men and things ; his vivacious, facile, and original powers of expression ; his unconscious exhibition of intellectual supremacy, together with his entire simplicity of manners and generosity of spirit, rendered him no ordinary guest and companion at a greeting of old friends, or in any circle of friendship and intelligence.

“ My last interview with him was at my place of business in —, where I had met him once before. It was during the winter previous to his decease. With a common friend he entered, gave his cordial greeting, dropped a few of his expressive and pointed utterances, with a friendly welcome to his home, and withdrew, to come no more. He is dead, and yet he lives—lives on earth. True greatness is immortal ! ”

Letters written in 1841 and 1842.

LXIII. TO THE REV. BISHOP ANDREW.

Saratoga Springs, July 8th, 1841.

You have perhaps thought me forgetful of my promise to write you, if able, soon after my arrival at my Northern home. I have not been able to write hitherto, and my nieces, whom I intended to employ as amanuenses, were absent from home attending school.

I had a pretty rough voyage of nearly eight days. I was much pleased with Captain Brown. I stayed at New York eighteen days, including five of the Conference, which I visited three or four times, fifteen or twenty minutes at a sitting. I was compelled to leave by ill health. I found my brother in improved health, for which I can not be thankful enough. I stayed with him about three weeks, and have been here the same period. As to my health, I remained in about the same state until since I arrived in this place, languid and dyspeptic, just able to walk a few yards.* I am now stronger, which I ascribe to the water. I walked nearly a mile this morning—the greatest exploit I have achieved since last fall. I of course take some encouragement, and hope the water may prove decidedly useful to me. Be that and all things as God wills. I am much more habituated to look upon my complaints as susceptible of no remedies but such as their final result will introduce me to. And God has long enabled me to look to that with composure and joy. I can not expect health, and yet who shall limit the Divine power and goodness? Him may I honor in death or in life. If the water continue to act favorably, I shall probably spend the summer here.

I have not yet bought the little farm I spoke of, though I

* The night of the day of his arrival in the United States, he had a return of the malignant fever contracted among the fens of the Danube, from the effects of which he had not yet recovered.

am in treaty for one in West Poultney. I fear the climate, and am yet without any settlement of mind upon the matter. My Southern attachments and habits draw me powerfully in the opposite direction.

I sent you and brother Capers walking-sticks from Mount Sinai, by T. Stewart. His is marked Jordan, but is, like yours, from Mount Sinai.

LXIV. TO MISS MARY ANN HOWARD.

Salisbury, Vermont, October 13th, 1841.

I have felt much concern at not hearing from you for so long a time, and I am led to fear that a letter which I addressed to you at the Merriwether Springs miscarried. It must have been near the last of August when I wrote to you. I was in New Utrecht, on Long Island. I left Saratoga about the middle of that month to proceed to the White Sulphur Springs, but on reaching New York I found myself too unwell to proceed, and my physician advised me to give over my journey as highly perilous. I had intended, after spending some time in Virginia, to proceed to Georgia, after returning to New York for a few days only, if able. I spent three weeks on Long Island for the benefit of sea air, which proved injurious to me, and I then came, with no little difficulty, to this place, more feeble and emaciated than I had been for many months. I have since regained a good deal of strength, and am in that respect, very much as I was last winter in Georgia—possibly, a little better. Here it is my intention to spend the winter, unless some indications should compel me to attempt a journey southward, which, with my entire unfitness for traveling, I should greatly dread. The fierce winter of this climate, which already begins to show its teeth, has many terrors for me; but I hope, by means of warm apartments, and an ample provision of blankets and other like appliances, to endure it without serious inconvenience. I shall, no doubt, have frequent occasion to think of the sunny skies of beloved Georgia,


as I certainly shall of the dear, kind friends there, who form a stronger attraction than even the balmy climate which they inhabit. I should be glad to spend all the winters as well as summers that may remain to me in their agreeable society; but God disposes of these things for us, not always as we should choose, but always for the best.

You will perceive, from my present arrangement, that I can not comply with your father's request to bring him a pair of horses and carriage. I wrote with regard to this before. . . . I will thank you to make my affectionate salutations to your father and mother, to sister Caroline, Arabella, and all the children. I think with great pleasure of you all, and pray that our merciful God may shower his blessings upon you. I pray especially that you may all be made the partakers of his rich saving grace by Christ Jesus. Of this I must always be allowed to speak as the best of blessings, as it is, of all things, most precious to me. Surely I shall, through this abounding grace, enjoy many dear friends in heaven. *One*, beloved above all, has gone before me. Many more—you, my dear niece, and your dear family, though yet exposed to the world's temptations—I ever hope and pray to meet, with her, in heaven. . . .

LXV. TO THE REV. SEYMOUR LANDON, BROOKLYN.

Salisbury, November 20th, 1841.

I lose no time in answering your favor of the 16th instant, which came to hand last evening. . . . My residence in Vermont this winter will depend wholly upon the state of my health. I shall certainly remain here if I can; and so far the cold weather has appeared to be favorable, certainly not injurious to me. Indeed, I have to thank God for a degree of strength and comfort quite beyond any thing I have previously enjoyed since my return to America. If, contrary to present indications, I should be compelled to seek a milder climate, I should, in all probability, continue my flight to Georgia.



I am greatly afflicted at what you say of the feeble health of Dr. Bangs. I trust that your fears magnify the danger, especially as he is now better. I pray that it may be long before his eye grows dim or his natural strength abates. Fail or fall when he will, however, he will have run a noble race—a man of God—full of good works—ready always for any service—shunning no responsibility—he will leave few equals behind him in our Church. I have known but to love and respect him for nearly twenty years. . . . Write me at large on all church matters. I am in a corner, you in the locus of light.

LXVI. TO DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

Salisbury, November 29th, 1841.

Your very friendly letter was duly received, and though I have not made haste to thank you for the kind solicitude for my health, and the affecting religious sentiments with which it is fraught, yet I now do so with unfeigned sincerity. I have long esteemed the intercourse which I have been permitted to hold with devout lively Christians to be one of those peculiar blessings for which I am bound to thank God, and take courage in my journey to heaven. I had nearly said *peculiarly* bound to thank God; but with the rich experience I have had, and still have of the Divine goodness, I know not on what to lay especial emphasis in my thanksgivings, except upon the gift of Jesus to be the Savior of the world, through which all other benefits flow out upon us in profusion. Beyond this, I know not for what I should be most grateful. I am soon lost if I attempt to enumerate to myself or before God the unnumbered blessings I enjoy. None of them seem to be small, since all are the occasion of quickening my sense of the Divine goodness, and of inclining me more and more to commit all my ways to God. All seem to me to provoke to love, to faith, to resignation; in a word, to that blessed repose in God which describes, better

than any other expression I am able to use, the state of my mind and heart.

I hardly know what I could ask for in addition to what I receive day by day from my heavenly Father. Great religious joys I do not possess, nor, in my situation, do I think them greatly desirable. I think I am enabled, in some good degree, "to rejoice evermore—to pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks." I rather pray for a continuance of this state of the heart, and for such faith, resignation, and uprightness of soul as may at once insure its continuance, and constitute a meet sacrifice to God through Christ, than for any new bestowment.

I am here led to speak of the most prominent topic in your letter. I cordially believe in the doctrine of Christian holiness, and my highest aspiration is that I may live without sin, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord. God is my witness how fervently and incessantly I strive and pray for this. And yet, when I ask for the witness that I am now in the enjoyment of this high spiritual state, I feel something like a rebuke. I am thrown back upon the peace I enjoy—the sweet repose in Christ which I feel to be mine—the absorption of my own will into that of God, which, so far as I know myself, I constantly experience. What more should I ask? only that these things may remain in me and bring forth their proper fruits—that I may be ever thankful, humble, faithful, believing, simple-hearted, and blameless and zealous in my life.

I will confess, however, that this general *spiritual satisfaction*, if I may so speak, is accompanied by a strong wish, I may say is a little disturbed at times, by a wish to possess all that I yet lack of the fullness of the Gospel, whether that deficiency may consist in a want of deeper experience or a clearer evidence. I pray for this from day to day, and I am filled, in answer to my prayers, with confidence in God, and unruffled, inestimable peace. You will know how to receive

this very frank disclosure, and I hope will pray for me often, that I may be led in a perfect way.

My health is a good deal better than it was when I saw you last. I ride and walk pretty much as I desire, and am usually able to devote one, two, or three hours to books or my pen. This is better than I expected I should ever be, even three months ago. I allow myself to look to the possibility of once more doing some service to the Church, and I thank God that I am enabled to look to such a consummation even without much perturbation—resigned *perfectly* to his good pleasure. The cold weather, not yet intense, has not harmed me, and I still hope to winter here. I hope to hear from you as often as may comport with your more serious duties and engagements.

XLVII. TO THE REV. JAMES FLOY.

Salisbury, Jan. 30th, 1842.

I was gratified by the receipt of your favor of the 17th instant. It did not reach me until the 25th, a week after I had attentively read your thanksgiving sermon, with which you were so obliging as to furnish me. Some of the choicest pleasures of my life I owe to the correspondence of pious, intelligent men. Years of ill health, during which I have been unable to reciprocate their favors, and the shafts of death, which have fallen thick upon the ranks of my cherished friends, as well as desolated my domestic circle, have left me but a comparatively small number of those with whom I was accustomed to take sweet counsel. I have felt, and still deeply feel, the irreparable losses I have been called to sustain; but I would not complain, nor indulge too much in saddening regrets. These dear friends are happy with Christ. I would not recall one of them—no, not even her who was more to me than all other friends but the blessed Savior, whom she now sees face to face.

I am becoming, with my improving health, more and more

conscious of social wants ; and I was glad to receive from you what, I hope, will prove only the first of many communications touching the precious interests of the Church, and the best means for promoting our own attainments and improvement in personal piety.

I would very gladly offer any observations upon your sermon that would afford you a useful hint, but I have little confidence in my own opinions and tastes in matters of this sort. I have written but little, and no sermons—having been compelled to act, when I had a little health, rather than study or write. I should make but a poor return, however, for your frankness and kindness, should I forbear the expression of my opinions because I do not think highly of them. I was gratified by the perusal of one or two articles ascribed to you in the Methodist Quarterly. I was especially struck with your simple, direct, transparent language, and appropriate, felicitous illustrations. I was at that time unacquainted with your ability to write well, and I thought more than once of writing to you to request you to improve a talent which you could make useful to the Church. I hope to have the pleasure of reading the productions of your pen frequently in our periodicals. It is incumbent on those who can write to improve their talent in this way. The direct fruit may be less than in some other kinds of effort, but not so, I think, the indirect and ultimate. . . .

LXVIII. TO THE REV. MR. MERRIAM.

Salisbury, Feb. 26th, 1842.

I have long been anxious to hear from you, and I think I may say, have waited for a letter to which I thought myself in some measure entitled, from my having written to you from Georgia in March, 1841.

The winter is unusually mild, and we have had but little sleighing. The mercury has not been below zero in Fahrenheit above half a dozen times. My health is much improved

since the coming on of cold weather. I spent much of the last cold season in the South, and then came back in May no better. The summer I passed at Saratoga and on the seacoast, after which I came here in September, and have been here ever since. I came up from New York in that time in a deplorable state—as seemed probable, to go to my final rest in a few months at most, by the side of our departed parents. Such was not the will of God concerning me. I began to get better in October, and from the last days of November I have been able to walk or ride daily; have not once lain upon the bed on account of sickness; and have read or written every working day, except two or three, as long as three or more hours.

I am beset with a *very* strong desire to visit you all in Illinois. Still, it looks much like an impossibility. I have too many infirmities to render journeyings and absence from home tolerable to me. It takes a multitude of appliances to make me comfortable. The slightest deviation from my usual and straitened diet puts every thing wrong. I dare not, if I were able, come into the West in summer or autumn. In winter the traveling is bad. Have not I made out a case of impossibility? Yet I may be better, and so able to gratify my strong desire to visit you. I do not expect to do any good any where. I am used up too far for that, I think. If God wants me, he will give strength. He does not need me, I know; but it may *possibly* comport with his designs to use me a little more. Still, I do not expect it. He enables me to repose in Him—in Christ—and I am not careful; having, however, a desire rather to work a little more than to depart at present.

Do write a very full letter, and tell *all about* yourselves, and brother and sister Adams—of your children, your farms, your prosperity, and your progress in making yourselves comfortable in that new country. Are you all content—glad that

you went? We all unite in many good wishes and prayers for you all.

Affectionately yours,

S. OLIN.

LXIX. TO THE REV. BISHOP ANDREW.

Salisbury, Vt., March 6th, 1842.

I received your letter of January 21st. I fear to obtrude upon you in your deep afflictions, though I very often am with you in spirit and in my sympathies. I am sure you have the benefit of many prayers offered by pious souls, both for the removal of your sufferings, and that grace may be given you to bear them aright. After all, however, that sympathy or even grace can do, the burden of such trials as you are called to endure must be heavy indeed, and it is only in the end, when their fruits appear, that they cease to be grievous, and become even joyous. There is a tendency in these overwhelming sorrows that is always good—a tendency to drive us to God, which almost reconciles me to them; and I have seldom ever *enjoyed* more than when, unable to rise in faith, I have sunk in self-despair—unable to take hold on God, I have fallen upon him in sheer helplessness. Such a frame sometimes enables me to claim God as my *heavenly Father* with peculiar effect, and to enter into a special communion with Christ, as one who may be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Pardon me; I know to whom I speak, and I am not to admonish or teach. You will not judge me so harshly as to think so, but I spontaneously fall into such a train. I am acquainted with grief. I can not look upon scenes that are passed but with agony of spirit. Time has broken their tyrannizing power over me, but it has not healed the wound in my spirit; and when I meet with a sufferer, such as God is making you, I find myself telling my own tale of sorrow, the particulars of which come up before me, mingled, I know not how, with religious feelings. I weep and rejoice together. My heart is at once broken

and soothed—the rod and the love of God—his severity and his compassion—rise in review before me, and divide the present, as they seem to have done the past, between them. In such a state of feeling I find an apology for speaking of myself, which, I fear, my most indulgent friends can not admit without some effort. I still indulge a hope that you will be spared the bitter cup which seems to be preparing for you, and that you will long be happy in the *unbroken* family circle where you have hitherto gathered so rich a harvest of quiet, heart-felt enjoyments. I hope you do not allow yourself to be anxious about the Church and the services which you are prevented from rendering. I am sure there will be no feeling on this subject but one of deep sympathy and of regret for the causes which detain you from your beloved work.

I am little able to give you any information about the state of things even in the region about me—I lead a life so very retired. I hear, however, of many revivals, and am confident that our cause is decidedly advancing through this North country. Our people make vigorous efforts, often great sacrifices, to sustain preaching—such as are unknown in many parts of the work. They are building many good houses of worship—more by far than any other people, and every thing promises permanence.

My increasing strength, which is yet inconsiderable, leads me to inquire, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” I want to preach above all things, but probably shall never be able. As to teaching, I both fear and rather dislike it—at least, I would prefer other work. I have had a letter from Dr. Bascom about being president of Transylvania College, upon which I threw cold water. God is my witness that I have an unfeigned desire to serve him to the utmost of my ability, how and where he may choose; so feeling, I wait and pray for direction.

LXX. TO DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

Salisbury, March 20th, 1842.

Your favor was duly received. I have deferred answering it to the present time, partly because I have been very much engaged, and partly because I would not show too much carelessness in encroaching upon your time, which I know is fully occupied in useful pursuits. Indeed, I often think that you are peculiarly fortunate in this respect—I mean in being able to devote so many hours to public and social religious engagements in addition to the performance of your professional and domestic duties. Next to the entire consecration of life to the promulgation of the Gospel in the Christian ministry, I am sure yours is the most excellent way; I think, too, it has some advantages even over the ministry, which, with one class of good men, falls into a sort of *professional* piety, and with another, less numerous, class into a continuous excitement, not very favorable to the calmness and pauses which are necessary for the purpose of making up our reckoning and marking our actual progress. Strong passions and unsanctified affections will often consent to merge religious excitement and zeal, and flow along in the same channel with them—even to swell their tide, when they quite refuse the processes by which the Spirit of God would purify or eradicate them; and I think that it very often happens that men greatly absorbed in the promotion of revivals and other active, exciting pursuits, find, when a season for repose and self-examination is allowed them, that the flame which they have aided in sustaining has failed to purge away the dross, and purify the gold of their own hearts—that pride and self-will may even have grown strong in the midst of influences that have humbled many at the feet of Christ. It is, perhaps, left to a season of general declension to revive the graces and elevate the piety of the minister. He was too busy, too intensely absorbed before in building up the Redeemer's king-

dom around him, for which, indeed, he was for the time specially anointed, to bestow much attention upon himself.

It has occurred to me that your course of life, which is made up of alternations of secular and religious engagements, may perhaps be as favorable as any other to the cultivation of deep piety, and for the formation of vigorous, healthful, religious character. I need not say to you that I do not design a compliment by these remarks. I know too well that favorable opportunities impose stringent and sacred obligations. Nor do I allow myself to think disparagingly of the holy calling of the ministry, which I love and honor above all pursuits—and not the least for the opportunities which it affords of encircling the brow with a diadem of many shining stars. It is good, however, to contemplate the *peculiar* privileges and spiritual advantages of every situation in life. It tends to inspire admiration for the unsearchable wisdom of God, who has known how to connect with the condition of every good man *peculiar* facilities for becoming eminently pious and useful. It is a deeply interesting view to take of his dispensations toward the children of men. Who is able to say—who can pretend to determine, which is the most favorable situation for glorifying God and working out their salvation? When engaged in the active duties of the ministry, I have thought there was nothing half so favorable to growth in grace as the elevating, exciting scenes, and pursuits, and contemplations into which it leads the zealous, warm-hearted preacher. I have passed from the pulpit to a sick-bed, and found that a still holier place. I have drunk of a bitter cup of domestic grief, and even now I taste its dregs, yet Christ has made this the occasion of imparting grace such as I never knew before. I have been for years cut off almost entirely from the house of the Lord; but, in the mean time, my private chamber—the lands of the heathen—the desert—the ocean, have often, very often been made the gate of heaven to my soul.

I incline from my own experience, apart from the revealed word, to conclude that the circumstances appointed by Providence are always, and without any qualification, the most favorable to our piety, and also to our happiness, now as well as eternally. Affluence and poverty, health and sickness, good fortune and misfortune, public or private stations, each is best for the Christian to whom it is appointed—not in a roundabout theological sense, but really and practically best. One has, therefore, as much reason for gratitude—for special gratitude—as another. God does *infinitely* well by each—even God could do no better. I rejoice in this view. I exult in a hearty belief of it.

I began with the intention of devoting this sheet to the subject of your last letter, but a train of thought, or, rather, of feeling, arose, which I did not invite, and supplanted the important topic for this time. I feel the deepest interest in that theme, and have the most lively sense of its importance. I trust that I am trying to press forward toward the mark. I am sure God wills us to be holy in this life. The whole Gospel plan supposes it. Indeed, nobody denies this—it is only said the thing, if attainable, is never attained. I love my Calvinistic brethren as I do my own soul, yet I can but regard this as the natural bitter fruit of a fundamental error. God wills and enjoins what in practice and in fact is impossible! He imposes a duty which even his grace does not enable us to do. I wish that this one error was removed from the creed of this noble race of Christians.

I expect to remove to West Poultney the day after tomorrow. I must go to the plow in quest of more physical strength. I am, for me, quite well. I mean to come to the Conference in May, when I hope to see you.

LXXI. TO THE REV. SEYMOUR LONDON.

West Poultney, March 26th, 1842.

I take an early opportunity to answer your favor of February 21st. You will perceive my change of residence. I came here last Tuesday, and my brother, with whom I live, two days later. After a fair showing of spring, we are again in the snow, though the weather is warm. I am to devote a portion of my time—as much of it as I can—to work in the field. It may be I shall gain some strength by it, which is what I seek only that I may employ it in a better way. It is my opinion, however, that I shall not be able to do much, if any thing, more that will even have a semblance of usefulness—I say a *semblance*, because I often think that my former efforts amounted to little more. Still, there was this reality in them that they were made in all sincerity, and, I trust, with a single eye to the will of God. This is my chief consolation in looking to the past. I can not see that I have done much good, but I have tried; and I have certainly aimed at doing right upon right principles. This conviction of past unfruitfulness tends to reconcile me to my lot, present and prospective. It is probably better that my attention should be chiefly directed to the workings of my own heart, and to the cultivation of personal piety. To this high duty I seem to be left; and I do not undervalue the opportunities afforded by retirement, by broken health, and freedom from the peculiar temptations to which a more public and active way of life might expose—certainly would expose a man of my unfortunate tendency to self-confidence and ambition. I habituate myself to contemplate my situation in this light; and I think I can discern the goodness of God in assigning my humble lot. I rejoice that you and others are allowed to honor your Master in higher and nobler fields. I trust I shall be thankful and content with the good opportunity I enjoy of saving my soul alive. I am much drawn out of

late after more devotedness to God. I am unusually sensible of my want of a higher and steadier faith. I know not, my dear brother, how you could possibly do me a greater favor than by praying for me often—that I may be *humble* and *holy*.

I have been led to be very jealous of myself with regard to exciting topics and engagements which do not come within the unquestionable scope of practical, saving Christianity. It is so great a work to save the soul, and to do our duty in trying, in our measure, to save others, that there seems to be little time to attend to much else. I have been occasionally employed in revising a part of my journal in the East with some reference to publication. I still work at it; but I could, indeed, wish that my time were devoted to some pursuit more strictly and directly religious. This has afforded me satisfaction as an *occupation*; but I can not make a *religious* work of it, and I constantly experience regrets and misgivings. I would burn every word if I did not believe myself *trying* to honor God in this attempt; but I fear there is too much indirectness in it. There is certainly too much in the pursuit to awaken a desire for reputation, though I am perfectly confident that I can win no fame by any thing I can do in this way. I traveled without preparation, and must publish, if at all, with slight prospects of flattering success. Still, it sometimes strikes me as, perhaps, a duty to throw out something which may be read by a good many of our young people, and which may keep out, as far as it goes, novels and other trash. I can be sure of giving truth in a plain way, which of itself may not be lost labor.

I wander, however, or rather I rest upon a particular instance, when I was aiming to be general. I am jealous, I repeat, of *all* engagements that do not come fairly, at least, if not directly, within the embrace of the Gospel. I am, therefore, growing more cautious of saying what I think on other subjects — on politics, abolitionism, ultra-temperance,

&c. They are all exciting subjects, in which Christians engage to the injury of brotherly love and charity. I am not conscious of being warm or excitable on any of these grounds, and yet, perhaps, I am ; and if not, I may move the feelings of others.

LXXII. TO THE REV. DR. —.

West Poultney, March 27th, 1842.

I thank you for your favor of the 21st instant, which I received yesterday. The very important subject to which it is mostly devoted has often engaged my attention, and, I may say, has often filled me with anxiety. I believe that our system has not worked well in large cities, and that, relatively, we are losing strength in these "great centres of influence." To what peculiarity of doctrine or economy these effects should be attributed is not, perhaps, quite obvious. I think you are right in ascribing much to the deficient education of our ministry, and to the principle of rotation. A more learned and stable ministry, with equal piety, would, I incline to think, greatly increase our influence in the large towns. Perhaps, too, the general adoption of pewed churches and an abandonment of class-meetings, especially the former, would be requisite to put us on a par with others—changes altogether which would leave us little or nothing distinctive but the name, since others have adopted our doctrines already, and we should, by the means proposed, virtually adopt their economy. The congregation rules in fact, when the pastoral relation, in its commencement and continuance, depends upon its will. In all of this there is not evil *per se*. One form is as good as another, if it produce as much good in the sphere of its operation, *and upon the whole*. This is with me the only question, when changes, not touching what is settled by Divine authority, are proposed in our system. Is our itinerant system better than any other yet tried for spreading the Gospel and saving souls? Better, I mean, in the general,

and upon the largest scale. I believe it is. Experience has settled that question. Methodism has been fairly at work in the United States only since the close of the war for independence—say sixty years. It began with nothing—without wealth, or learning, or colleges, or churches, or ministers, and with the whole world, in and out of the Church, its enemies. In a period commonly assigned to the career of two generations of men, it has outstripped all the established denominations—has diffused piety throughout our vast wilds, and done much to purify all the other Churches. We must conclude, also, that it has saved more souls now in heaven than any other Church during the same period. And it is now as vigorous, as diffusive, as pure, as prosperous—I mean, upon the whole—as ever, and increasingly intelligent and respectable. I think that I here claim nothing which can reasonably be denied to us, and I have claimed *nearly* every thing that belongs to the Gospel.

It is a small matter, in this broad view of the subject, that we are somewhat deficient in the graceful or the convenient. The people we have raised up are as pious as those of other sects, and they are much more numerous. The main objects of Christ's death are thus completely satisfied. He came to seek and save the lost, which has been and is our work. The next important question with me is, to what is this unparalleled success owing? To our doctrines? In some measure, I think, but not chiefly. Others now preach them substantially, and have done so for twenty years, and yet we maintain all our relative superiority. It is not to our learning, nor, I think, to the superior zeal of our ministers, so much as to other causes. I ascribe our great success, under God's blessing, to our itinerant system. There is no other important feature in our system which is peculiar to it. This principle of rotation has carried the Gospel every where—has, by God's blessing, made the weak strong—has been instead of learning to our untrained young men—has been the bond of a

comprehensive unity which gives strength to the feeble, and secures a favorable reception and ministerial influence to those who would otherwise be nothing. With the itineracy, our ministry has outstripped all others. They have saved more souls, which is their proper work.

Now I apply all these considerations to every proposal that impairs the itinerant principle. I fear to modify it so as to suit towns. I do not deny that partial good would be secured; but I fear general evil. Such changes would destroy the unity and symmetry of the system. They would probably render it impracticable. Men would not make the sacrifices they now do, if the system was made to operate partially. Perhaps Methodism was designed for the world—not the city so much. Better to give up the towns to others entirely, than to hazard changes that would diminish its efficiency to save souls. Strong, rich, intelligent congregations are to be preferred to others as a means, not as an end. And, as a means, I admit their importance; but if we can be strong in cities only by impairing our means of general usefulness, we had better give them up to others who are likely to provide for them, and who are now essentially what we should be with the modifications proposed. We ought to have no ambition for any thing but to save as many souls as we can. This ought to decide every question of reform, or change, or improvement. This is the will of Christ concerning us. I try to form all my opinions on church matters with an eye single to this end. The Church that saves the most souls, in proportion to its means, is the truest Church, no matter in what else it may be deficient. Many other things are desirable, and even necessary, but they are collateral and auxiliary, as they are of very secondary worth.

I trust you will take my views in the kind spirit that dictated this frank, unstudied expression of them. I believe your opinions on these practical questions are likely to be important—to do good or evil, and I am glad to communicate free-

ly with intelligent and ingenuous minds. May God lead you to adopt the soundest principles, and to effect the greatest good.

I mean to come down to the Conference, when it will give me great pleasure to see you.

LXXIII. TO JOHN M. FLOURNOY, ESQ.

(On the death of his father).

West Poultney, June 25th, 1842.

I received your letter four days since, containing the painful intelligence of your excellent father's death. After all that I had heard of the unfavorable state of his health for several months past, I was unprepared for this result, and was taken by surprise. Indeed, I had not supposed that the bodily complaints of your father were of a character to excite much apprehension could his mind be restored to tranquillity, and for this favorable change I continued to hope and pray. God has wisely and mercifully ordered the event otherwise, and has seen fit to take his afflicted servant to a better rest. We should have wished for his restoration to that happy, calm, religious frame which has characterized the man and his piety for so long a period, and could have resigned him the more willingly after such a change; but God saw how unimportant it was to him, who was chiefly interested to wait for any such partial alleviation, and took him at once out of his painful, trying condition, into one of heavenly vision and complete bliss. It was a gracious dispensation to the sufferer, and we ought to seek for resignation—cheerful, perfect resignation—to the Divine will.

Your dear, honored father has been to me a faithful, long-tried friend. Frequently, during the period of our acquaintance, have I had occasion to regard his friendship one of the most valuable of the earthly blessings accorded to me by Divine goodness. The unreserved confidence which I have always been enabled to repose in his discretion, as well as in

his perfect uprightness, and deep, enlightened piety, has made me quite easy with regard to my worldly interests during a series of years of utter prostration and helplessness, in which care and anxiety would have proved highly injurious—probably fatal to me. He has well understood my situation, and in all his letters to me and my dear departed wife, has taken the most generous pains to guard my mind against anxiety, and to lighten my sense of obligation. And now that God has exalted my dear, honored friend to his own right hand, it becomes me to submit without complaint to a bereavement which I am prepared to feel only less than his own family circle. I weep with you all. I pray that you may be supported by the divine consolations of the Gospel. I am thankful that your excellent mother knows so well the worth of this blessed resource, and how to avail herself of it. May the mighty God of Jacob—the widow's God—support her in this her hour of need. I sympathize with her—with the solitary, sad hours that are before her—more even than with the bereaved children. Yet Christ will give her light—the day-star from on high will shine upon her, and she shall be comforted.

What, my dear friend—for such my love to your father, as well as all I have known of you, strongly induce me to regard you—what shall I say to you? Pardon me for obeying the strong impulse of my feelings. I am under the impression that you have hitherto neglected to take God for your portion. I could not but rejoice at the tone of your letter, and even hope that you were no stranger to the Spirit of Christ. I want to urge you to make this affliction the occasion of taking the decisive step, and of making a full, avowed consecration of your life to the Savior. This is certainly God's will concerning you; it may be one part of his design in visiting your large family with mourning. May you hear and obey his voice.

The following touching account of the serene and joyful departure of Mrs. Andrew is taken from a long and deeply interesting letter, written by Bishop Andrew to Dr. Olin :

LXXIV.

Oxford, April 26th, 1842.

On each day we thought her dying, and as often the work of blessing us and encouraging us was repeated. On one of these occasions, when panting for breath, she had, for some moments, scarcely been able to articulate. We had just risen from our knees, after commending her to God, she said, "I want to tell you how I feel. I feel like a little child that is just beginning to walk, and it is passing along a road that is muddy and rocky, but the father has it by the hand and is leading it. So it is with me ; I am passing through the dark valley, and the way is rough, and my feet are bruised, but I know my Father has me by the hand, and though he leads me a step at a time, yet he will soon bring me safely over." She seemed perfectly lost in astonishment that God should have so abundantly blessed such an imperfect, unprofitable, and unfaithful creature as she was. This was the theme of her exultation—the power, fullness, and freeness of the grace of God. "Much as I have suffered," said she, "I would not that there should have been one stroke or one pain less. I am not tired of the world—there is no reason why I should wish to leave it. I have a kind husband and sweet children, and as kind friends as ever woman was blessed with ; yet I long to depart and be with my Savior. The battle is fought and the victory won, and now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." She charged me to be faithful, and devote myself to the great work of publishing a free and a full salvation ; "and now," said she, "when you all collect around my body and lay it in the grave, do not weep, but raise a song of triumph." . . . It is a re-

lief to my full heart to speak of her to one who has known her so long, and who was so greatly beloved by her—for she loved you with a sister's affection.

LXXV. TO THE REV. BISHOP ANDREW


(On the death of Mrs. Andrew).

West Poultney, May 15th, 1842.

I received your letter, fraught with the heavy intelligence of sister Andrew's death, on the 6th instant. I thought to answer it at once, but could not. My feelings were much affected—too much to allow me to write. I was unwilling to add to your pain, and I had no word of consolation to offer. The solaces of religion were yours already, so far as nature could submit to receive them, and if they had not been, I was not in a state of mind to suggest them to another, or very fully to receive them myself. It was only two days previous to the anniversary of the darkest era of my own life that I received the intelligence of your sad bereavement, and the near concurrence filled me with such a vivid sense of my own irreparable loss, that I hardly understood the character of the agitating emotions that swelled my heart almost to breaking—whether they sprung from sympathy or selfishness. And now my eyes are darkened by tears which I can not control. My sense of my own sorrows almost suppresses all other feelings. Yet I wept for the loss of dear sister Andrew, for you and your half orphaned children. I wept and still weep, and only find relief from such sorrow as I seldom experience by carrying your griefs, and theirs, and mine to the compassionate Savior, who careth for you, who is *very* compassionate, who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and who assuredly will, though it may be after days of heart-rending agony, appear for our healing and comfort—who will cause a saving balm to flow in upon the wounded spirit, even from the dregs of the bitter cup of which we are called to drink. Do not infer, from my strange way of feeling and

writing, that I am not very much alive to your great loss. I ought to be able to speak as a comforter, as I trust I am recognized by you in the character of a brother and friend. If I had possessed more piety, more faith, I should long since have found resignation and settled composure under God's dealings with me, and have derived from them some lessons of submission and experience which might be blessed to the assuaging of the grief of other sufferers. It is not so with me ; I can only suffer with you ; I can not offer comfort. I am ashamed to write in this way to you, overwhelmed as I know you are with sorrow, and wish I had not begun, but I could not delay any longer, though I feared to trust myself. Well, God has taken our better parts to himself, and left us with but a poor excuse for loving this world. He has fairly shut us up to the one work of serving Him and getting to heaven, which is all the dearer and more attractive for the precious gems it has snatched from us. The compassionate Savior, I think, will not be displeased if we labor and long for that resting-place the more diligently and intensely, because, in addition to the bliss of being forever with the Lord, we also covet a reunion with those whom the impulses of both nature and grace have taught us to love only less than His adorable self.

I look back on my long acquaintance with your sainted wife with lively sensibility, and I shall not cease to remember her unwearied kindness when I was a member of your family nearly twenty years ago. I was in bad health, and she felt for me, and did for me all that an own sister could have done ; and from that time she has seemed to me as something more than a common friend. On my return from abroad—solitary, heart-broken, stricken of God—one of the first messages of sympathy and greetings of welcome met me in the form of a kind letter from dear sister Andrew. I remember well how directly it went to my heart, and made me feel, beyond any circumstance that I now recollect, that



I was again *at home*—that I had friends still, though I had lost my all. The memory of these things is precious to me, now that God has taken her to himself; and I will remember the message which she sent by you in your previous letter, that, though we should meet no more on earth, we should meet in heaven. Through the strength of Christ, I will meet her there. Yes, my dear brother, you will labor on, and gather many stars for your crown, and I shall wait in the midst of my infirmities, doing nothing, but still looking for the Lord's coming, with my lamp trimmed, and in the end we shall all—yours and mine, you and I—meet in heaven. Glory to God for this blessed hope, this only antidote.

LXXVI. TO THE REV. SEYMOUR LANDON.

West Poultney, June 5th, 1842.

I reached home on Friday. I have made some visits and received some, and read up in part the large accumulation of papers which I found after an absence of a fortnight. Tomorrow I hope to be at my work again, which has really become a great alleviation of my ennui, if not of more serious complaints. I had the pleasure of sailing up the Hudson with many of the preachers, including brothers Ostrander, Seney, Goodsell, J. C. Green, Creagh, &c. F. Garrettson, with his daughter and niece, came on board at Rhinebeck—going to Saratoga. All this was pleasant, and the recital pretty well exhausts my stock of incidents.

I will venture to suggest a good rule, by the observance of which you will certainly be a gainer. Do not let any body preach for you oftener than once in three weeks. Dr. Payson used to say that he felt about as grateful to a minister who preached for him as a hungry man would toward him who should eat up his dinner for him. This is excellent, and I used to have somewhat of this feeling. And now, were it possible, I would sooner preach Christ to men than enjoy any or all other things. I would gladly


suffer any degree of pain for it, or endure any privation not inconsistent with devotion to the work. Still, God wills otherwise, and I ought not even to *wish*, happy if I may save my own soul through the blood of the adorable Savior, whom it is the glorious privilege of others—yours, not mine—to proclaim. Oh! may God anoint you afresh for this blessed work, and may this year be to you the most abundant of your whole life, in successes, in consolations, and in *preaching*.

LXXVII. TO THE REV. MR. LANDON.

West Poultney, July 31st, 1842.

. . . . You and I must not differ about this threadbare, superannuated question. I would join your ranks to-morrow if I thought it right. How could I refuse, seeing I am soon to be judged? I do most conscientiously believe, however, that no good is likely to come of your movement—that none has come of it, and that it has done much evil. I do not say this for controversy, but to define my position. I love you and other Abolitionists; but I think I understand this question as well as they. I think their course—the course of many of them—has been with us anti-Methodistical.

To-morrow, if able, I am to set out for Saratoga, to rest a while, and then to come on to New York by the 15th of August. Where can I find cool quarters as well as comfortable? I design to be some time in New York to attend to the publication of my *Travels*. I am just now at the end of the task of composition—have got over the ground for the first time, though the revision will call for toil. I thank God for bringing me to this point, when, should I be able to work no more, another hand might finish the task. I began the work, I think, November 26th, 1841. During above eight months, with the exception of coming to Conference, one week of sickness, and the interruption of removing from Salisbury, I have toiled from three to six hours daily. I mention it with unfeigned gratitude to God for his aid. It has been unex-



pected and abundant. I never felt my obligation to God more deeply in any event or act of my life, and I may say to my friend that I have never labored at any pursuit with a steadier reliance on the Holy Spirit, with more dedication of motive and effort to God, to the exclusion, as far as by grace I was able, of selfish, ambitious motives. I have got through, hastily and poorly, the book—which will certainly do me no honor, and will do no good, without God's blessing. I am trying to commit this and all things to Him, and to "be careful for nothing." I succeed, at least in some measure, better than formerly, and I am therefore happier than I ever was before. I find God present with me in a new sense. I rest in God. I am satisfied with Him. His will is mine. Mine is swallowed up in His. Christ is my all and in all. Bless His holy name. Do I speak foolishly? I speak to a brother beloved of what fills my heart. I do not feel boastful, God is my judge, but I am constrained to confess His goodness to me. . . .

LXXVIII. TO JOHN M. FLOURNOY, ESQ.

Saratoga Springs, August 4th, 1842.

I received your letter five days since in West Poultney. In the multiplicity of engagements with which I was occupied, preparatory to making a journey, I omitted to answer it till my arrival here.

I felt a lively concern at your accident and providential escape. It was so like what befell your beloved father, and the consequences in his case were so lamentable, that I am the more anxious to hear that you are perfectly recovered from all the effects of your fall. In the mean time, I am truly thankful that you escaped without even more serious injury, and that you are so soon even partially restored. May you very soon be quite reinstated in your usual good health. I trust that you see and gratefully acknowledge the merciful hand of God in this deliverance, as well as in the deep afflictions which have so recently visited you.

I do not think that I mentioned to you in my last, though the occasion was so suited to it, a circumstance which recent events have made peculiarly affecting to me. In the last interview which I had with my excellent friend, your ever honored father, you became the special subject of our conversation, as you had frequently been before. I always made special inquiries in reference to you having been led to feel a lively interest in your welfare—your religious welfare in particular—not only from my intimate relations with your father, but from your having frequently been the subject of conversation between me and my lamented friend, Dr. Fisk. Your father said to me, with emotion, that you fulfilled all his wishes as far as your general deportment and character were concerned, but that he had many fears with regard to your spiritual prospects. You were all veneration for the Gospel, but appeared to be without any personal feeling or concern upon the subject. He expressed a fear lest you were satisfying yourself with the correctness and amiability of your general deportment. I think it probable that your pious and affectionate parent often expressed these sentiments to you. Still, I felt it my duty to repeat them, now that they have acquired the character and claim of a message from the dead. May God give to this, to me, affecting incident all the effect to which, from its connection with him we loved, it is well entitled. May he lead you speedily to a firm and blessed faith in Christ.

LXXIX. TO THE REV. SEYMOUR LANDON.

Saratoga Springs, August 12th, 1842.

. . . . It was my intention to come to New York this week, but the weather continues so warm, and the water here so perceptibly does me good, that I incline to remain a little longer. My health is, I think, rather better than it was at the Conference, and I have worked uninterruptedly since till I left home.

You will have heard before this time, and I doubt not with surprise, that I have consented to go to the Wesleyan University. My reason for attempting to do what I am obviously unfit for, and what I had quite resolved not to undertake, was simply this: I thought it my duty, under all the circumstances, to go and *try*. This reason will, I am sure, be good in your eyes, though many will no doubt think that I am mistaken in my course. Let what will be the result, I can never repent acting under such convictions; and weak and poorly fitted as I am to assume high responsibilities, I must fear nothing. You know my motto—"Be careful for nothing." I try to do *all things* "in simplicity and godly sincerity," and so doing, I may trust in God even "out of weakness to ordain strength." How blessed are we in being permitted and enabled to cast *all* our burdens on the Lord! I love and admire the Gospel more and more, I may almost say daily. My experience of its sufficiency and adaptations was certainly never half so satisfactory as it has latterly been. I want to acknowledge and honor God in all my ways.


LXXX. TO THE REV. WILLIAM M. WIGHTMAN.

Saratoga Springs, August 16th, 1842.

I have often heard from you through the medium of the weekly manifesto which you address to thousands. These frequent allusions to yourself, and to a multitude of Southern interests and men, render your Advocate invaluable to me, independently of its literary and religious claims, which I am accustomed to rank very high. It is possible, however, that this cause betrays me into a measure of negligence in writing to you and others, though I am rather inclined to offer as my apology the constant employment of my time in pursuits which I do not feel quite at liberty to abandon, and to which I have thought it necessary to devote my entire attention as the only probable means of arriving at any useful re-

sults. I may say that my whole time since November has been given to preparing my Travels for publication, though, upon an average, I have only been able to work four or five hours a day. This has been to me a great and unexpected boon. It is far better than I had ventured even to hope. It has enabled me to go over the ground which I wished to occupy with a volume or two. I have yet a good deal to do by way of correction, but have got to a point at which, should I sink, you or some other friend might complete my task. I have made haste in view of probable interruptions from ill health. I was afraid to spend time to elaborate—to finish. It will do me no credit as a literary performance; but I have hoped and “prayed without ceasing” that it may prove useful to our young people in leading them to more knowledge of the Bible and more respect for it. I still think that a *plain, true* account, such as I give of the East, may do good in this way. This has been my highest—I think my only aim, and I give thanks to God who has so unexpectedly supported me in this labor. I expect the printers to begin as early as next month. I am now doing nothing, having urgent occasion for respite and rest.

You will have heard that I have been re-elected to the Wesleyan University, and will, no doubt, wonder at my imprudence in consenting to accept the office. I am quite unfit for it, and yet I thought it my duty to try. The circumstances of the university are peculiar, and the call for me from all quarters has been singularly earnest and unanimous. Perhaps it is because I am deeply conscious of not deserving any measure of the unfortunate reputation which such a case implies that I am ready to ascribe it to Divine Providence, and do not feel at liberty to neglect it. I feel that I hazard every thing by engaging in a work for which I am so poorly fitted; still, I am obliged to conclude that popularity and health, if they do not prove sufficient to enable me to be useful, are not worth taking care of; and after trying and *fail-*



ing, I think I shall be content with the retirement and *increased insignificance* that must, of course, be the result. I *try* to desire no honor but that which God gives, and to be careless of any reputation which will not enhance my usefulness. I was not consulted about the appointment. I felt it to be my duty to accept it, and am about to proceed to my work in the spirit of faith and humble resignation. Will you pray for me?

LXXXI. TO J. O. WALKER, ESQ.

Saratoga Springs, August 19th, 1842.

Among the consequences of my protracted ill health, upon which I have been compelled to look with much regret, is my inability to visit you during my stay in Vermont. In the order of Divine Providence, I have been unexpectedly called to bid adieu to my native state for the present, or, more properly, to forego the gratification of returning to bid it adieu; for, when I left home on the first instant, I fully expected to return after a few weeks. It is since my arrival here that I have been reappointed to Middletown, under circumstances that seem to render it imperative upon me to accept the presidency, and *try* to fulfill its duties. I am still in feeble, though improved health. Every thing has been done to relieve me of labor. I shall have no classes, except at my option, and I can have even my peculiar duties done by another when there is need. The call was as pressing as unanimous, and the friends of the university seemed to think its fate hung on my acceptance, so peculiar are the circumstances with which past events have surrounded it. I know my manifold unfitness for the place. I shall certainly fail of satisfying the expectations which so unreasonably and unfortunately rest upon me; but I dare not refuse to try.

I design to go on to Middletown in about three days. I left my brother ill, but he is since better. He is very pleasantly situated in Poultney, and I think there is no man in

the world whom he would more gladly see at his house than yourself—a sentiment in which I, were I there, should most cordially join. Indeed, every member of my father's family, scattered, as it now is, far and wide, cherish toward you a feeling of respect and affection, second only to that which they exercise toward the memory of our honored father, and much akin to it. I know not of another man of whom I can say that he was my father's bosom friend and confidant from early youth to old age, and mine from boyhood to the present hour—a period of thirty years. It is one of my most fervent wishes that your old age may be comfortable and happy, blessed with the love and kind attentions of your children, and cheered by the rich consolations, and supports, and hopes of the Gospel. These, after all, are the true foundation. I can truly say for myself that Christ is more and more my rejoicing. For all the changes and deep afflictions through which I have been called to pass since I last saw you, I have found His grace to be sufficient. I am always happy, though the loss of my dear, incomparable wife has made me a solitary man, and taken from earthly things their power to engage and please.

LXXXII. TO MR. —.

Middletown, September 17th, 1842.

In your letter, received two days since, you speak of some *theoretical* difficulties which hinder you in your attempts to become an experimental and spiritual Christian, and you request me to direct you to some book or books which are best adapted to remove them. I am sorry to say that I know of no books upon the subject which I could recommend as likely to be particularly useful to you. Your difficulties are neither new nor peculiar to you. They are substantially met by every argument against a stern fatality—a domineering, unalterable destiny in human affairs, and a great many good books might be referred to as exhibiting such arguments in a

clear and satisfactory light. Still, I can not presume that you are a fatalist—and if you were, I would rather refer you to your own consciousness of the conditions under which you live and act than to books. Do you not feel and know that you are a voluntary agent? and does not your perception of right and wrong in your own actions, motives, and affections, carry with it a conviction of moral freedom and accountability? If not, I do not see how arguments could possibly work in your mind a conviction which it lacks the power of appreciating. Certainly you do possess this consciousness, and it is to this that the Gospel addresses its claims—that the Holy Spirit and the preacher make their appeals. If this moral freedom and responsibility, then, is *felt* on your part, and is presupposed in the Gospel demands on you, it would seem to me that you have little occasion to meddle with metaphysical difficulties, or to solve dark passages of Scripture, in order to open your way to a conviction which could not, by any possibility, be made clearer than it is already in the light of your own consciousness. This I take to be a fundamental principle in logic as well as religion. This interior testimony must be esteemed the very highest. You follow it as your best light on ordinary occasions—you are left to it in religious matters. The Bible concurs with and appeals to it, and does it no violence. Does the case of Pharaoh *seem* to conflict with it? You are at liberty to suppose that he had become reprobate by his sins, and was made an example of, or to explain away the difficulty as you are able; but you should not bring an individual case of this sort into conflict with the entire scope and analogy. So of the old question, why God allowed man to fall, or why He creates men who will sin? It may be difficult to remove all objections from this quarter, but not, I think, to perceive their inapplicability. I do not know *why* I am so made, but I do know that I *am* so made. I see, too, that if I were not liable to sin, I could have no probation, and form no moral character, to both of

which free agency is essential. The Gospel presupposes this liability. Had God permitted none to live whom He foresaw would sin, there could have been no such race as that of men; no trial—no rewards—no virtue nor piety, the very essence of which is free agency.

I have not room to say more ; only I will add, believe in Christ, be a true Christian, and these speculative questions will soon cease to trouble you—the love of God will dissipate the metaphysical fog, and bless you with clear light. I would advise you to postpone these questions as at least non-essential, and seek first the kingdom of heaven. The way to Jesus is simple and short. “Pray without ceasing.” “Strive to enter in.” Offer your body and spirit to God ; in a word, believe with your heart unto righteousness. I pray that God may guide you. I pray for your *speedy* conversion. May you not die while you are waiting and settling preliminaries ! Dark as you may think the Gospel, Christ demands of you to embrace it without delay. Is He unreasonable—a “hard master ?”

CHAPTER III.

DR. OLIN AT THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

WHEN, by the lamented death of Dr. Fisk, the presidency of the Wesleyan University became vacant, all eyes turned very soon to Dr. Olin. Dr. Fisk died on the 22d of February, 1839. In the month of April following, the Prudential Committee of the joint Board of Trustees and Visitors resolved on the propriety of inviting Dr. Olin to become a candidate for the vacant presidency. Accordingly, they appointed a sub-committee to communicate their wishes to him, who, as is stated elsewhere, was at this time traveling in Europe for the benefit of his health. The following letter sufficiently shows the view of the committee upon the subject:

“Middletown, April, 1839.

“REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,—

“You have probably been apprised of the mournful dispensation of Divine Providence, which has removed from us our much-esteemed President Fisk. He died on the 22d of February, in calm assurance of immortality and eternal life. We have full confidence that he is beyond the reach of care and sorrow, and is forever at rest. The extinction of such a bright luminary leaves a cloud of visible darkness upon our religious, moral, and literary hemisphere. The Church mourns; the community mourns; and, most of all, the officers, members, and friends of the Wesleyan University mourn. And permit us to say, that after recovering the sad shock, and bowing

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submissively to the will of God, our eyes are turned to you. There is but one feeling and sentiment on this subject. The Prudential Committee has appointed the undersigned a committee of correspondence, to make known their wishes to you, and solicit your affectionate regards for the Wesleyan University, and your consent to become its future president. We are apprised of your delicate and uncertain state of health, and fear that you will shrink from taking such responsibility. But every thing will be done to lessen the burden and care that the nature of things will admit, and no part of the instruction will be required only at your option. We have full confidence in our present Board of Instruction, and believe that they would be to you all that you could wish.

"The Wesleyan University has successfully passed its struggle for existence, and acquired a degree of maturity and solidity, and has so far commended itself to the public as to secure its future permanency. It is the laudable ambition of the corporation and patrons to omit nothing within their power that may be necessary to place the Wesleyan University at the head of the Methodist institutions in this country, and to make it worthy of the highest station in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"We make no proposition of a pecuniary nature, because we know that it will be the least difficult matter to settle, both with yourself and us. We have an elegantly finished house for the president to occupy, and every attention will be given to make his situation pleasant and agreeable. Should it be your intention to reside some time longer in Europe, or to extend your tour, we have no wish to hurry your return, if you will but permit us to use your name and identify your interest and influence with the Wesleyan University.

"Please to consider our circumstances, and the united wishes of the corporation, faculty, students, and community at large, and take your own time to give your answer. Should any serious doubt remain in your mind respecting your health,

or from any other cause, we desire you would not be hasty in giving a decisive answer, but correspond with us on the general interest of our institution, and we shall be happy to communicate to you any intelligence in our power, or satisfy any inquiry you may see fit to propose.

"With high esteem, we are, reverend and dear sir, yours most affectionately,

"LABAN CLARK,	} Committee of Correspondence."
ELIJAH HUBBARD,	
WM. J. TRENCH,	

To this communication, so urgent in its tone, and so liberal in its offers and proposals, after mature deliberation, Dr. Olin returned a very guarded reply. After mentioning his precarious state of health, he said that his greatest desire was to be exclusively engaged in the work of the ministry, as he purposed to be should his health permit. But, next to this, his preference would be for a situation in which he could assist young men in preparing for this work; and as the Wesleyan University was exerting an important influence that way, the connection proposed would not be averse to his feelings, should his health allow him satisfactorily to perform the duties of the station, of which, however, he expressed strong doubt.

We have not the letter at command, but the above is the substance of it. With this encouragement, which, in truth, was not very great, and without his formal or positive consent, the joint Board, at their next meeting, determined to place his name at the head of the Faculty as the president elect.

On Dr. Olin's return to the United States in 1840, it has already been seen that his health was not such

as to admit of his entering on immediate duty. Yet, in the hope of its improvement, and of possessing his much-desired services, the friends of the institution would not consent to his resignation. At length, however, the interests of the university began to suffer from the want of a president. The professors, sufficiently burdened with their own duties, were ill able to supply the lack of presidential service; while Professor Smith, the senior officer, on whom chiefly devolved the duties of the vacant office, was sinking beneath his load. Learning these facts, fearing that his retention of the office was only preventing some other being elected, Dr. Olin positively resigned, and united with others in recommending the venerable and reverend Nathan Bangs, D.D., in his place. Accordingly, at a special meeting of the joint Board, called at Middletown, in February, 1841, Dr. Bangs was elected, and very soon commenced his labors, gaining the affection of the students by his general talents and his paternal deportment.

Dr. Olin immediately felt his mind relieved of an oppressive load of responsibility, and very soon began to regain his strength. He returned to Poultney, and, after some months, began to resume his intellectual labors. He was now busy in preparing his travels for the press. Meantime, the students in Middletown, who had friends at the Troy Conference Academy, located at Poultney, were receiving constant intelligence from them of Dr. Olin's progressive health. This created dissatisfaction with what they now considered his hurried resignation, and the too ready acceptance of it. This feeling increased as the tidings became more and more

favorable. At length it became apparent to Dr. Bangs, who throughout behaved with the utmost magnanimity and Christian dignity. He believed it would be wise in him to retire from a position from which another had been prematurely released, and whose services, in all probability, might now be enjoyed. Accordingly, at a regular meeting of the joint Board of Trustees and Visitors in 1842, his resignation was presented and accepted, and Dr. Olin was re-elected without dissent.

The following communication from the Hon. Seth Sprague, president of the joint Board, will show the feelings with which he was elected :

"Middletown, Aug. 2d, 1842.

"DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure, by the direction of the joint Board of Trustees and Visitors, to inform you that you have this day been elected president of the Wesleyan University; and I beg leave to say that the greatest harmony and unanimity prevailed in the Board, and that the Faculty most heartily concur in the choice. I believe I can say with truth that the friends of the university in every quarter look to you as the only man who can restore that harmony and confidence which are necessary to the successful operations of the institution. I have no doubt every thing will be done to make your situation easy and agreeable to yourself. So anxious were the Board to secure your acceptance, that they have instructed a committee representing the Faculty and the Board to bear this communication to you. I doubt not they will give you such entire satisfaction on this subject that you will not hesitate to accept the trust.

"With great respect, I am your humble servant,

"SETH SPRAGUE, JUN.,

"President of the joint Board of Trustees and
Visitors of the Wesleyan University.

"S. Olin, D.D."


In order to fulfill the design to make Dr. Olin's situation as easy as practicable, as stated in the above communication, and also in the letter of Rev. L. Clark, Professor A. W. Smith was constituted vice-president, and was thus clothed with full power to act in case of Dr. Olin's indisposition or necessary absences. Thus no inducement was omitted to secure his acceptance of the appointment, while every measure was taken to make the president elect feel easy in his position in his precarious state of health.

The committee appointed to convey the message of the Board were Professor Augustus W. Smith, and the Rev. Messrs. Laban Clark and Charles Adams. They proceeded immediately to Saratoga, where Dr. Olin then was, and succeeded in obtaining his acceptance. Great was the joy diffused among the friends of the institution. Gladness beamed in every countenance among the members and friends of the institution, while congratulations poured in as a flood. There was but one sentiment upon the subject. So intense was this feeling among the students, that there was a strong disposition to celebrate his arrival in September by some public manifestation; and permission to do so would probably have been solicited of the Faculty, but for the suggestion that it might be construed into a marked disrespect for Dr. Bangs.

We have been thus full in our statement, that the reader may understand the history of the case. Indeed, this is required in justice to both Dr. Bangs and Dr. Olin. But we have not thought it necessary to go more minutely into the details, as these would be quite uninteresting to the generality of readers. In regard to

Dr. Olin, however, we would remark, in addition, that if his frequent and protracted illness, and his absences from his post, were ever remarked on, they were all anticipated and provided for at the time of his election, and every thing practicable was done to put his mind at ease upon that subject. On no other condition would he have consented to retain his office; and, even as it was, he repeatedly expressed his wish to resign, and once signified it to the joint Board, who, however, were unwilling to release him from his post.

The period of Dr. Olin's entrance upon the presidency of the Wesleyan University was a peculiarly trying one to that institution. For this there were several reasons. In 1837, Dr. Fisk returned from Europe with the prestige of foreign travel added to his former fame; and the consequence was an unusual rush of students to the college. Many of these were not of the religious and orderly character of the earlier classes, and a tone of feeling arose quite alien to what had usually prevailed. Heretofore the predominant influence in the college had been religious: now it became the reverse. A good deal of irregularity was introduced, and it required a strong and a steady hand to restore order. In addition to this, the finances were in a deplorable state. There was no endowment whatever. The money raised on scholarships had been unavoidably consumed in meeting current expenses, and thus there was tuition pledged without any corresponding income. The receipts did not meet the expenses; consequently, the officers were all in arrears in their salaries, and there were not adequate means to provide, with sufficient liberality, the appliances for the high course of instruction contemplated.



In regard to the former evil, a gratifying change was soon effected. A more stringent course of discipline was adopted than had heretofore prevailed. In many instances this stronger administration would have encountered resistance; but such was the general respect—I may say reverence—for the new president, that all, or nearly all, readily yielded, and the few who were restless found but little sympathy with their fellows. The character of the administration was somewhat different from that of Dr. Fisk. In both, strictness and kindness were blended, producing toward each administrator a union of fear and love. But while kindness and love predominated in Dr. Fisk's case, I should say strictness and fear prevailed in the other. But then it should be remembered that precisely this difference was required, and so Providence seemed to adapt each instrument to the work. While the institution was young, the students few, generally of mature age, and for the most part of religious principles, greater leniency in government was proper. Rigidity was not required. The students came to college to learn, and governed themselves accordingly. But now that there was a larger number, with greater mixture of age and character, the former leniency would no longer answer. True, some of the mature and self-reliant complained somewhat of being placed under government better suited to boys; yet they admitted the necessity of governing strictly and impartially, and yielded a ready acquiescence. In fact, the better class of students, forming still a considerable proportion of the whole, fully sympathized with him, and gave their example and influence on the side of order and strict administration.

Thus Dr. Olin soon had the gratification of seeing his efforts crowned with success. Great improvement was soon observable. This improvement consisted in a more general appearance of order and decorum, greater attention to study, with increased regularity in keeping study hours, more uniformity among the officers in visiting the rooms, and greater punctuality among the students in attending the recitations and chapel exercises.

In accomplishing these results, it ought to be remarked that the president was well sustained by the Faculty. They fully appreciated the merits of his administration, and did what they could to forward his aims. There was no undercurrent working against him—no counterplot or division of interest. The sympathies of the Faculty were with him. In all his efforts at improvement they concurred, and it was by this union of effort that this higher standard of scholarship and this elevation of moral tone were effected. Some irregularities, of course, there were, and all did not, by any means, make the desirable proficiency. Hence cases of discipline occasionally arose. Yet these were not very frequent, and in due time the University recovered all, and perhaps more than all, its former character for strict administration, good order, and profitable study.

Our history of Dr. Olin's connection with the Wesleyan University would not be complete did we say nothing of his influence in regard to the finances of the institution. On this subject he had not adequately informed himself. We remember hearing him say that, had he done so, he would have been deterred from un-

dertaking the charge. But, on discovering the almost ruinous condition of the concern, he addressed himself vigorously to the remedy, and succeeded as few men could have done. It was chiefly under his influence that some of the wealthier members of the Methodist community in the city of New York agreed to raise \$10,000 in the city, provided the New York Conference would engage to raise a like sum in the rural districts, for the endowment of a professorship, to be named after the senior bishop, now deceased. It was a part of the plan to induce the other Conferences patronizing the university to raise sufficient to endow two other professorships, making altogether the sum of \$60,000, which, added to the tuition fees and some claims yet outstanding, would, for the present at least, make the pecuniary condition quite easy and comfortable. This arrangement was finally effected, the Eastern Conferences becoming responsible for one of the two professorships, and the Western Conferences assuming the other. The arrangement may now be considered virtually completed, and the university is in a better pecuniary condition than it has ever before known.

In carrying these designs into effect, and securing the co-operation of the Church, Dr. Olin expended a vast deal of labor. One winter vacation he spent in the city of New York, in constant effort for this object. He preached once each Sabbath, and twice or thrice during the week, presenting the necessities of the Church and the claims of the institution with such force as profoundly to move many hearts and quicken them to unwonted liberality. His sermons on the Sabbath on these occasions were such, for the most

part, as he had bestowed previous labor on; but his week-night discourses were generally studied in the morning, and, with little or no writing, delivered in the evening. Yet these comparatively unstudied efforts were full of deep and original thought, pertinent and graphic illustration, and delivered with a depth of sensibility that melted many a heart that never expected to respond to such appeals. Many who attended merely to hear the celebrated preacher became liberal contributors to the enterprise.

While prosecuting this business, Dr. Olin visited the several Conferences patronizing the institution. Thus, by his intercourse with the ministers privately, and his addresses before them in their assemblies, he succeeded in awakening a profound interest in behalf of the cause. The addresses he delivered on these occasions were powerfully effective. Education is not a subject to make many men eloquent, or one by which deep sensibility can often be called forth in another. But Dr. Olin, while displaying the effects of ignorance, the necessity of education to the Church, the importance and duty of educating our youth, caused many a heart to melt and many an eye to moisten, while scores, under his stirring appeals, felt like the Thebans under the oratory of Demosthenes, when they cried out, "Lead us at once against Philip!"

It is to be regretted that no complete copy of any one of these addresses exists. We have, however, a running sketch of the one delivered before the New York Conference, which may serve as a specimen of the train of thought pursued on these occasions. The reader will of course not expect to gain from it any

adequate idea of the entire performance, much less of the manner and effect of the delivery.

"Will the Church sustain the university? I suppose there is no question between this or any other—that it is this or none. It is a question of college or no college.

"Will the Church have a college—take part in the education of the people of the country—educate its own youth? Then we must keep up the university; for lower teachers can not exist without higher.

"It is not a question of providing for the rich. They can send their sons elsewhere—and they have done so. But they can not raise up a Christian college if they would. None but the Church can create and sustain this, or any other institution of the Church. It can not be isolated.

"The rich will, indeed, be the chief givers, but they can only be reached through the Church.

"We have already vast numbers of youth who, in the order of God, should have been pillars in the Church. God would form churches of all classes, rich, poor, learned, and unlearned, each helping all, and being helped by all. It is folly to act upon a plan that thwarts his designs—to repel the children of the rich—to drag the net full to the shore and throw back into the sea a most valuable portion of its contents. This is a sin against Providence, duty, and common sense.

"But our students are not one in ten sons of the rich, but of working fathers in moderate circumstances. A large part are poor, struggling to educate themselves—bold, aspiring youths, pressing on against wind and tide. They mean to do good—to teach or preach, or neither, as God wills. They are just such men as the Church wants and must have—men who will be educated somewhere, and will exert influence in the world—for us and for Christ, if we will train them—against both, probably, if we will not. They are

children of Methodist families—ours by birth-right, by baptism, and therefore a hundred-fold more likely to become pious under our training than under that of any other.

“Every part of the Church is alike interested in this work—the ministry, the press, the schools. Whose religious comfort and progress does not depend on these, and which of these great instrumentalities does not lean upon education and intelligence?”

“It is a good figure of speech, that which used to be employed in the pulpit and prayer meetings of New England, likening colleges to sources that send out refreshing, fertilizing streams to gladden all the Church and the land. Men think little of these streams, except they see manufacturing villages on their banks, or the play of water-works or steamers floating on their surface. They forget how many beasts and men slake their thirst there—how many rills flow away underground to feed smaller springs—how they lend to the morning all its gentle dew, and to summer its showers, that soften the furrows and make the fields green. I might rightly claim for the higher institutions of learning, that their influence is felt, indirectly, perhaps, yet powerfully, in all the pulpits of the land—in all the books, periodicals, newspapers, and tracts that form the intellectual and moral element of all classes of our people; that they are chief agents in all the sound and really valuable teaching in all other schools.

“My conclusion is, that the Methodist Episcopal Church can not dispense with such an instrument. She must educate her own youth and those of her adherents, or prove false to her trust, and lose them—and generally they will be lost to others. She must stretch out her arms and embrace all the lambs of her flock. This is a great work, for God has made us a great people. We are pressed with calls, not because we are poor, but because we are rich in success. We are like the man who found it necessary to pull down his barns and build greater, that he might have room to bestow

all the fruits that his ground brought forth so plentifully. We have more churches to build, because God fills them so fast—many institutions to endow, because God gives us such a rapid development. It is a glorious destiny this of following God's workings, and co-working with him.

"I say the Church must train its own youth, if it would save them—if it would retain them—if it would have polished shafts in its quiver—bold champions to meet the enemy in the gate. It must not leave its goodly young men to fall away to the enemy, or even to join the ranks of the allies. We want them all for our great work. We must nurture and cherish them—must polish them as our jewels—as our bequest to the future and to Christ.

"Some fear encumbering the Church with too much work. There may be danger, but not if it be the right sort of work. I think the work of education peculiarly appropriate to her sphere. We should attempt nothing that is foreign from the great end of saving souls and honoring Christ. But our colleges and schools should live in the heart of the Church—be part and parcel of it—be imbued with its spirit—imbosomed in its holy atmosphere. So impressed am I with this truth, that I would resign my office to-day should the Church disjoin my work from its operations, and supervision, and patronage. This is my cherished sentiment. I am Christ's minister; I must do his work. If this be not his—the work of his Church—then I would know my error. I may not do a strange work. When I entered the ministry twenty years ago, I declined a chair in a college to do so, on this same principle. Disabled from preaching, it was by the advice of my brethren that I became professor in a state institution, which I left to join a college under direct religious influences. It was without my consent or knowledge that I was made president of the Wesleyan University, and a member of this Conference. It was because I thought it a call of Providence that I entered on a work which I love greatly less than I do

the ministry. I have supposed, too, that I was where this Conference would have me. I suppose so still. If not, I will rejoice to obey its voice, and receive the humblest, hardest field of labor I may be physically able to occupy. Sir, I have an unsatisfied desire to preach Christ. I can do other work as duty, but not of choice. I have been broken in by long, deep afflictions, and have done almost nothing useful; but I have not seen a day in twenty years in which I would not have preferred my chance in your ranks to any other situation under heaven. I have had too many near views of eternity to think much of worldly considerations, and am under too many obligations to Christ and his Church to be at liberty to think of any opportunity to serve him in any other light than that of privilege. You will pardon these too personal remarks. It was perhaps allowable that, in my circumstances, I should say something of myself. It is the first time I have spoken to this body of ministers, into which I have come as a stranger, and have been received as something more than a brother."*

The reader may perceive, from the specimen given, how spontaneously Dr. Olin's thoughts took the course of the sensibilities. This gave him wonderful power over the heart. He could hardly address an audience upon any subject without exciting deep sympathy. Yet it was by no factitious appeals, nor studied art, nor superficial oratory, nor the glitter of sparkling embellishment. He took broad, deep, comprehensive views; and the mighty thoughts he would evolve sunk profoundly into the souls of his auditors, and brought up gushes of emotion too powerful to be repressed. On one occasion, he attended, in Middletown, a Convention, the object of which was to project a new rail-road,

* The remainder of the address we omit. It consisted of a statement of the plan of endowment already given.

the celebrated Air Line ; and being called on by the president to make a few remarks, he arose and commenced, and in a few minutes some of his auditors were in tears ! His theme was the moral and social influence of modern facilities of locomotion.*

The same quality gave him wonderful influence over an audience in religious services. In regard to his more public performances it is not our purpose to speak. We allude to his collegiate services. His state of health did not allow of his joining the religious meetings that were held in the college ; but we had frequent, indeed almost constant illustration of it in our daily chapel duties. He always, when able, conducted our evening worship ; and his prayers on those occasions were a treat. They showed wonderful variety, appropriateness, compass of thought, and fervency. They were never mere theological disquisitions nor cold abstractions, on the one hand ; nor, on the other, boisterous, empty declamation. Eminently he prayed with the spirit and with the understanding also. His prayers had wonderful power in bringing other spirits with his own immediately before the mercy-seat. It was like one talking to the Divinity. In this, we believe, is uttered the opinion of all who were capable of forming a correct estimate of the nature of this sacred duty.

We have said he did not usually attend the religious

* A few days after this, while driving out, he was accosted by a farmer driving his team, who introduced himself by a name well known in that region. He asked him if he were going to preach the next Sunday, or at what time he would preach. That he had heard him speak at the "Air Line" rail-road meeting ; and that he wished to come with his friends and neighbors, who were Universalists as well as himself, to hear him preach.

meetings in college. Sometimes he did, and one occasion of this sort deserves to be mentioned. It was during a season of unusual religious interest. Dr. Olin was confined to his chamber by one of his frequent attacks; yet he inquired at every opportunity as to the progress of the work, and became deeply interested in several cases that were related to him. At length he determined to be present and take part in what was going forward, if only as a spectator. He attended a prayer-meeting in one of the recitation-rooms. The Faculty and their families, with a large number of students, filled the room. After two or three hymns and prayers, Dr. Olin arose, and, having alluded to his debility and unfitness for speaking, remarked that he wished to say only a few words. He then commenced an exhortation or address that lasted over an hour. It was a deeply-thought, clearly-conceived, and well-reasoned oration, full of religious as well as intellectual power, that profoundly moved the entire company. There were few dry eyes in the room. The design of the discourse was to invite the inquirer to Christ; to remove hinderances from his way; to answer objections to the plan of salvation; and show the sufficiency, willingness, and readiness of Christ to save. The topic was common; but the ideas and illustrations were original, and equally convincing and powerful. Few who were present will forget that address; and none, no doubt, will remember it through eternity.*


* One of the students, who had resisted all the entreaties of his class-mates to seek the salvation of his soul, came in, as he said, to that meeting through curiosity. He went to his room saying to himself, if the way by faith be thus simple, surely I can try. He knelt alone in his room that night, and there was converted to God.

It would hardly be expected from Dr. Olin's early history, his want of interest in religion during his education, his early call to preach after his conversion, and the brief period in which preaching and teaching religion was his exclusive or primary business, that he should be an extensively or profoundly read theologian. We remember hearing him say, that of religion as a science, or of systematic theology, he had not been able to read much. His theology was very much that of the heart, and, intellectually, it consisted of broad and deep principles, that, indeed, took in the whole compass of revealed truth on a purely evangelical basis ; but it was singularly free from all merely scholastic expressions or cant phrases. Perhaps it was this that gave an air of good sense and liberality, a sort of non-professional character, both to his preaching and his conversation, on religious topics. The odor of the schools—a sort of bookishness, hangs about most clergymen, that serves to repel men of taste and liberal views ; just as we naturally shrink from a physician who always talks in the phrases of Hippocrates, or a lawyer forever quoting Blackstone and Kent. Yet the effect was not the less salutary. Nay, it was more effective, from the unstudied simplicity and naturalness of his manner both in the pulpit and out of it.

In reading the earlier part of Dr. Olin's life, the reader has seen how, from a state of skepticism, he was divinely led to Christ. He did not receive his religion from books, or any other mode of human instruction. Being unexpectedly and providentially brought into contact with divine things, and led almost necessarily to reflection on the subject, religion became a felt ne-

cessity of his interior nature, and it was the Spirit of God that led him, through his own consciousness, into a belief in the truth, and power, and excellency of the Christian faith. It was also his own personal experience that led him to the doctrine of Christian holiness. For some time after his conversion, he was skeptical as to this high degree of individual piety ; so that, when he was admitted into Conference on trial as a preacher, it was, as we heard him say, with an understood reservation on this point. But, in after years, his own sense of want, his spiritual necessities, his need of a stronger, clearer, more realizing faith in things divine, led him more closely to Christ. It was especially under the deep affliction he passed through in Europe, consequent on the death of the first Mrs. Olin, that he felt the want of this blessedness, and of a more perfect submission and conformity to the Divine will ; and we remember his saying that it was during his wanderings in Egypt, and while engaged in deep meditation and mental prayer on the banks of the Nile, that he first *felt* that "perfect love casteth out fear." From this time the doctrine of full redemption was very precious to him, and he looked with painful feelings upon any thing calculated to bring it into disrepute, or lower the standard of piety which it implies.

Perhaps we may be pardoned for introducing here a little incident, showing how the evangelism of the heart served the purpose of a theological system. On one occasion, the conversation with a friend turned on the question whether, in every sermon, the minister should preach Christ distinctively, or whether he might not construct his sermons, taking the knowledge of the



way of salvation among his hearers for granted. Dr. Olin, after Chalmers, inclined to the latter view; his friend, following Legh Richmond, Cecol, and others, advocated the former, remarking, that he could not conceive how any heart that deeply felt its own interest in, and dependence on, and obligation to Christ, that realized how completely Christ is the very centre and soul of the Gospel economy, could preach a sermon on any ordinary occasion without presenting the Savior. The doctor replied that, for his part, he never consciously, or from forethought, constructed his sermons on this plan. His friend added, "Then you so much the more confirm my view; for I have never heard you preach a sermon without preaching Christ; and I have sometimes referred to you as a practical illustration of my views; for you show that a heart that lovingly and confidently rests on Christ, can not fail to keep Him in view in its manifestations of religious truth and enforcement of religious duty." He appeared much struck with the remark, and urged his point no further.

We would not have it inferred, from any thing said above, that Dr. Olin was not an extensive reader. Far from it. In addition to the entire curriculum of studies which he went through very thoroughly, he read largely while in college. He kept up this practice of general reading afterward. While at Athens and Randolph Macon, he read all the leading authors on the several branches embraced in his department. For poetry and works of imagination he, perhaps, had not much sympathy. He preferred prose, and that of the most robust and vigorous kind. In mental and moral science he preferred Butler, Paley, Locke, and Reid,

to the more elegant Stewart, the polished Mackintosh, or the ornate and exuberant Brown. In his later days, when oppressed with protracted illness, he still-kept the run of current literature, so that one was often surprised at his acquaintance with authors, as well as at the mature views he expressed in regard to their merits. John Foster and Arnold were great favorites with him; Isaac Taylor, also, he liked, but not so much. He liked Chalmers, but his style was not compact and terse enough to suit his taste. Carlyle he could no way tolerate. He did not believe in his theories; much less did he like his style. I should, however, except his "Oliver Cromwell." Nor was he vastly pleased with Macaulay, though he liked his essays much better than his history, which he considered quite godless and anti-Christian. He had also read to some extent, how far I do not know, the continental writers on mental philosophy, and he adopted the sound spiritualism of the German school, without going the length of the ultra-transcendentalists. He adopted the distinction between the reason and the understanding, but preferred the Scottish modes of expression for general use, as more intelligible to the masses.

Yet, after all, Dr. Olin was more a thinker than a reader. What he read was the source of new ideas to him, and so incorporated itself with his mental texture as to become part and parcel of his own mind. Thus one detected his reading, not by any references to it, much less by any resemblances or imitation, but by the enlargement, depth, and comprehensiveness of his views, and his thorough familiarity with his subjects. It was remarkable that he seldom made quotations.

We scarcely recall a single instance. Even in his sermons and prayers he seldom quoted Scripture, but gave the idea in his own language. So much was this the case, that he would not follow the common custom of using the Lord's Prayer at public service; indeed, he seemed to have some inaptitude at remembering words. He so accustomed himself to think through his topics, that, provided he had the idea, he cared little about the mere dress in which it was arrayed. And we may here remark, in closing this paragraph, that it was quite impracticable for him to memorize his own sermons. On his more elaborate discourses, it is true, he wrote largely, but it was only to help him to think more satisfactorily, and see more clearly through his subjects. But he never thought of confining himself to his written language. His sketch was usually left in his study, and he preached without note or memoranda, and often with the Bible closed before him.

We can not conclude the sketch of Dr. Olin's connection with the Wesleyan University, without dwelling somewhat on his influence in the formation of the mental and moral character of the students. This influence, however, was not exerted in the recitation-rooms, for he never conducted a class through any study. More than one attempt he made, being exceedingly desirous to come in contact with the minds committed to his government, in that way. But the attempt was vain. After a very few recitations, he was obliged to give it up, and the labor devolved upon another officer. Yet his power was sensibly felt in another manner. His very presence in the building had a perceptible moral influence over the little commu-

nity. His tread within the walls was one of moral majesty. His presence at the chapel service, and the daily prayers he offered, when able to be present, had a hallowing power. But besides this, his greatest influence was exercised by his occasional, and especially by his baccalaureate sermons. Of these discourses, already before the world, it is fitting that we should speak more at length.

It was not until the close of the second year of his connection with the college that he ventured to preach before the graduating class. This was at the commencement, 1844. His text on that occasion was from Titus, ii., 16: "Young men, likewise, exhort to be sober-minded." Without announcing a verbal criticism on the word sober-minded, he gave the true import of the Greek word *σωφρονειν*, and stated the topic of his discourse thus: "The young are admonished to form their plans of life with thoughtful deliberation, and to subject their conduct to such laws as the common sense and experience of the human race have developed and prescribed." In the elaboration of this topic, he delivers some lofty, generous, and noble thoughts. He shows the importance of young men beginning life aright. "Youth is confident, and inexperience is rash—errors for which God provides an antidote in the lessons of history and religion." He shows that "our misfortunes or miscarriages do not commonly arise from a deficiency in native talent or acquirements, or from the untowardness of circumstances. I do not hesitate to affirm, that a liberally educated young man, of ordinary capacity, has, in this country at least, all the means necessary to insure usefulness, respectability,

and happiness." He points out some of the causes of the failure of young men. We will not be wiser for the past. History is, for the most part, lost upon us—every one must learn for himself—must make his own mistakes—must learn wisdom from adversity—caution from imprudences—temperance from excesses—industry from want or from avarice. He enforces the necessity of being sober-minded, discreet, of giving heed to the lessons of history and experience, of respecting the laws of their own nature. He strenuously enforces the necessity, in order to success in life, of adhering to an elevated standard of moral integrity. He says, "always resolve to do right." He refers as well to thoughts and feelings as to overt acts. He eloquently carries out this idea. "The soul derives its character and its tendencies still more from its cherished thoughts and feelings than from external influences. That will become a great mind which is in the habit of revolving great thoughts, and the young man who seeks to make the most of himself must be select in the musings of his solitary hours no less than in his associates and books. The sentiments which find welcome during these seasons of repose, not only mark, but make the real character of the mind. He who delights to commune with low, impure thoughts in his chamber, is, or soon will be, thoroughly debased; nor can all liberal studies and able teaching supply an antidote to the malignant poison that works and spreads within. He, on the contrary, who nourishes in secret an ardent love of truth, of justice, of mercy, and of purity—whose heart warms at the thought of doing good, or of suffering in a good cause—whose indignation burns at the

suggestion of a base action, or of a selfish, dishonorable motive—who would blush to plot, or perpetrate, or countenance, under the hope or promise of concealment, a deed which he would be unwilling to meet before the eyes of all men and of God—such a young man is treasuring up in his noble bosom the resources of a moral and intellectual power, which in some great day of crisis or duty will come forth in the forms of an overbearing eloquence or influence, under which persecuted innocence, or the cause of truth or patriotism, will delight to seek shelter.” After discoursing at length in this liberal and elevating strain, gradually approaching the ultimate point at which he aimed, he says, “I have now reached the point for making that disclosure. What did I aver to be the true sources of all high eloquence and influence? A heart full of pure, lofty sentiments—a veneration for the pure, the merciful, the upright—a tender sympathy with man and with goodness. Something, doubtless, may be done toward the attainment of these essential principles of success by a watchful and painstaking mental culture, but religion is their only sure and proper source. One of its precepts fulfilled in the heart, and the life will do more to make an educated man truly eloquent than all the dogmas of Longinus or Cicero. ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,’ is the fundamental principle and the deep spring of all the melting sympathies of high eloquence. The soul which religion has purified from its gross alloy of selfishness, and sensuality, and sin, is just then prepared to enter into harmonies with whatever is ennobling to our nature.”*

* Dr. Olin's Works, vol. ii., p. 115, 117, 118.

Such was Dr. Olin's manner of discoursing to the graduating classes. This method of approaching the subject of religion is well calculated to awaken kindred sympathies in the breasts of high-minded and aspiring young men, and move them to adopt lofty and noble aims in conduct. It had this effect, undoubtedly, on many. We have seen the tears repeatedly start from the eyes of his rapt auditors, as for the last time they were thus receiving golden instruction from their venerated president.

The second of his baccalaureate sermons is, in point of intellectual power, fully equal, if not superior to the first, and it was more overtly and thoroughly evangelical. The text is—Rom., xiii., 14—"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lust thereof." "This text," he states at the outset, "is an exhortation to be evangelically and thoroughly religious." Having thus laid down his topic, he proceeds to elaborate and enforce it, with a wisdom and vigor not often given to man. We shall not attempt to follow him in his train of thought. We commend the sermon to the perusal of our readers, assuring them, especially educated youth, that it will repay their labor. It is entitled "The Resources and Duties of Christian Young Men."

The third of these discourses is on "The Relation of Christian Principle to mental Culture." It is founded on the text, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Prov., xxiii., 7. This struck us, at the time of its delivery, as the most original, comprehensive, and most complete of all his baccalaureates. In the elucidation of the subject contained in the text, he lays down some pregnant preliminary thoughts, each of which he very

happily expands. "In every act of life man is as his intentions are. The human mind is as the thoughts with which it is chiefly conversant. The mind wants an ample supply of worthy ideas, to furnish it with interesting, productive occupation." He at length converges these preliminary thoughts into a comprehensive proposition: "A man's moral and intellectual character are 'as he thinketh in his heart'—are as those deep and earnest thoughts which constitute the moving forces of the soul, and which regulate the life." He then proceeds to draw out the profoundest views of the true theory of human life, in all its best relations to time, to eternity, and to God; clearly and devoutly, in most elevated strains, pointing the soul to Christ, as furnishing the only safe and adequate motives to mental culture, as well as the only ground of hope for eternity. He closes this sermon with the following eloquent appeal:

"I have brought you to the cross, my friends, and I leave you there. Oh! be content to receive your illumination from this, the great central light of the universe! Hence, if you will cultivate the loftiest ambition, and secure the best attainments, hence draw your inspiration; hither come for power and for joy; hither bring all your honors and successes, and consecrate them 'to Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.' Write the name of Christ upon your banner; exalt the cross high above all idols. '*In hoc signo vinces.*' Be

'Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracles of God,'

your Castalia.

"To such good auspices it is my privilege once

more affectionately to commend you. And may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you, now and ever. Amen."

The last sermon delivered to a graduating class by Dr. Olin was in August, 1849. The topic is, "Early Piety the Basis of elevated Character," from 1 John, ii., 14. This, in the opinion of some, was, in point of excellency, the greatest, as it was the last of his efforts of this kind, and I believe the last public discourse that he delivered. It involved an amazing expenditure of nervous, intellectual, and moral power. Some idea of the draft upon his physical system may be inferred from the fact that he was not less than two hours and forty minutes in delivering it!

One can not form an adequate idea of the effect of these discourses by any verbal representation. To appreciate this it would be necessary to have seen and heard for one's self. They were not uttered as coldly intellectual productions. They were not delivered memoriter, nor from notes. As in his other pulpit discourses, he wrote copiously, but left his notes at home, and did not pretend to confine himself to the *ipsissima verba*. This gave a freedom and naturalness to his manner, and an unrestrained use of the eye and play of the features. His gestures, not particularly graceful, nor yet ungainly or awkward, were appropriate and impressive; for they seemed to flow spontaneously from the impulses of his own heart. They were evidently not studied or thought of beforehand. His voice was not naturally musical, and yet, in preaching, it was touching and effective. Indeed, his whole appearance and manner in the pulpit, his gestures, voice,

and countenance, tended to produce conviction of his earnestness and depth of feeling. One could not avoid perceiving that his whole heart was in the work, that his soul was filled with deepest, tenderest sensibility. Ever and anon his voice would rise above its usual pitch, his breast would swell up with emotion, his eyes fill with tears, while he would pour out his ponderous stirring thoughts in long, rolling sentences, that held both thought and feeling in highest tension. Powerful were the impressions then produced. No one of serious mind, of manly thought, or earnestness of purpose, could avoid entering into deepest sympathy with the preacher. And invaluable was the influence which such a mind, in such a position, exercised over the youthful spirits committed to his supervision.

It was in the year 1845 that the Faculty and Trustees of Yale College gave the following testimony to their respect for his character and attainments :

“Yale College, August 27th, 1845.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have the happiness of stating to you that the corporation of this college, at our late public commencement, conferred on you the degree of Doctor of Laws. We present to you this expression of our regard, not with the expectation of elevating the rank which you already hold in public estimation, but as a just tribute of respect to moral and literary worth.

“I am well aware that these academical titles are in danger of losing their distinction by being distributed with too lavish a hand ; but this college aims to proceed on the principle of selecting those who will *confer* honor rather than receive it, by being enrolled in the list of its favorites.

“With respectful regard, your friend and servant,

“JEREMIAH DAY.

“Rev. President Olin, D.D., LL.D.”

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST DAYS IN MIDDLETOWN—PUBLICATION OF TRAVELS IN THE
EAST—HIS MARRIAGE.

THE course of the narrative has been somewhat anticipated that a full view of Dr. Olin's relations with the Wesleyan University might be presented. We now take up the thread of his personal history after his removal to Middletown, by quoting from the memoranda of a friend, one of the circle who extended to him a most cordial welcome to his new home. "The doctor showed his usual promptitude in coming on to Middletown immediately, or very soon after his acceptance of the presidency. My nephew announced his unexpected, but most welcome arrival, when he came down to dinner, and told us of the eager joy which had been expressed by all the students. They were once more to have a head—and such a head! How well I remember that September day, 'so calm, so cool, so bright.' I had some dear friends staying with me, one of whom, whose mind and heart were akin to his own, *he* has met in heaven. She loved the Church and its institutions, and her sunken eye brightened when we spoke of our risen hopes for the University. 'Will it do for us to visit him?' we asked, doubtfully; 'will he be too tired to see us, or too dignified to be intruded upon at this early hour?' How strange these doubts appeared to us in after days! My young friend, E. B., and I went to Professor Smith's together. We were

shown into the parlor, and sent our names. Oh, how very often has my first glimpse of him recurred to my mind. It was the moment when he stood 'grand made and strong,' like a full-sized picture in the door of the little room at the right. All timidity vanished the moment he spoke to us; he was our dear friend—our brother. Would he come to tea the next evening? I asked. I had an invalid friend who wished to become acquainted with him; but she could bear no other company; and would he come early? He did come early, and a lovely visit we had. The conversation was carried on principally between poor, dear Mrs. N—— and the doctor. Long was it since such a treat had been afforded her.* We were all struck with his manner of asking a blessing at tea—it was worship, and thanksgiving, and praise, not a formal rite. This we always felt afterward; but that was the first time, and it affected us deeply. That afternoon was the commencement of a series of delightful interviews with Dr. Olin. How much we enjoyed his society—how elevating to the mind and profitable to the heart I always found it! Soon after this he drove me out, one glorious autumn day, and he spoke of his affection for the ladies of the Faculty. He said he had not seen a more united company; that he prized our efforts to make him happy; he loved our cheerful associations and little tea-drinkings, but, he added, 'you do not pray together; you meet, laugh, and talk together; but, as far as I under-

* The impression Dr. Olin made upon her was so strong that, shortly before her death, which took place in New Brunswick in December, she spoke of him, and blessed God that he had kindled such a light to illuminate our Church.

stand it, you never pray together.' His conversation was rich, varied, and discursive. He was ever ready, at the slightest suggestion, to pursue any subject, and draw from it rich treasures of wisdom. We spoke of paintings, and he said that he was able to study them when abroad; that, on entering the Louvre, he was quite overwhelmed and confused by the multitude and beauty of these works of art, but that he commenced systematizing them, taking one picture at a time for examination, and he had thus become familiar with the French, Italian, and Flemish schools. He admired the policy of Louis Philippe in throwing open galleries and palaces to the people, and he thought it a great means of civilization. He could not but contrast the peasantry of France—as, with clean faces, and in their well-washed *blouses*, they gazed with interest on paintings of merit—with our citizens, wrangling over penny papers, screaming politics, and abusing their rulers.*

"On the 4th of December, 1842, he preached for the first time in six years. I believe only one individual in Middletown had ever heard him before. On being asked, 'What is his preaching like?' he replied, 'Like standing under Niagara.' Dr. Olin said the day before, to a friend, that he felt his position to be rather a painful one, in having to preach with the raised expectations he had been told were entertained, but there was only one course for him to pursue—to preach the

* He returned to this country in the autumn of 1840 when the people were deeply moved with the approaching presidential election; and, accustomed as he had been for many months to the still life of Oriental lands, the contrasted uproar and noisy whirl of this Western World strongly impressed him.

Gospel in all simplicity. Too long had he hung between life and death, too near had he been to eternity ever to pay the slightest deference to the opinions of the world. And well did he perform the vow he had made to his God; for so pointed and pungent an appeal to the consciences of the professed Christian and the sinner I have never heard. I turn to the printed sketch of this sermon, and oh, how meagre does it appear! Toward the close, weeping and trembling with emotion, he asked, 'Do you long to work for Christ, and can you find nothing to do? Oh! go to the humblest Sunday-school, knock at the door, ask to be permitted to sit down by the lowliest child, and teach him the alphabet of religion—tell him Christ died for the world.' Then, with tears coursing down his cheeks, he said he must thank God for giving him another opportunity of declaring His Gospel, after having, in consequence of protracted illness, long resigned the hope of ever being able to do so."

In a letter to his brother, dated December 6th, Dr. Olin says, "You may be interested to hear that I tried to preach last Sunday. I did not suffer seriously in the effort, at least so far as consequences have yet appeared. I was enabled to rise above all care but for the glory of Christ, and I think he was clearly present to confirm a very simple and direct testimony. This, after all, is the work desirable above all others. I fear I could not be here were I able to preach regularly. Yet I am very happy to do God's will even here; and if, in addition to my professional duties, I may do something in the way of preaching, I shall be thankful indeed.

"We have had a quiet, profitable term. The num-

ber of new students received has been greater than at any former period of the same length. I hope you all pray for this institution."

He spent the winter vacation in New York, in the family of his friend, Mr. Fletcher Harper, where he always met with the most thoughtful kindness and the most considerate hospitality. He was engaged at this time in reading the proof-sheets of his *Travels in the East*, which were published in the spring. They were received with great favor, and obtained a wide circulation. Shortly after their publication, the Hon. H. W. Hilliard, chargé d'affaires at Brussels, wrote to Dr. Olin from that city, on the 13th of July, 1843: "Egypt and the Holy Land are both fields of undying interest to mankind, and it is no small privilege to be able to read the narrative of one who has so fully explored them, and who was so well prepared for the task, you will permit me to say, by bringing to their observation a mind enriched with learning, and guided by a pure Christian faith. I am particularly struck with the manliness with which you give your assent to the traditions which preserve so many consecrated spots in Palestine, while many superficial observers make it a point to question their claims to sacred recollections. The great objects in the scenery of that land must remain much the same as they were at the time when those events transpired, which have thrown over them a sacred and immortal interest."

The following extract, from a discriminating notice in one of the periodicals of the day, indicates the distinguishing excellences of the work:

"We are glad to see a third edition of this valuable work

announced. We formed a high estimate of it on its first appearance, and are happy to find our judgment confirmed by its extensive sale. In many respects, it is the best book for general readers that has yet appeared in regard to the countries of which it treats. This is eminently true in reference to Dr. Olin's account of Egypt. He certainly occupied his time on the Nile to the best advantage; and he has not only given a very clear account of the remains of antiquity which line the banks of that river, but has also brought an amount of information in regard to the policy of Mohammed Ali, and the present condition of the country, that can be found in no single treatise that we know of in the language. His account of Petra, too, is superior to any work that is accessible to common readers. Laborde's elaborate book has not been republished in this country. Mr. Stephens's graphic narration does not profess to give any accurate details. Dr. Robinson was very industrious during his visit to Petra, and has recorded what he saw with his usual fidelity; but his stay was too short to allow of very extensive observations. Dr. Olin remained three days without any molestation, and has recorded the results of his investigation with great perspicuity. We have followed him, indeed, throughout his tour with wonder at the activity and zeal with which, invalid as he was, he prosecuted his researches. Few men could see so much in the same time, and fewer still could describe it so well."

In January, 1843, Dr. Olin went to Lima, in Western New York, to deliver an address at the opening of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. This address on academic teaching, which may be found in the second volume of his works, is thus characterized by Professor Whedon: "It abounds with sound doctrines ably sustained. The review of the various literary bubbles

which have been flung up by the levity of popular humor upon the surface of the popular current, momentarily to burst and return to their own nothingness again, sounds very much like the triumph of a champion who has conquered a boastful foe with scarce the trouble of a battle." In the spring, he preached at one of the annual Conferences, with what power we may learn from the annexed testimony of one of his hearers :

"Never shall I forget the impression made upon my mind and heart by one of his first sermons after his return from Europe, as he stood, a spiritual prince, before the thousands of Israel, at one of our annual Conferences, and, in his own impassioned and peculiar manner, discoursed of the deep things of God. His text was the language of our Lord : 'Let not your heart be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also in me.' How beautifully he developed the thought couched in these divine words—the necessity of faith in Christ to allay our fears and assure our hopes . He drew a picture of a world without a Savior. He supposed its fallen and guilty population to have all the knowledge of God—of his power and dominion—of his holiness, justice, and truth—which we now have ; but no knowledge of a Redeemer, and no intimation or hope of redemption. They saw death and the grave before them, but no Gospel had brought life and immortality to light. The vast procession of humanity, swept on by an invisible fate, went plunging into a midnight gulf. Generation after generation disappeared, and no one knew their destiny. The picture was the most vivid and terrific I ever saw executed in a pulpit ; and the feeling in the audience was rising to agony, when, stretching himself to his utmost height, and throwing himself forward over the pulpit, with his long arms reached out as if for help, and every muscle of his gigantic frame quivering with intense emotion, he exclaimed, 'And here we are, driven forward, an un-

willing herd, toward that fatal limit—looking for light, and there is no ray—calling for help, and there is no answer ! At this moment one vast groan burst from the whole assembly, mingled with sobs and cries, as if all were plunging down the precipice together ! Then the preacher introduced the Redeemer dying for our sins and rising for our justification ; and showed how faith in him could assuage the fears of sinners, and inspire the hope of saints. Never, either before or since, was I so perfectly entranced by the eloquence of the pulpit, and the two hours that intervened between the text and the close seemed but a few short moments.”

His speech at the anniversary of the American Bible Society in May is published in his works, and embodies deep and cherished sentiments on Christian union and fellowship.

He also made an address at the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, unfolding and enforcing the great truth, that God holds the Church responsible for the evangelization of the world. “Did the Church,” said he, “really believe the Gospel to be as necessary to the heathen as it is to us, there would be, at once and forever, an end to her guilty repose. They who give full credit to such truths do not sleep over them. It would be easier to find rest in our beds above the throes of an earthquake. The agonies of Laocoon and his children, dying in the coils of the serpent, were but pastime compared with those of the Church, until she had either unlocked herself from the grapple of this tremendous conviction, or disburdened her conscience by a faithful consecration of her energies to the work of rescuing the world from its doom.”

With returning health he was ready to respond to

the calls which reached him from various quarters. Many were the congratulations received from his friends on his restoration to usefulness, occasionally coupled with warnings against a too lavish expenditure of returning energies. His early friend, Bishop Andrew, who well knew his liabilities, wrote him an earnest letter on the subject, which is included in the correspondence of this year. On the 16th of May, he gave an address at the laying of the corner-stone of a Methodist Church, in Norfolk Street, New York. His theme was, that city churches are great centres of usefulness. His second topic was, that multiplying facilities for religious worship and instruction in large cities is a most useful work, considered either as the means of preventing evil or of doing good. He described the population of large cities—"a congress of the bad, the destitute, the ignorant, the reckless of all nations, where sin was rife and rampant, temptations numerous and powerful." He showed that these masses could be regenerated only by religion; that "other safeguards and antidotes were too weak and partial in their operation."

"There is need," said he, "for the coming forth and interference of a great pervading principle, adapted to all ranks, and minds, and habits. That principle is religion. When God stretches out his arm, and lays his hand upon the heart of the multitude, the tumult is hushed. A common tie is discovered—a common sympathy is awakened. Strong tendencies to union, and affection, and co-operation, and progress are evolved. The loose stones of the quarry come together and take the lovely forms and proportions of a temple of peace and purity—of a temple of God.

"Now, and not till now, the foundation of real improvement—of permanent good—is laid. Now that men begin to

reverence the Bible, they may consent to reverence the laws of the land. The new associations in which religion bands them together become alliances for the promotion of knowledge, and charity, and humanity—the centre of many systems of benevolence and love—the source of mutual confidence, and sympathy, and happiness. Civilization, and refinement, and true dignity of character have a basis for their operations, and a future opened before them.

“The opening of a new church in a needy district of the city is a new and powerful guarantee for public order, and social and civic happiness. High aspirations and pure affections will be called into play, which had else been forever dormant. Fresh agencies move away in their several spheres to do the work of mercy and of Christ. A company of generous youths, who never did any good before perhaps, now that an open field lies before them, enter joyful into the ripening harvest. The children are gathered from the streets, and lanes, and cellars, and garrets into Sabbath-schools, where they learn their duty and destiny from the Bible, and their tender hearts learn to show forth the praises of the Redeemer in hymns and spiritual songs. Kind-hearted, gentle females are seen on angel errands in the habitations of the poor, distributing tracts that may save souls, and luring to the place of learning and the house of God the neglected lambs for whom yet Jesus died.

“The new church, too, makes active and useful a large class of men who were but drones and cumberers of the ground before. Now, these feel for the honor of Christ's cause, and toil and give for its prosperity. They become part and parcel of the great movement. They care for the prosperity of Zion. They love her very stones. They devise and pray for the peace of Jerusalem. They become deeply interested in all the decencies of public worship—stand on the right and left of the pastor, and hold up his hands.

“A new messenger of Christ—a new witness for the truth

and righteousness—a new advocate for virtue, honesty, and industry, and all the decencies and charities of civilized and improved life, is brought into contact with the mind and conscience of the multitude. . . .

“City churches possess many very peculiar advantages for doing good and honoring the Master. They naturally and in fact constitute the centre and heart of all the churches of the land. They are in some sort the eye—the sentinel of the rest. They are lights to others. They are the guardians of the general interest—advisory councils, and depositories of all trusts. We all rely upon their pecuniary aid—upon their quick, strong sympathy with the general interest. The pulses of the city churches beat quick. They are well banded—used to co-operation. They confide in each other. One city Christian is commonly worth more to missions and other interests than ten country Christians. They give, and are used to it. They rejoice in opportunities of thus honoring Christ. They come to be partakers of his joy and sorrow—to be part of his kingdom!”*

In the correspondence of this year will be found a letter from Dr. Olin’s highly respected friend, the Rev. Dr. Ignatius Few. A close friendship, formed at a period when, in each life history, doubts and darkness had given place to the calm and abiding certainty of a satisfying religious belief, and, aided by a strong congeniality of sentiment and character, soon bound together with enduring ties these kindred spirits. Most characteristic is Dr. Olin’s tribute to the memory of his friend. It was written (March 27th, 1849), at the request of the Rev. Dr. Sprague, for the pages of the work which he is editing—Sketches of eminent American Ministers; and from the copy of a letter kindly

* MS. sketch.

furnished by Dr. Sprague, the following extract is taken :

“ My acquaintance with Dr. Few commenced in 1824 or 1825, immediately after his conversion. I was then strongly impressed with his very remarkable intellectual powers and resources. He was already approaching the maturity of middle age. After the customary period devoted to collegiate and professional study (he was a lawyer), he seemed to have devoted himself industriously, almost exclusively, to general reading. He was at home in nearly every department of human knowledge—in history, philosophy, poetry, and the sciences. In this wide range of subjects, he had been not merely a reader, but a thoughtful student. His conversation was solid and brilliant, simple and unostentatious, yet rich in allusions and illustrations supplied by his large acquisitions. He had great familiarity with ethical and metaphysical speculations, and I think fondness, as he certainly possessed uncommon capacity for them ; and to these, perhaps prosecuted eagerly, but without any well-settled principles or aims, he was indebted for his confirmed skepticism in regard to all the truths and interests of religion. I at least inferred this from his ascribing the infidelity of a friend, a man of rare genius, and for many years his associate and intimate, to a false theory of metaphysics. Dr. Few had just escaped from the snare of the devil, and was rejoicing in the liberty of a child of God at the time of my first introduction to him. I can never forget the strong impression made upon me by that interview. He seemed still to be panting with his recent struggle against the powers of darkness. His noble intellect had grappled manfully with all the dark problems of unbelief, and had triumphed over them ; and he now looked back with trembling, tearful astonishment into the abyss of error and sin where he had dwelt so long and so unconsciously, and from which the grace of

God had granted him a deliverance so manifest. He entered at once into the genial spirit of the Gospel, and comprehended, as by a new-born intuition, the breadth of its divine philosophy, and its wonderful adaptations to the wants of a mind like his, so long and so grievously misled and tormented by vain speculation. Doubts and fears had vanished, and he sat at the feet of Jesus all grateful and adoring, humble and teachable as a child, and yet with an air of holy triumph at having won a position so impregnable and secure. From that time Dr. Few was a most decided, unwavering Christian. In all my subsequent acquaintance and correspondence with him, I never heard of a doubt or a misgiving. He was called to endure heavy trials, and his whole life was made up of suffering and sorrow, but I think he never moved away from the cross, nor failed in the faith which makes appropriation of its lessons and resources. The last letter which I received from him, written nearly twenty years after the period of his conversion, and only a short time before his death, affords pleasing evidence that he maintained to the last that simple, child-like piety which characterized his entrance on the Christian life, and shed so mild a lustre on his high intellectual attributes. . . .

"Dr. Few entered the ministry very soon after his conversion ; but he was enabled, during twenty years of his remaining life, to devote a few only to this sacred calling. Throughout the whole of this period, he was manifestly the victim of incurable disease, which, while it was made the instrument of invaluable moral discipline, interfered perpetually with his public labors, imposing upon him long and repeated intervals of silence and inactivity. As a preacher, he was always able, and often eloquent. He had ever a perfect comprehension of his subject, which he discussed in a method equally logical and lucid, and in a transparent style, remarkable for grace and purity. Even in his most ordinary performances, the hearer felt himself in the presence of a powerful intellect—

equal to any task, and sanctified without reserve to the Savior's cause. This seemed to me to be the great charm of his preaching—that he was ever deeply penetrated, and absolutely pervaded by the solemn importance of his theme, and spoke as a man giving utterance to no doubtful speculations of his own, but to the veritable oracles of God. Hence it was that he spoke with 'authority' and a subduing unction, which all were constrained to feel—an effect, no doubt, enhanced by his commanding person, dignified mien, and graceful action. . . . I think it detracted somewhat from the efficiency of his pulpit efforts that he carried with him to this new sphere a *forensic*, rather than a clerical manner, acquired at the bar in early life. This unprofessional air seldom fails of winning applause; but it is usually found in practice to be some slight drawback upon efficiency. . . .

"He was for some time president of Emory College, at Oxford, Georgia, and was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of that now flourishing institution. Ill health, however, soon compelled him to withdraw from a position of so much responsibility to a retirement which, I think, he was never able to leave for the discharge of public duties."

On the 18th of October, 1843, Dr. Olin was married to Julia M. Lynch, the daughter of Judge Lynch, at Glenburn, on the Hudson River, the summer residence of the family, in the town of Rhinebeck; "entering," to use his own words, "upon the responsibilities and cares of a relation which God, with all possible arrangements within the scope of his choice, has chosen as, on the whole, the best for man, the best for time and eternity—for happiness and holiness." The few weeks before the winter vacation were spent with the family of Professor Smith, where Dr. Olin had, during his residence in Middletown, enjoyed all the comforts

of a home. In February he was to furnish and take possession of the president's house, where he had hitherto occupied only a study. The winter vacation of eight weeks, in December and January, were spent in New York, principally in forming plans, and entering upon a series of systematic efforts in behalf of the university.

Here many social demands were made upon his time, but the guests invited to meet him were cultivated, intellectual people, and Christian friends and brethren, with whom he passed quiet, pleasant hours. On one of these occasions he met Margaret Fuller, whose history proved to be so deep a tragedy. In conversing with him she spoke of the doctrine of eternal punishment, of which she doubted; and she asked him if we did not probably attach a greater weight of meaning to the declarations of Scripture on that subject than they were intended to convey, adding, that fear of the threatened ill might deter many from the commission of crime. He quietly answered, that he was old-fashioned enough to believe that the Bible meant what it said. Had he known, said a lady, to whom Dr. Olin had mentioned this interview, the sore need of her spirit—her longings after a satisfying portion—her struggles of mind and heart—he might, by revealing his clear, broad views of truth and duty, have made an era in her life; he might have led her to the “leaning-place for her weary heart.” But with his distaste for ambitious conversation, and with his impression that Margaret Fuller was a complacent, self-sufficing woman of genius, scanning holy mysteries with a philosophic and not a reverent eye, he did not enter upon themes upon

which he never spoke but from the depths of his spirit; and the word she may have waited for never came.

He writes, on one occasion, after traveling with a lady of a very different order of intellect from Margaret Fuller, but one who "had her opinions, and was ready to utter them:" "I have found her quite agreeable, and yet I always find something to regret after being long in such company. I have talked too much nonsense. I try to throw off care. There is not much community of topics. I would not startle and alarm by too much seriousness, but I always try to leave *something* that shall make right impressions. In the end, I am dissatisfied with myself, without perceiving exactly where my error lies, or how to do better next time. Oh! for wisdom, for devotion to the highest interest of our associates, for an ever-present, controlling sense of eternal things!"

At the opening of the college term, the Sound being frozen by the unusual and intense cold of that winter, Dr. Olin went on by land to Middletown, leaving his wife in New York till the navigation of the Sound should be practicable. The Sunday after his arrival, he preached on "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." "Let me ask you," writes Mrs. — to Mrs. Olin, "what has become of that most beautiful sermon which he preached on February 4th, 1844. I have not found it in the published volumes. The text was Hebrews, xiii., 8. To me it was one of his most impressive sermons. The evening after he spent with me, and remarked, in answer to an observation of mine, 'You are right in the main; but every thing goes on by *excitement*. You are unmoved by what, to a coarser

and less enlightened mind, would be stimulating and affecting. You are deeply stirred, however, by clear, luminous, lofty expositions of scriptural truth; your zeal is awakened—you are impelled onward in the course of duty. It is the same impulse, thus imparted to you by another, that carries you onward in the same manner that the Christian of less refined mind is propelled in his spiritual career.' On the 5th he took tea with us, and expressed his pleasure at getting home. That evening you arrived, and you remember our happy meeting in your new home." There were bright smiles and cheerful greetings from near friends that evening in the half-furnished president's house, with its prophecies of home comforts for coming years. Three days after, Dr. Olin was obliged to leave it for a month's toil in New York, to promote the interests of the university. "It is certainly an ominous beginning this," he writes to his wife; "but the future may treat us better. Heaven at least will, to which it becomes us to direct our chief attention." The emotions with which he consecrated his new home found expression in the following letter to his wife:

"God only knows what the future has in reserve for us, and I never in my life committed its interests more unreservedly to His control. Yet I venture to anticipate a lot not peculiarly marked with disaster and suffering—a destiny as tolerable as belongs to sinful, fallible beings in a world of probation and progress. And this will be good enough. We need toil, and trial, and disappointment, and suffering; for we need moral training, which they are the predestined instruments for imparting. These conditions, under which we are called to work out our salvation, I would by no means

modify. And I want no guarantee in regard to coming exigences ; for the hand of God holds the issue, and He is our friend. The future is God's, as the past has been. His providence, His promises, His grace, are its inheritance in all time to come. I trust I am ready—I believe you are ready to meet the allotments of Providence cheerfully and thankfully, and they are to be in our case, no doubt, various, disciplinary, dark, painful ; for such is the common lot—such the genius of our religion. Making all allowance for vicissitudes, and invoking religion as the only and sufficient antidote for these seeming evils, we may yet anticipate much happiness in the career on which we have entered. Mutual love, and respect, and confidence are so many living sources of enjoyment—a peaceful, pure home, where we shall see enough of the world, and yet can afford to do without it. What better arena for the culture or the manifestation of cherished virtues ? And then our daily pursuits will be useful, improving, sanctifying. We may do good not merely as we *have* opportunity. Our vocation—our course of life, if we order it aright, must constitute one constant opportunity for promoting great interests.”

Again he writes :

“ You seem to have your hands quite full of visiting. The good people mean to make you feel at home. I hope you will have years of enjoyment in that fine community ; especially, I trust that our relations with our colleagues may be ever kindly. Much of our happiness, and, what is more, much of our usefulness, depends upon this. I have always thought that what we chiefly lack in our intercourse is the infusion of more religion. We must pray more together, must sympathize more perfectly in good aspirations and works. We must not lose sight of our plan for social, religious meetings. I cherish this as a blessing in reserve. You must not fear them. After some use, I am sure you will both enjoy these meetings

and find them useful. I trust that you habituate yourself to think of your new relation to society as a minister's wife—that you are more called on than others, or ever, to do good by example and by direct effort. You may find this an inconvenient responsibility, but I trust it will also be a useful one. If rightly improved, I think this relation to society enables a lady to be useful, perhaps above any other. I have the best hopes of you in this and all other respects. The new cares which will fall to your lot will come in the guise of duties, and duties you know are the means and handmaids of happiness. For myself, I delight to think of the future. I see with no blinded eye. It is clad in cares, and responsibilities, and toil; yet it opens a field for action, for usefulness, for holiness, for happiness. Doubtless, God will smile on us if we continue to trust him. I think we shall serve God together better than we could asunder. I dwell not chiefly on earthly pleasures. I think of our morning and evening prayers at the domestic altar—of a loving, confiding watchfulness over each other—of being mutual intercessors in the closet—of sympathies and counsels in plans and efforts to do good. Indeed, I think I shall begin from this time to lead a more holy life. I feel that I am living for you as well as for myself, and you are on my heart when I go to the throne of grace."

Dr. Olin's anxious labors in New York bore with no light pressure on his returning strength. Four or five sermons every week, followed by addresses, stating the wants and claims of the university—and these appeals, made in the evening, and insuring late hours and wakeful nights—heavily taxed the powers of a nervous man, who had scarcely been able to preach or attend an evening meeting for fifteen years. It was a remark of Bishop Janes, "that Dr. Olin's pulpit efforts helped to destroy him—that he could not content himself with

beginning his sermon in a didactic form, and reserving the strength of argument and exhortation to the close, but that from the beginning to the end there was an expenditure of thought and feeling that no constitution could long endure."

He returned to Middletown the beginning of March, prepared to enjoy a few weeks of rest and home. "On the 8th of March," writes the wife of one of the professors to Mrs. Olin, "I have a little entry in my journal of a call upon you. The paper announced, while I was there, the appointment of Calhoun as Secretary of State. The doctor rejoiced in it, particularly because he thought the appointment would have a tendency to quell the disturbance on the Oregon question. He feared 'some whiffler would have been chosen, who, having nothing to lose, would not mind hazarding a war.' Then he laughed at you about your little ornaments on the table, &c., and feared they would injure the feelings of some plain brother. On the 17th of March I heard him preach in the college chapel, on a very rainy Sunday, a sermon upon grieving the Spirit, which I certainly thought was among his very finest sermons. I am sorry to see such scanty memoranda of it. There was a forcible illustration about Balaam's urging God to let him have his own way until God allowed it, which is not in the printed notes. The notes of his sermon upon Prayer, too, 'I will, therefore, that men pray every where, lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting,' give a very inadequate idea of its great richness and power."

On the 21st of March he went to Boston, to invite the co-operation of the Churches there in his enterprise.

He made a noble beginning in Bromfield-street Church, where more than two thousand five hundred dollars were subscribed at that time, a sum subsequently increased by a member of that church to twelve thousand dollars. "On the whole," he writes, "I see nothing to discourage, though much to wear one out in this arduous enterprise of endowing the university. I am fairly committed to the work, providentially and actually. I must not faint if strength is given to me from above. If my health lasts, I believe the work *will be* done. My trust is in God, who has spared me, *perhaps*, for this special service. I am ready to toil at this most distasteful vocation if His will be so. I do not know how to be away from the institution. I offer many prayers for it. I am glad to find that *I can leave home*, with its manifold strong attractions, because it is my duty."

On the 28th of March, he writes: "I attended last night a levee or tea-party, given by the Rev. E. Taylor, of the Mariners' Church, at the Tremont Temple. We were three hours in a terribly hot room, and I was not disappointed in getting only an hour's sleep. I was pretty much compelled to make some off-hand remarks, about ten o'clock, in my usual over-heated style. I am afraid they had the appearance of being claptrap, though not so intended. I have concluded that I must give myself to these improvisations when there is a call for it. It savors too much of selfishness to refuse for want of preparation. By going off extempore, I may sometimes make a hit and sometimes a *flat*, but I shall do my duty, trying to do it in all simplicity."

During his stay in Boston he found a most agreeable

home in the kind family of his friend, Colonel Brodhead, the son of the Rev. John Brodhead, a name fragrant in the annals of New England Methodism. The evening after the levee in the Tremont Temple, he preached in the Methodist church in Russell Street. The evening was rainy, and he increased a cold which he had previously taken. The east winds of Boston were peculiarly trying to him; and, after waiting a few days, with the hope of throwing off this attack of influenza, and regaining strength to prosecute his mission, he was obliged to return home with his work but half done. There, for a month of illness, he suffered from the effects of a month of overdoing.

Letters written in 1843 and 1844.

LXXXIII. TO THE REV. WILLIAM M. WIGHTMAN.

Middletown, March 8th, 1843.

But for the fact that you address me a very interesting epistle weekly, I might preface this with reminding you that you forgot to answer the letter which I wrote you some months since. Your Advocate is to me instead of epistles from many Southern friends; still, I would have more special communications from you for many good reasons, and among them, because you tell of precisely such things as I do not get by the paper, and yet feel much interested to hear. This, besides some reasons growing out of my old recollections, long and still warm personal attachments, will perhaps make me a little out of humor if you quite dishonor the custom you used to follow of writing to me *especially* once or twice in the year at least.

I greatly rejoice in your religious prosperity, both in Carolina and Georgia. It is wonderful to contemplate the manifestations of God's goodness, especially within the bounds of

our vastly extended work. I rejoice, if any thing, yet more at the noble stand you have taken in the missionary cause. The only drawback upon our general and unexampled prosperity I have felt to be the decline—the decline, too, when a great advance was most needed, and most naturally expected—in our missionary operations. A million of members, a hundred thousand converts, a falling off in missions, and an income of less than \$100,000!* The thing is humiliating and ominous. If our adversaries would leave off railing about our Church polity, our doctrines, &c., and take us to task on the ground of great unfaithfulness to the missionary cause, I know not what we could answer. The cry of hard times is really rather a pretext than any thing else, considering the small sums in which these offerings are made. We should not hesitate to brand men as rogues who declined paying debts of no greater magnitude on the same plea. It pains me to say that I believe the chief fault to be in the ministry, who, by trying, could get such a pittance from our people for *any object* in which they might please to interest themselves. The *obligation* is too little felt—perhaps it is too little understood. From all I can discover, *the missionary spirit is positively declining* in our Church. I feel confident that we can not proceed much further in this direction with impunity. Either God will stay our career of progress and success, or we shall become more bloated and unwieldy—worse in spirit and in tendency by our growth in numbers. I am tied to my providential vocation, but I often feel a desire to go from town to town to toil in the cause. I know I could do less than others, and have no strength or talent for the work, but my spirit is often painfully stirred within me.† May God have mercy upon us, and not allow

* The income has now nearly doubled.

† Early in the year of 1848, one of the leading men in the Church wrote to him: "The missionary secretaryship is, or ought to be, the paramount interest of the Church, and should command the

us to slight and abuse his grace. Ours is, indeed, a glorious system of truth, and a mighty scheme of working ; but what it may become if the Spirit depart and leave us to the unspeakable curse of formalities and dead dogmas, I tremble to guess.

LXXXIV. TO MISS CLARINDA OLIN.

Middletown, March 22d, 1843.

I intended to answer your letter some weeks since, but have been busy with other matters, with which, however willing, it is not always in my power to dispense. In truth, the kind of life in which I am now engaged is a very busy one, leaving me few hours that I can call my own, though I can not say that I do any thing of much importance ; and I have an habitual feeling that I am doing but little, and nothing with good effect. Do not infer from this strain that I am discontented. I am far from it, and only feel a strong desire to work more than I am able at present. Especially do I feel the want of strength to engage more in social meetings, which are just now very interesting. I do not venture to go near them, and I seldom go to church above once on Sunday, though I ventured twice the last two Sabbaths.

. . . I am as well, upon the whole, as my most sanguine hopes have at any time flattered me to expect. You and other friends who have not seen me since last summer, would, I think, be a little surprised at my increase of flesh and growing ruddiness of complexion.

My plan of operations for this summer, if carried out, will call for a good deal of extra exertion. I design, God willing, to visit the New York, Troy, Providence, New England, Black

strongest laborer in the Church. If the interests at Middletown can be secured properly, I think that the field would suit you better, and I know that you have the right spirit and views for the work. Richard Watson made the Wesleyan missionary spirit in England. You could do it for us here."

River, and Oneida Conferences—all, as you will infer, with a hope of promoting the interest of the university. This has become my chief care. I fear it is fast becoming an engrossing concern with me, and could I have health and influence to promote this high interest to the extent of a sufficient endowment, and the establishment of a theological department, I think I could be quite satisfied. The times are as little favorable as possible to such enterprises, and yet it is neither prudent nor possible to postpone the attempt. It is precisely the work that I am least fit to engage in, and yet I do not see that it is likely to be done without me. So we are carried along—not always or often as we choose, but as the great Ruler “shapes our ends.” Still, the great object of life will be perfectly attained if He shall direct us.

LXXXV. TO THE REV. STEPHEN OLIN.

Oxford, Georgia, April 3d, 1843.

In common with the Church and your numerous personal friends, I praise God for his manifold goodness to you, in that He has heard the many prayers which have gone up from thousands of warm hearts to heaven in your behalf; that the clouds which have so long darkened your sky have been at least in part removed, and that you are so far restored to health as to return to your beloved work of publishing the unsearchable riches of Christ to your dying fellow-men. I rejoice with you, brother beloved, in this blessed change in your circumstances, and you will take it in good part if an old friend, who is not altogether a stranger to your previous habits, should say, Be not too prodigal of this returning strength; be a little economical of it—remember it is no very difficult matter to put you on your back, but not so easy to raise you again to your feet. But enough of that, I trust that you are permanently restored to health, and to a long and successful career of enlarged and constantly increasing usefulness to the Church and to the world. God has no doubt been teaching

you in a school better than all others for showing us the plague of our own hearts, and bringing us to a full and unfaltering reliance on the blood of atonement, the intercessions of our glorious High-priest, and the immutable stability of the word of God's promise to us in Christ Jesus. You have doubtless learned, during the long time that you have been in the furnace, many invaluable lessons, which would not be so thoroughly learned any where else ; and now that God seems to be restoring you to the work of the ministry, how invaluable will be the experiences of the hours of darkness and sorrow through which God has been leading you. It is thus that God often prepares those whom he designs to call to special usefulness in his Church. God Almighty bless you, my dear brother. May God give you long life, and usefulness increased a thousand-fold. . . . Believe me, as ever,

Yours very affectionately,

JAMES O. ANDREW.

LXXXVI. TO THE REV. MR. —.

Middletown, April 17th, 1843.

A distinguished British statesman said, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." Somebody else says, people must needs come to believe what they often hear. I am left to suppose that it is in virtue of some old saw of this sort that Abolitionists are ever giving line upon line—repeating the dose—driving through our skulls what we won't let in through our ears. In conclusion, I rank you with heroes in further illustrating your reiterations by the example of the great Cato, who ended all his speeches by saying, "Carthage must be destroyed!" I almost hear you say, "You are erudite, doctor—a little pedantic withal." Never heed that ; I am in a good humor, though I am so unceremoniously fumbling about one of your foibles. And now, my dear friend, I say in sober earnest, may you live long and happily—to see your great grandchild-

dren thrive in the world—till the 39th (is it the 39th?) rule is abolished—till Abby Kelly has her rights—till all black and colored men shall be as free as their masters—till the Methodist Episcopal Church shall be as pure as the new concern at Lowell. Oh! that all of this glory even now rested upon us. How cheerfully then could we go about our Master's work, with no let or clog—united, loving, &c. I must not be a deceiver, a holder forth of false hopes. So I freely declare that I do not look for all this good in our day, and so I conclude to snatch a little in advance, by "leaving the dead to bury their dead," and following the Master; by loving both and all parties—by trying to convert those who wear a yoke—by trusting in God more than in elections—by following peace with all men, &c.

If I did not love you, and have great confidence in the goodness both of your head and heart, I should burn all this, and start anew.

LXXXVII. TO THE SAME.

Wesleyan University, April 27th, 1843.

. You speak blindly of grave matters on the carpet. I should be more alarmed than I am, but that I recollect you are a little addicted to direct heavy artillery against "small specks" of war. I shall be able very fully to participate with you in regret and mortification at any dereliction of purity or propriety in ministers of the Gospel. How strange, that men set apart for the holiest pursuits should not be able to rise above the lowest tendencies. Selfishness—management—undermining detraction among ambassadors of Christ:—how humiliating the spectacle! how baleful the influence upon the cause in which they labor and profess to have sacrificed more than self! I can truly say that there is no evil into which I should so reluctantly fall; and yet far better men than I have not always escaped the snare. May God, in His mercy, preserve us, my dear brother, from

such a grievous fault. I hope to keep aloof from all ambitious aspirations, and so from the liabilities which they involve. Oh! if we could be content to preach Christ, and leave self-seeking and party strife to others—the dead to bury their dead—what a glorious impulse would be given to the cause of piety! what new energies would be released from low pursuits to honor the Master!

LXXXVIII. TO THE REV. SEYMOUR LONDON.

Middletown, May 2d, 1843.

. . . . I feel some reluctance to interrupt the quiet tenor of my life here by plunging into the bustle of New York, though I can not say that I have any very special taste or liking for seclusion. I rather prefer, and that very decidedly, the quicker circulation and more stirring thoughts and incidents of the crowd. Indeed, if I had firm health, I believe I should be content to dwell in the midst of excitements, assemblies, parties, controversies, where all sorts of things come up in review, and claim to be discussed or done. One has so many more and more powerful impulses—the resources of thought, of feeling, and purpose are so greatly multiplied, that a man of the right stamp lives to more effect, is really wiser and greater every way, in the city than in the country. But this rapid whirl of the machinery of life soon wears me out, and I slink away to my hiding-place with my gear out of repair. . . . In a month or two, one gets not only rested, but wearied with the means used to secure rest. Every day is just like the rest. We get up, eat, sleep, go from the dwelling to the study—to the chapel, &c., by the sound of the bell. It is fortunate for me that the small number of faces which I am destined to meet with so often are all kind and intelligent faces. They belong to dear friends, who love to contribute to my happiness in all practicable ways, who are interested in my reputation and success, and who, I quite believe, sincerely like me, as I most certainly do

them. Upon the whole, my situation is a very desirable one. I like it chiefly because I think it providential. I could hardly wish that the institution were in a better condition as to good order and attention to study, or that the Faculty were more harmonious and obliging.

LXXXIX. TO THE REV. STEPHEN OLIN.

Clarksville, Habersham county, Georgia, June, 1843.

I am very anxious to hear from you directly once more before I leave a tenement for which my lease seems nearly to have expired. It would afford me a pleasure, which few other things which can now occur would, to have one more conversation with you personally, and, next to that, to receive a letter from you. Not for the reason which might induce many others to seek for an epistolary intercourse with you—not to obtain any reflection of that light of distinction which the world is shedding on you, nor even to participate of that intellectual wealth which experience and enlarged opportunities have enabled you to accumulate since we last met. Sincerely as I rejoice in them on your behalf, to me they can scarcely in any other way be beneficial; but I would seek that communion of spirit, that frank interchange of thought and expression of feeling which characterized our religious intercourse, and made it both profitable and pleasant to me. May I say that it was the most unreserved I ever enjoyed with any man, except a few poor and ignorant, but deeply pious people, whom I have known? Some persons would wonder at the exception, but I will not dishonor your religious philosophy by giving any explanation. If I could find a man who was *trying* to love God with all his heart, soul, mind, and strength, I would rather sit at his feet to receive instruction than in the academy where Plato lectured, or even in the church where Wesley preached—not because I doubt whether the last was of that number. Nor do I doubt that many who are accessi-

ble to me may be, but you will acknowledge that the religious sympathies which would establish our communion with such an one must rest upon something more than mere speculative reasoning or outward conformities ; in other words, upon conviction, which depends something upon feeling as well as rational evidence. Now I do not seek for what I suppose to be very rare among the professed disciples of Christ, but for such an intimacy of intercourse and such a mutual confidence as would make available to me the spiritual treasures of a soul simplified and exalted in its religious affections by the unity and excellence of its object.

I ought *now*, surely, to think that I have nothing further to do with the inferior objects of life. If the kind chastisements of my heavenly Father had not heretofore produced that conviction, my last attack would leave me without pretext for hesitancy. Six months since I threw up five quarts, or ten pounds, of pure arterial blood from my lungs in four days, and, during the same period, lost an equal quantity from the arm. It was wonderful that I lived one hour. It is a miracle of mercy that I still live ; but without another miracle, I can not survive much longer. My debility is now such that I can not walk twenty feet quickly without being exhausted and out of breath. Still, I walk and ride a little every day ; but the effect of extensive adhesions or dropsy will probably finish the work before long.

I am among the mountains here, enjoying a scenery which, for magnificence and variety of light and shade, for a blending of softness and grace in color and outline, with stern, cold, and severe majesty, could scarcely be surpassed ; in a climate unrivaled, so far as I know, from scientific observation or personal information, for equability of temperature and a sanative constitution of the atmosphere, enjoying the hospitality and brotherly care of one of the few friends of my boyhood which death and the vicissitudes of life have left to me

—Robert C—, of Augusta, whom you may remember to have seen with me at the Madison Springs in 1826. He is a native of Ireland, who came to this country when he was fifteen years of age. We became acquainted in 1802, when I was twelve years old, and an unbroken friendship has subsisted from that time between us. He is, and ever has been, a noble, magnanimous-tempered man, ready (as he has proven, in a measure) to stand up for the oppressed, like Athanasius for truth “against the world.” He raised about the only voice heard in behalf of the wronged Cherokees, and memorialized our Legislature on that subject. His hand has been open to pour out the treasures which the Lord has endowed him with, to relieve any who were distressed, and promote every good institution or laudable object, not by hundreds, but, as I know, by thousands, and yet he would “blush to find it fame.” For many years after my own conversion, I knew he was an earnest seeker of religion, which I believed for the last few years that he had found. He did not connect himself with any church until within the last twelvemonth, when he became a Presbyterian; his wife, one of the excellent of the earth, is a pious Episcopalian. So here we three are living together—Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Methodist—somewhat, I hope, as we shall live together in heaven, where, as the Quaker said, there are neither Quakers, Methodists, nor Presbyterians, but only Christians. Is not this, in some measure, *apropos* to the subject given you recently before the Bible Society? He came for me some distance in his carriage, and brought my niece and myself to his house, to watch over and nurse me. Ought I not to be thankful? and have I not some apology for occupying so much of my letter with an account of him? I hope you will write to me soon. Direct your letter to Athens, Georgia, as all my letters will be forwarded thence to my transient resting-places. If I live to receive a letter from you, and am able to answer it,

you will find me a more punctual correspondent than I formerly was.*

Affectionately your friend and brother in Christ,

IGNATIUS A. FEW.

* A little more than two years after the receipt of this letter, Dr. Olin was much affected at the intelligence of the death of this honored friend, accompanied as it was with assurances of undiminished affection, uttered in those last fading hours of earth.

"About two weeks before his death," writes the Rev. William J. Parks, "when he thought he was dying, he said, 'I should like to feel some of those bright and heavenly manifestations now, in this my dying hour, which many of God's people have experienced, but thy will be done, O God. If I am to die with what I now feel, a firm and steadfast faith rather than such displays of thy grace, so let it be. I submit. I am resigned; for, O God, even this, to such a redeemed sinner as I am, is mercy beyond expression.' . . . He then made a pause, became much engaged in prayer for several minutes, and presently, with joyful countenance and uplifted hands, exclaimed, 'Glory, glory! it is mine unexpectedly, and unworthy as I am.' He then spoke to some friends who were present in terms lofty and soul-stirring, after which he exclaimed, 'O my God! if I had to preach again, rather than stand and argue with sinners in the pulpit as I have done, I would get on my knees and weep over them, and beg them to come to Christ.' From that hour of ecstasy until his death he was favored with no more such bright and glorious manifestations; but at all times, when asked, professed to have an unshaken faith in God, which, as he several times assured me, had not faltered for one moment.

"He desired to die in calm thought, with no noise about him. God granted his innocent desire. He was reclining in a large arm-chair—all was calm, serene thought, silent prayer, no noise; death was doing its work on a great and good man. His eyes closed, he breathed softly and yet more softly, until all ceased. I said, 'He is gone!' Some weeping was heard, he breathed again, and made a slight motion. I said, 'Restrain your feelings, if you can, and let him die as he wished.' He breathed softly twice or thrice more, and all was over. His countenance was only marred by the paleness of death, but no muscle distorted. So died this great man, at half past seven o'clock, November 21st, 1845."

XC. TO —.

September 10th, 1843.

Last Sunday I preached to the Genesee Conference—a body of nearly two hundred ministers. It was a season of the presence of God, and will long be remembered by many who were present. I was enabled to say plain things, and the hearts of the people were open. I love such seasons. They are eras in my past life on which I look back and thank God. In nothing do I so exult as in this work of the ministry—this holding up Christ as the one object of faith, and love, and admiration. I have often thought that I would willingly spend six days of every week in a cell—on a sick-bed, if on the seventh I might be allowed to preach Christ crucified. It is not merely a duty, and so grateful to the conscience in the discharge of it; it is always a joyful season—a feast to my own feelings. And yet I am not likely to do much of this work. I overdo, and can not avoid it. Providence, moreover, calls me to other duties less pleasant; but it may be, in the long run, not less useful.

To-day I have heard ——— preach an excellent sermon on prayer. I thought, at the close of it, as I always think when I hear him, that he is the best preacher I know. I always feel how superior he is to me, though I am quite able to rejoice in it, and am glad to sit at his feet. I believe that hearing a good sermon fatigues me even more than preaching. I am too excitable. My feelings enter too deeply into religious exercises to allow me to continue them long. This is true both of public and private duties. I seldom go more than once to church, and then am good for nothing the rest of the day. I must read, or talk, or write to restrain my thoughts and divert them into less sensitive channels. It is, I trust, a blameless expedient that I adopt this afternoon. I must have diversion from trains of thought that overmaster me.

We do not expect much, and therefore receive little. The ennobling peculiarity of religion is chiefly seen in the agency of faith. It becomes about what we have the courage to expect: "Be it unto thee according to thy faith," teaches a great general truth. Unbelief dishonors God, and He is not likely to do the best things for those who entertain debasing views of his grace—who do not quite rely upon his promises. "To him that believes," on the contrary, all things are possible; and the largest expectations that depend on Christ for their satisfaction, are far more likely to be realized than the smallest. By looking for little we fairly deprive ourselves of the benefits of religion. In the Gospel economy, he who expects most honors the Savior most. The more unworthy the petitioner, and the greater the gift he asks, the higher praise does he ascribe to Christ. A great but penitent sinner, coming boldly to the throne of grace, and asking "the best gifts" through the merits of Christ, is the highest achievement of Christianity. Angels rejoice over it. No doubt the Savior exults at such a spectacle. "Expect great things," is the true motto when God's compassion in Christ is the fountain of supply. To expect little is to insure little or nothing at all. So it is in experimental piety. They who fix the standard of hope low seldom rise above it. They sow in unbelief, and often reap in disappointment. God loves a confiding soul that can trust his mercy without stint or fear, expecting all things through Christ Jesus. What a glorious economy is this! How adapted to the wants of poor sinners, who without God can do nothing, but "through Christ can do all things!"*

* This letter was written to a young friend, who was enabled, by the clear and simple views of faith presented by Dr. Olin, to obtain the assurance of forgiveness of sin through faith in Christ Jesus.


XCL TO THE REV. SEYMOUR LONDON.

Middletown, September 13th, 1843.

I reached home last Thursday night after an absence of five weeks. I have so far been overwhelmed with business accumulated in my absence. Matters will soon grow easier, and I think myself bound to devote my earliest leisure to you. You know that I gave the first days of my vacation to an old, dear friend, whom I never see without pleasure, whose long-tried friendship is one of the resources on which I rely for the future, as his warm-hearted kindness has been a rich resource in the past. May God bless him and his with all blessings, spiritual and temporal.

I went, as you know, to the Oneida Conference, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania—a laborious journey, but a most interesting region to visit. The Conference gave us an agent, and will, I hope, render some valuable aid to the university. I returned by way of New York, stopping only two nights at Jersey City, and called on our old, esteemed, and excellent friends at Rhinebeck. I preached twice there, and stayed twelve days, the rain and other causes detaining me longer than I had expected. I saw a number of your acquaintances—Mrs. Livingston, Mr. F. Garrettson, and others. From Rhinebeck I made a forced march to the Genesee Conference, at Yates, thirty miles this side of Niagara, and got home by another last Thursday. That Conference proposes to do what it can in aid of the university. It is an interesting Conference, youthful, ardent—a little mercurial, strong in resources and talent. I hope they will prove to have ballast for all weathers. We are doing as well as usual here. New students are coming in, of whom we have already received more than thirty.

I heard from my brother on his arrival home about September 1st. He was as well as he was when he began his journey southward, and less fatigued than he feared. I feel,



perhaps, too much anxiety about him. My family attachments are centered on him very much, and his death would inflict a blow on me heavier than I could well bear. Yet God will do right. No one is better prepared for heaven. There, it is a comfort to think, we shall meet dear friends to part no more.

XCII. TO JOHN M. FLOURNOY, ESQ.

(On his marriage).

Middletown, September 25th, 1843.

I am *truly glad* to learn that you are about to be married. It will certainly promote your happiness, unless, indeed, you shall have been unfortunate beyond what is probable in selecting from the better classes of Georgia ladies—a class nowhere surpassed for high qualities, and for the heart and grace with which they generally adorn and bless the conjugal relation. May God shed His richest blessings upon you, and upon her, the partner of your weal! You and I have become, I trust, fast friends, having never seen each other. May I not obtain through you some pretensions to be a *family* friend, and to become the friend of your wife? I hope you will see to that as well as you can. You will naturally visit the North next summer, if no sooner, and I now invite you to make my house your home while in this part of the world. I should be highly gratified to have with me my friend, and the son of a most beloved and honored friend. To make you remember this invitation, I couple it with this piece of intelligence—I, too, expect to be married in October, to Miss Julia Lynch, daughter of Judge Lynch, of New York. I think her well qualified to make me happy in this most interesting relation.

Will you allow me to remind you how much and how specially you will need God's blessing upon your household—how fit the occasion for giving yourself and the woman of your choice away to Christ. God forbid that you should for

a day postpone such a consecration. Rear up, my dear friend, a family altar for the morning and evening sacrifice; and may He who hears and answers prayer "build you a sure house."

XCH. TO THE REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK.

Middletown, September 26th, 1843.

. . . . I am a little selfish, I fear, in this matter. I want to secure friends younger than myself, partly because, when my head becomes whiter, I may assert an old man's prerogatives; partly and chiefly, because young men are less worldly, more frank and fearless, and, as a class, they are more intelligent and of larger views. I wish to keep in communication with the warmest hearts and the most enlightened minds. It postpones the coming of the chills of selfishness and caution, and superannuation. What is yet more material, I have a keen relish for intercourse and correspondence with those I esteem and love. It is good for the heart and good for the head. One has more thoughts, and better, in this way. So much for preliminaries.

I was delighted with your frank criticism on my first volume. It is precisely the sort of liberty I would have you use in regard to me. Many compliments would not have gratified me half so much. I will return the esteemed favor by philosophizing a little in the same spirit. I think better of the comparative merits of that volume—I should think a good deal better—than you do. It exhibits the result of a great deal of industry in collecting scattered information, and is, so far as I know, quite the best *economic* account of Egypt to be had in the language. I think this is the reason why you feel less interest in the book. I remember thinking that you concerned yourself less about such things than most men of your cast of mind. I doubt not this is well, upon the whole, but if this remark is correct, it gives a reason for your criticism not wholly incompatible with my escape. I am waiting with some solicitude for Dr. Robinson's article in

the North American, though I do not really anticipate any thing to complain of. I am glad you think well of my argument on the sepulchre.

XCIV. TO THE REV. MR. LONDON.

September 27th, 1843.

. . . . I feel an unwonted confidence in this, as in all matters for some time past, that He does guide me. I mean to devote myself entirely to Christ. . . . I feel new obligations and incentives. Indeed, the signal spiritual blessings of the last year or two call for more entire consecration. I seem to myself never to have got fairly into the way of religion until lately. I never saw the full excellency of Christ and the system—the length, and depth, and height of its genius and aims. I constantly distrust myself, and fear to speak out what I feel and hope. Yet it is not I, but my Savior, whose honor is concerned. I must not withhold the honor due to his grace, though I take shame and confusion of face to myself. I fear bringing reproach upon the cause by a way of life so little marked by many of the sobrieties and graces of the Gospel, yet I am bound to testify of the goodness manifested in making me willing to consecrate all to Christ. I feel greatly changed, as it seems to me, in two things. I am enabled to commit *the future* to God, as I never could before, throwing off in many things *all anxious* concern. Then, in regard to sickness and other afflictions, I now see and *feel* them, as essential parts of God's plan, as I never did before. I would not be secured from them if I could. I may want them. Upon the whole, I never had such religious feelings and views before. I think I love Christ and the Gospel decidedly more than I used to. . . .

XCV. TO THE REV. DR. —.

Middletown, November 2d, 1843.

Your letter of October 22d, so full of demands on my respect, gratitude, and affection, came in due time, and I do not presume that you regard my delay as long. Yet I feel reproached for any delay. I could not tell you if I tried how much I congratulate myself upon having formed your acquaintance, and having become, I feel, in no common sense your friend. This interest will, if it please God, and you are minded favorably, have a future to it, and I shall often enjoy the happiness and benefit of interchanging sentiments and counsels with an intelligent, warm-hearted, Christian man in whom I fully confide. How much this stands for in one's account of earthly good few men know better than I do, both from having enjoyed and having lost a few such. May God make this correspondence, and the, I trust, mutual sentiments of regard, of love, in which it originated, a lasting and great blessing to us both—a blessing for the soul, no less than for the taste, the affections, and the intellect.

. . . . With my congratulations on the well-merited commendations bestowed by all upon your last article in the Review, I pass to the topic with which your kindness induced you to fill so large a part of your letter, the critique on my *Travels in the North American*. I expected something of the kind you know, and though the whole is utterly false and groundless, I should not have been greatly moved by it but that I was ill, in bed, and in a most excitable state of the nervous system. Dr. Robinson, to whom I addressed a note, denies all responsibility for the article, though he repeats, in very respectful language, some of its complaints—that I have paid so little regard to some of his claims to originality. I have explained in another letter, not yet answered, and so the matter now stands. I was in Boston and tried to see the editor, but he was absent. I have since written to him, ask-

ing a place for a calm defense in the North American. I am waiting for his reply, which I rather expect, and quite hope will be favorable. . . . Mr. — said that the critique led him to suspect personal motives, and that it established nothing else. Thus you see I am at a stand for the present. Should Dr. Robinson be satisfied, our correspondence published may be sufficient, as I wish only to clear myself, and not to touch him. If not, which I more expect—if he shall be out upon me in his forthcoming *Bibliotheca Sacra*, which I think probable, then I must choose my ground with an eye to all the circumstances. I must probably wait to receive a work from London, which is needful to my defense. I can not think that I have any thing to fear, as I have all the truth on my side. Yet I recoil from a controversy. I can not trust myself in such work if I can keep out of it. I must be gentle and forbearing, or my religious feelings will suffer. My book must have endless coincidences with Dr. Robinson's. Yet I can demonstrate, with regard to the chief counts, that I am guiltless. I shall roundly deny it of all, without trying to prove a negative. . . .

XCVL TO JOHN M. FLOURNOY, ESQ.

Middletown, Nov. 14th, 1843.

. . . . Allow me to congratulate you on your marriage with one who, I doubt not, is well fitted to increase your happiness. May God shed upon your union his choicest blessings. May you both consecrate yourselves to the service and interests of piety, and richly enjoy its supports and guidance. I thank you for the kind and even affectionate language you are pleased to use concerning me. I esteem myself fortunate in having the friendship of my friend's son. I doubt not you will do honor to the name and memory of a man for whom your respect can hardly surpass mine. I hope that the termination of our business intercourse will not estrange us. I have always been highly gratified with the spirit in which

you have conducted our affairs. It is not common, I fear, for such transactions to lay the foundation of lasting respect and friendship between interested parties as, I trust, it has in the present case. I shall not cease to feel a lively interest in your welfare, growing out of my veneration and gratitude toward your excellent father, and hardly less out of the feelings which have sprung up during our correspondence.

I expect to keep house after January. My wife is with me at Professor Smith's, where we are, of course, very well accommodated. I shall still hope to see you and Mrs. Flournoy at no distant period here, I trust—perhaps also in Georgia—for I assure you I would make a detour to have that pleasure. . . .

XCVII. TO THE REV. DR. —.

New York, Dec. 14th, 1843.

I received your letter full of good things a few days before leaving home. Much business prevented my giving an immediate answer. I came to the city on Friday last, and found some social duties to do, of a character not to be postponed. If a man gets married, he must take all the consequences, and his friends, too, may have their claims to attention a little jostled out of place. This is the first letter I have written since my arrival here.

. . . . The North American Review will contain a brief explanation from me. Brief as it is, it will probably prove sufficient until more is said on the other side. I can not hope to escape a controversy that shall bring out every thing, and think I have no reason to fear such an one, though I dread and shun strife. The ground I take is this: I deny wholly unfriendliness or plagiarism in regard to Dr. Robinson, to whom I do ample justice on proper occasions. In describing the same objects, obtaining information also from the same books, traditions, and resident informants, perpetual coincidences are things of course, if both tell the truth. Dr.

Robinson was in Jerusalem in '38; I in '40. He published in '41; I in '43—having never seen his work till February, '42, and being perfectly ignorant of its contents from my ill health. My travels were mostly written out for the press at that time. I never heard of his discoveries in the East, nor till I saw his book. Of the charge about Sinai, I say that all my argument was written there in the convent. Lord Lindsay, whom Robinson had read, gives the substance of *his* argument, which I am accused of copying. Lord Lindsay, Laborde, and Carne all refer to the plan of the encampment. All were known to Dr. Robinson, though he as good as claims the discovery of the plain.

Of the ancient arch, I reaffirm my statements, and say that Catherwood declares my account correct. As to saying, I did not know that this had been mentioned by any writer, this is dated April, 1840, and was true then. I knew nothing of Dr. Robinson's views till 1842, and never heard till then of his discovery, &c. As to Bethsaida, I know not Dr. Robinson's opinion even *now*. I give none, but only state several of other men. As to the subterranean conduit connecting the fountains, I confess my error in referring *memoriter* to Pococke; but I quote Richardson, who gave me the idea, as he probably did to Dr. Robinson, who, at least, teaches no more than he. So of the tower of David, my information was wholly independent of Dr. Robinson's, though coincident. He got it from the same sources, probably, that I did. I never dreamed, till the reviewer told me, that he pretended to any originality in these topics, except in the matter of the bridge, which I knew to be a mistake, at best. You have here my explanation in brief. I hope it will please you.

I am to be here seven weeks. We hope to keep house in going to Middletown again. I am *full* of business of all sorts—clerical—professional—social—domestic. I wish to hear often from you about all things and thoughts.

XCIII. TO THE REV. —.

New York, Jan. 17th, 1844.

I received yours of the 12th instant yesterday. I lose no time in answering it; and if I could hope to write what will afford you a small measure of the satisfaction which the language of your epistle, and yet more, the spirit that pervades it, gave me, I shall much exceed my expectations. Only one thing gave me some anxiety—what you say about hard work, and your health and spirits. It so happened that I had just returned from dining in company with a common friend, who knows more of your habits than I do. We had a conversation on the subject. I felt afraid for you, from what I heard, and, on entering my room at home, your letter confirmed my apprehensions. Doubtless you work too much—are very imprudent, and must hold in. It is the poorest policy you can possibly adopt, that of habitually overtasking yourself. It may do for a while, but must produce a bad reaction. Then will come vain regrets and self-accusings, and yet you may accuse yourself of imprudence, suicide, &c., without producing any sensible alleviation of nervous symptoms. I can speak oracles on this subject. *Pars fui*, I beg you to hear me this once, and follow my counsel. Instead of working as much as you can and live, have some reasonable, moderate limit, beyond which *you will never allow yourself to go*. This is the only thing that can save you. You have no right to do wrong in this respect.

I am very sorry to hear that you are not happy. You ought to be, I am sure; and I trust and pray that you may be very speedily. A great deal may be done by meeting these exigencies as questions of duty. Send out your faith in quest of alleviations. The future, upon which you should draw freely, has sunbeams enough to gild the sky of the present, despite of clouds and storms. Religion *can* do every thing for us. The more burdens we impose upon it, the better it

will serve us. I rejoice that your wife is well, or nearly so. That was the chief evil. The misfortunes which you can not relieve you ought not to grieve over. They are probably veiled mercies for somebody.

I have been disabled much of the time since I came to the city by a most inveterate influenza—a type of cold of which I have had no experience until now. Add to this, I have been at dinners and parties full three or four times in the week ever since my marriage. I am worn out with late hours and company, and yet, as these attentions come in the shape of compliments, as tokens of welcome to new circles and new relations, we can not well decline them. They are now *nearly* over, and a little repose will put all right. Meantime, I have preached five times in little more than a fortnight. I am a little harassed by the wants of the university, and the partial attempts made to relieve it. All will come round in due time, I think; but I have no heart for affairs. I would rejoice to be set free from all work but that of preaching;—*Deo volente* always, and giving meet strength. . . .

I feel deeply in regard to the missionary interest. I am little capable of devising plans, and wish I were more capable; but this is not my talent, I fear. Yet, if possible, I will do my duty in the premises. I shall be very glad to exchange views with you on this great topic.

XCIX. TO MRS. OLIN.

February 4th, 1844.

I arrived home on the afternoon of Friday. The journey across the country I found rather cold and comfortless, yet, after breaking down twice, we reached New Haven in safety at 11 P.M. Such a line of transportation as that which the closing of the Sound has given rise to has not often been seen in this country. It consists of all the old hacks and ill-conditioned horses wont to carry passengers from the towns

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along the shore to the boats. They are wheeled round to a right angle with their former routes, and form an almost unbroken line of the most abominable vehicles and animals that I remember to have seen intrusted with the limbs and lives of human beings. New Haven and Bridgeport look fantastically enough. You see "Howard Hotel," "Astor House," on the carriages that fill the streets. . . . The house was warm and ready for you. James has distributed the furniture as his tastes and talents could, through the rooms, around and centrally. I want to see you preside over the affairs of this semi-furnished house. It seems even more lonely from the scattered tokens of civilization, only that they give symptoms of better times. I suppose there is no prospect of your coming for some days. This keen, still weather is making thick ice momentarily. I must, if possible, be in New York again next Friday, to prosecute my mission. . .

I heard brother Griswold preach a good sermon this morning, and, seeing that he was hoarse, I offered to preach in the afternoon, which I have just done, from "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." I had much comfort, though I was too much excited. I trust that God will make the things I was enabled to say profitable to the people. A glorious privilege this, of preaching Christ! How happy could I do nothing else! Yet be it as God wills. I have a very lively sense of the fullness of Christ. How strange it is that I am not more devoted!

C. TO THE SAME.

New York, Friday, February 16th, 1844.

. . . . I went to Williamsburgh on Tuesday. Preached a funeral sermon to a crowded church in the morning, and preached again at night, after which we got a subscription of \$470. I am to go to Willett Street to-night. Sunday afternoon I am to preach in Second Street, and to attend to the subscription. I do not propose to do this on Sunday, but

when it is proposed to me I can not object, for I think it holy work. I need to think so of it, to sustain me in it. I hope it will do me good to do such work. It has the advantage of imposing self-denial, which is always useful. Upon the whole, this indispensable effort to endow the university is likely to require time, toil, patience, faith, and sacrifices. Could I have foreseen all, I should hardly have taken office. Yet I do not regret that I did. I should much prefer to preach, but I have no right to choose. If I may be useful, that is all I ask. I think it a vital interest, and, trusting in God, I mean to toil on so long as there is any good prospect. I expect to succeed, because I think Providence will favor so good a work. I can form no conjecture about the time of my return. *You must be patient*, and so encourage me. . . . I doubt not that your parlors look tempting and bright. Truly, I could wish to look in upon them some night before long. I should be soothed by other notes than those of the piano.

CI. TO THE SAME.

New York, Monday, Feb. 19th, 1844.

I preached last Friday night at Willett Street, and got a subscription of \$548. This was well for that congregation. It will probably be increased to \$600 or more. Yesterday afternoon I preached to Dr. Bangs' congregation a searching sermon on secret faults. The subscription exceeded a little \$250. For this week, I have appointments for Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, at Eighteenth Street, Norfolk Street, Bedford Street, and Sullivan Street Churches. . . . I try not to expect too much, and am glad to feel myself not too *bitterly* disappointed by small results. I suppose the object in view is likely to be accomplished, so far as I can see. I could wish that I liked this begging a little more, or, rather, had less disreliah—repugnance for it. Yet I have a clear conscience. I try to man-

age the business religiously. I preach Christ honestly, as if I had no favors to ask, and then, after stating my case fairly, I just ask them to do their duty. I can not use the fashionable arts of practiced platform speakers. My taste and conscience are both against it. I do not see the end of this business yet. I have full work for at least two weeks more, and an appointment is already out for next Sunday week in Allen Street Church. . . . I do this as a duty. I bear it as a cross.

CH. TO MRS. OLIN.

New York, Feb. 27th, 1844.

. . . . I rejoice to know that you are contented and happy. So, I trust, you will continue to be, even when increasing cares and serious duties shall press on you with an accumulated burden. These, met in a Christian spirit, are not necessarily incompatible with the highest degree of happiness of which our present condition is susceptible. They make life thoughtful and serious, but not melancholy. They are sustaining. They give existence an importance and a value it can not have when left too free from care and occupation. I speak from much experience on this subject. I have had but too much of this sort of leisure. I am now trying a life of toil and responsibility. Indeed, I was never so burdened before. Yet I prefer to have my hands full of work, though I might not exactly choose to have the sort that falls to my lot. I will not repine at this, even. I am glad to *beg*, if that come in the way of my duty, as, indeed, it seems to, though certainly I might shrink from this as a vocation. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" This must be my motto. It has been, I trust, for twenty years, though really I have done nothing valuable, or hardly any thing. Yet I have borne my cross. I have stood in my lot, and I hope, in the great day, to have extended to me the welcome of my Lord, "Well done, good and faithful servant,"

not, certainly, through my own faithfulness or merit, but through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ. To His name I give now, in my inmost heart, all praise for what hope I have, and what religion has done for my support and happiness heretofore. I am deeply conscious of manifold wants and deficiencies, and I most earnestly desire to seek and wait in faith for brighter, fuller manifestations.

My meeting in John Street succeeded better than I had anticipated. I preached to a good audience on the Widow's Mite! The subscriptions amounted to a little more than \$1700—making, with the amounts previously subscribed by two members of this church, \$2500. The people were surprised at their own liberality, and apparently no less delighted. To-night I am to be at Greene Street Church. Tomorrow I am to preach in Vestry Street, where \$1500 are already subscribed, and I fear no great additions are to be expected.

CHIL. TO THE SAME.

New York, Friday, March 1st, 1844.

Your letter of Tuesday made me very glad on Wednesday, though I confess it breathed rather a melancholy tone and spirit. We love sympathy. This, you know, has passed into a proverb, and yet sad tones do not cheer the sad. It so happened that I had rather less of cheerful spirits than usual the day I received your letter. I had hoped to find a restorative in it. There was really in it nothing to produce or to increase sadness, and yet the want of the buoyant spirit which you commonly manifest produced an uncomfortable frame of mind, from which, I regret to say, the progress of two days has not quite relieved me. I have really nothing to complain of. I am very well, with the exception of the lassitude which a good deal of overdoing has brought on, and which a little repose will no doubt entirely cure. I ought to be very grateful and much encouraged. I have worked recently, I

think, without serious, or more than transient injury, as I have not been able to work before in twenty years, certainly as I had no expectation of doing again in this world. This is the more a matter of gratitude from new and most interesting ties that bind me to the world. I have for many years regarded life not only as uncertain, but not very desirable. My thoughts have been much on the transition which I seemed destined soon to make from this to another state of being. Under the pressure of pain and care I found solace in looking to the swift-coming future. Never, I trust, was I disposed to repine or complain of my lot. I have, indeed, esteemed myself, upon the whole, a fortunate man. I have *enjoyed* life. I have loved my friends, and have been loved and cherished by them to an extent that has quite surprised me, and for which I could see no good reason but in their great kindness and in God's over-ruling mercy. I have been, in many respects, what the world calls a fortunate man; and the many pains and changes I have *felt* have not soured me toward the world. Yet I have experienced a *measure* of weariness, and have oftener thought of heaven as a place of *repose* than as one of enjoyment. It still looks most desirable to me in that view, and I yet look away from responsibilities and cares, which often fill me with anxiety, to the land where neither the world nor the heart can molest any more—where rest and *holiness* will be a delightful portion.

Yet I have experienced a change of feeling in these respects. I trust I do not love heaven and its hopes less. I have, however, dearer objects than before on earth, which give new and stronger attractions to the present. I can now do some little service, thank God, and I could gladly work on a century, if in my generation I might promote the cause and glory of Christ. If I could, indeed, feel assured that my labors were effective to that end—if I could see that they made the Church better, more useful, more holy, how gladly would I toil! I often feel, however, that I am not fit for my

place. I lack many qualities and qualifications most desirable, if not indispensable, in such an office. I want learning; I want a higher piety; I want wisdom, patience, love, zeal. I often fear I shall do no good; and yet I seem to be doing all I can. Oh, if God will guide and uphold me—if I may have a deeper baptism into the spirit of Christ, I may yet possibly do some good—I may, at least, be saved from doing harm. Pray for me, my dear friend. Do not neglect to pray for me mightily. I intended to say that, besides the religious considerations to which I have referred—my endearing relation to you—the home which you will gild and bless—the domestic satisfactions, of which I doubt not you will minister a goodly supply—my desire to do you good and help you in your religion, that I may comfort, guide, and protect you, are inspiring considerations, which throw light upon future years, and support me under the pressure of urgent wants and cares.

I was at Vestry Street last night; they had already subscribed \$1500. They made this amount \$2000 last evening, which is about what I had hoped for. I preached in Greene Street the evening before, and I am to preach in Allen Street Church next Sunday. I hope to come home Monday or Tuesday.

CIV. TO JOHN M. FLOURNOY, ESQ.

Middletown, March 6th, 1844.

I returned last night from New York, where I have spent the last three weeks on a tour of duty for the university. I have obtained subscriptions toward its endowment to the amount of \$11,500. You will infer the great improvement in my health when I inform you that I preached fourteen times in three weeks. I have not attempted such a labor before in nearly twenty years, nor, I think, been so well able to bear it in fifteen years. I have overdone a little, and, though not sick, feel the want of a little repose. I am prepared to enjoy it at *my own home*. This is language that I

could not have used, until this moment, since 1837. I am not sure that my trunk has been unpacked during that entire period, in which I have sojourned in hotels, lodgings, tents, &c. I have just now entered on housekeeping in the president's house, which I have just furnished. I feel some peculiar emotions on entering again on such a course of life, and I look for as much satisfaction as ought to be expected from domestic life. I am very happily married, having nothing to desire in that respect. It will give me the greatest pleasure to see you in my house when, if ever, Providence shall direct your steps to this northern region. You will please to remember that if you *ever* visit the North, say Philadelphia or New York, I shall expect you to come and see me, and I shall certainly feel very happy to see my friend, and the son of my friend, in my own home. Mrs. F—— is of course considered as resting under the same injunction.

CV. TO THE REV. LE ROY M. LEE.

Middletown, March 8th, 1844.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—I have returned within the last three days from a three weeks' absence, and did not, until this morning, find an hour to devote to the reading of your sermon on the ministry. Presuming that I am indebted to you for the copy sent me by mail,* I have determined to lose

* Dr. Lee writes, in answer to this letter, "You were not mistaken in supposing I sent you the copy of the sermon preached before our Conference. In doing so, I designed to express my grateful remembrance of the brief period I was once permitted to spend in your company, and of the pleasure you had afforded me by allowing me to sit down in the quiet of my study, and yet journey with you through a country rich in sacred associations, or, as I have pictured it to my imagination, to lie down with you upon sands once overshadowed by the pillar of cloud, or where the Lord Jehovah had kindled his watch-fires, and stood sentinel over the slumbering multitudes of Israel. It was with feelings like these, rather than from any expectation of imparting a pleasure to you, much less to elicit a letter expressive of your approbation of my work, that I forwarded it."

no time in tendering you my thanks for this agreeable proof that you recollect me, and for the valuable and timely service you have done to the religious public by the publication of this discourse. I am habitually and conscientiously sparing in bestowing praise. I am always glad of all opportunities to give to my friends proofs of my affection and confidence; but in the matter of expressing favorable opinions of their performances or abilities, some who know me best, and are in the habit of speaking to me most confidentially, so often complain of a fastidious reserve. I have my reasons for this chariness. There are so many mouths ready to utter laudatory pæans when they are deserved, and when they are not, that I think I may well indulge in my humor, which suits my taste, my habits, and my principles. You, I am sure, would not demand, though I hope you will tolerate, this apology for the expression of my sentiments upon your sermon. You are familiar enough with compliments, and I am not ignorant that the pamphlet in question has called forth many of much more value than mine. Yet none are more sincere than I am in characterizing your discourse as excellent for the subject and the occasion—as well written and well reasoned, and as decidedly good, both in its temper and theology. I have read it with satisfaction as a Methodist and a Christian, and as a friend and a scholar. I hope it will be extensively circulated. It will not fail to do good to all who read. It will suit the latitude of Virginia and North Carolina admirably, no doubt, and it will suit any other latitude just as well; for the ridiculous pretensions which it combats so successfully are unfortunately rife every where. This absurdity is just now endowed with ubiquity. I do not hope, of course, that you will make proselytes. There is nothing so invulnerable as egregious folly. Just make it excessive, and you have made it invincible. It is fairly taken out of the region of common sense and argument. It is even likely that a certain class of minds will make it a matter of

faith. Yet, if you make no proselytes, you may prevent apostasies. Some persons are addicted to will-worship, and are always on the eve of adopting the silliest and most incredible dogma that may happen to be at hand. It may suit such to have the monstrosity of the one just now in fashion so clearly depicted. The thing wanted is not precisely to show the incredibility of the dogma. That, with many, is an incentive to faith. Let them perceive the mischievous character of the error, and its incompatibility with some other facts and principles which they can not afford to renounce, and you admit them to the best possible chance of return to a sound mind, and, at least, of avoiding one blunder. I shall be glad to hear that your sermon has had as wide a circulation as it deserves. The book agents in New York ought to give it the benefit of their facilities, so that it may reach all parts of the country.

Allow me to thank you for the Advocate, which reaches me with great regularity, and keeps me advised of the state of things in a region of which I have very many endearing recollections. I never by any chance hear from a Virginia preacher. I never, except most accidentally, hear from my old associates in the college. Yet the years spent in Virginia are of precious memory. My intercourse with my brethren was ever delightful—the memory of it is very refreshing. Do you ever see brother Early? Smith? Crowder? If so, do remember me to them. Allow me to assure you of my unimpaired respect and affection toward you.

Your unworthy brother in Christ,

S. OLIN.

CHAPTER V.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1844.

To the results of the deliberations of this Conference many in the Church were looking forward with anxious interest. Grave matters, involving great interests, would, in all probability, claim serious thought and decided action. The vexed question of slavery, complicated as it is by political and ecclesiastical relations, would, in some shape or other, demand the attention of the delegates. The coming events cast their shadows darkly before ; but men found the difficulties they had anticipated presented in a new and hopeless form when it was revealed to the Conference that the appeal case of Francis A. Harding, suspended by the Baltimore Conference in consequence of his refusal to manumit slaves, of which he had become the owner by marriage, was but an introduction to the more involved subject, with its far-reaching consequences, which was for weeks to weigh upon the heart and the mind of the Conference.

This Conference was an eventful one to Dr. Olin. He had come as a stranger among his Northern brethren, and they had warmly received him, and showed their confidence in him by electing him as one of their representatives in the great deliberative assembly of the Church. He was detained at home by illness for the first ten days of the session, and he was consequently absent while the case of Francis A. Harding was under discussion. The day after his arrival in New York,

the vote was taken, on the motion of Mr. Early, to reverse the decision of the Baltimore Conference, and Dr. Olin was excused from voting, on the ground "that his credentials were only presented the day before, that he had not heard the journals read, and had only heard a portion of the debates. 'Sometimes,' he said, 'it was a pleasant thing to avoid responsibility, but in this case he had no disposition to shrink from responsibility, and would much rather have voted, but could not do it conscientiously.'" The motion was lost.

On Tuesday, May 14th, Dr. Capers presented the following resolution, which was received with a gush of Christian feeling:


"In view of the distracting agitation which has so long prevailed on the subject of slavery and abolition, and especially the difficulties under which we labor in the present General Conference on account of the relative position of our brethren North and South on this perplexing question; therefore,

"Resolved, That a committee of three from the North and three from the South be appointed to confer with the bishops, and report within two days as to the possibility of adopting some plan for the permanent pacification of the Church."

"Dr. Olin spoke to the motion under the most powerful emotion, and in a strain of tenderness that moved every member of the Conference. He said he felt, from his relation to the Conference, as a member for the first time, it became him to explain why his name was attached to the resolution. It had been shown to him within five minutes, and he had asked upon it the advice of one whose opinion was entitled

to great weight. He could not refuse to second it, believing it was offered in a spirit of conciliation. He had feared for these two or three days that, though possibly they might escape the disasters that threatened them, it was not probable. He had seen the cloud gathering, so dark that it seemed to him there was no hope left for them, unless God should give them hope. It might be from his relation to both extremities that, inferior as might be his means of forming conclusions on other topics, he had some advantages on this. And from an intimate acquaintance with the feelings of his brethren in the work, he saw little ground of encouragement to hope. 'It appears to me,' he continued, 'that we stand committed on this question by our principles and views of policy, and neither of us dare move a step from our position. Let us keep away from the controversy until brethren from opposite sides have come together. I confess I turn away from it with sorrow, and a deep feeling of apprehension that the difficulties that are upon us now threaten to be unmanageable. I feel it in my heart, and never felt on any subject as I do on this. I may take it for granted that we speak as opponents here. I have had no part in this controversy. It has pleased God that I should be far away, or laid upon a bed of sickness. I have my opinions and attachments, but I am committed by no act of mine to either side; and I will take it on me to say freely, that I do not see how Northern men can yield their ground, or Southern men give up theirs. I do, indeed, believe that if our affairs remain in their present position, and this General Conference do not speak out clearly and distinctly on the subject, however unpalatable it may be, they could not go home under this distracting question without a certainty of breaking up their Conferences. I have been to eight or ten of the Northern Conferences, and spoken freely with men of every class, and firmly believe that, with the fewest exceptions, they are influenced by the most ardent and the strongest desire to maintain the discipline of

our Church. Will the Southern men believe me in this, when I say I am sincere, and well informed on the subject? The men who stand here as abolitionists are as ardently attached to Methodist episcopacy as you all. I believe it in my heart. Your Northern brethren, who seem to you to be arrayed in a hostile attitude, have suffered a great deal before they have taken their position; and they come up here distressed beyond measure, and disposed, if they believed they could, without destruction and ruin to the Church, to make concession. It may be that both parties will consent to come together and talk over the matter fairly, and unbosom ourselves, and speak all that is in our hearts, and, as lovers of Christ, keep out passion and prejudice, and, with much prayer, call down the Holy Spirit upon our deliberations, and, feeling the dire necessity that oppresses both parties, they will at least endeavor to adopt some plan of pacification, that if they go away it may not be without hope of meeting again as brethren. I look to this measure with desire rather than with hope. With regard to our Southern brethren—and I hold that on this question, at least, I may speak with some confidence—that if they concede what the Northern brethren wish—if they concede that holding slaves is incompatible with holding their ministry—they may as well go to the Rocky Mountains as to their own sunny plains. The people would not bear it. They feel shut up to their principles on this point. They love the cause, and would serve God in their work. I believe there is not a man among them that would not make every sacrifice, and even die, if thereby they could heal this division. If their difficulties are unmanageable, let their spirit be right. If we must part, let us meet and pour out our tears together; and let us not give up until we have tried. I came into this Conference yesterday morning to offer another resolution. It was that we should suspend—now that the Sabbath had intervened, and shed its calmness and quiet over our agitated spirits—that we should suspend our



duties for one day, and devote it to fasting and prayer, that God might help us if he would, that if we have not union we might have peace. This resolution partakes of the same spirit. I can not speak on this subject without deep emotion. If we push our principles so far as to break up the connection, this may be the last time we shall meet. I fear it! I fear it! I see no way of escape. If we find any, it will be in mutual moderation, in calling for help from the God of our fathers, and in looking upon each other as they were wont to do. These are the general objects I had in view in seconding the resolution, as they are of him who moved it.


"The reverend gentleman sat down amid the most deep and hallowed excitement, and the responsive prayers of the whole Conference."

This resolution, with the substitution of the words "a committee of six" for the words "a committee of three from the South and three from the North," was unanimously adopted, and Drs. Capers, Olin, and Wilians, and Messrs. Early, Hamline, and Crandall were appointed the committee on the question of pacification. "Two days," said Dr. Capers, "were allotted to the conference with the bishops, and the first of these was set apart for fasting, and the business of the General Conference was suspended for a prayer-meeting, to invoke the blessing of God and his guidance in the matter. Well, the committee met with the bishops, and they reported that, after a calm and deliberate investigation of the subject intrusted to them, they could not agree on any measure promising peace. But, after all, who can tell but that the issue to which we have been brought involves the very and only plan of permanent pacification possible in our circumstances. We looked and labored another way—perhaps every other

way—meaning to secure peace without even the pain of friendly separation. But no expedient could be found, and if we had supposed we could have found one, and agreed to adopt it, still our agreement might not have been followed by the pacification of the Church at large.”

It was an hour long to be remembered—that mid-day hour of prayer in the General Conference, and all present felt its subduing power, as fervent supplications were poured forth alternately by the Northern and Southern brethren. They had looked “for light, and there was no ray; they had called for help, and there was no answer;” and, in utter despair of all human aid and counsel, they were now prostrated before their heavenly Helper. “Was there ever such a parting among brethren, so full of Christian love and sympathy?” said a lady in the gallery, with streaming eyes, as she listened to the petitions gushing from the great deep of the heart, as she beheld the manifestations of deep feeling, not to be repressed, by those who, bowed as they were together, acknowledging one Lord, one faith, one baptism, yet had the underlying conviction that henceforth they were to dwell together no more as brethren. Perhaps no one there felt this more keenly than Dr. Olin, whose frame thrilled with emotion, as he knelt near the altar in the midst of the dear friends, to whom he was so closely united by many ties of Christian love.

On Tuesday, May 21st, the Committee on Episcopacy, who had been instructed to inquire whether any one of the superintendents had become connected with slavery, having ascertained that Bishop Andrew was



thus connected, asked leave to offer a written communication from him as his statement and explanation of the matter. This report was laid on the table, to be taken up on Wednesday as the special order of the day, when Mr. Griffith, of the Baltimore Conference, presented the following resolution and preamble :

"Whereas the Rev. James O. Andrew, one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has become a slaveholder ; and whereas it has been, from the origin of said Church, a settled policy, and the invariable usage, to elect no person to the office of bishop who was embarrassed with this 'great evil,' as under such circumstances it would be impossible for him to exercise the functions and perform the duties assigned to a general superintendent with acceptance in that large portion of his charge in which slavery does not exist ; and whereas Bishop Andrew was himself nominated by our brethren of the slaveholding states, and elected by the General Conference of 1832, as a candidate who, though living in the midst of a slaveholding population, was nevertheless free from all personal connection with slavery ; and whereas this is, of all periods in our history as a Church, the one least favorable to such an innovation upon the practice and usage of Methodism as confiding a part of our itinerant general superintendency to a slaveholder ; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the Rev. James O. Andrew be and is hereby affectionately requested to resign his office as one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"ALFRED GRIFFITH,

"JOHN DAVIS."

In the debate upon a motion that the restriction which allowed but fifteen minutes to each speaker should be taken off during the discussion of this question,

“ Dr. Olin said the special issue before us was a matter of more importance than whether it consumed one or two days in the debate, and he should deplore it as a great evil, and a measure likely to act unfavorably on the great interests involved, to cut short the debates. He was aware that they were straitened for time ; but the subject before them was one that demanded discussion. They were bound to go on the supposition that on this question no one was pledged or decided. They sat there to deliberate and decide on what might be said to be one of the most momentous questions that ever agitated the Church ; and he wanted to hear a full and dispassionate exhibition of the views of brethren on this subject, given as in the sight of God, and with a deep sense of responsibility to the Church. He hoped that the restriction would be taken off, for it was misplaced and ill-timed in a case like the one before them. Some had said that they did not want to hear much from the men of the North ; but he would not like to give his vote without an opportunity of explaining the motives under which he gave it. There was a *future* pending upon this discussion, and he wanted to speak out freely and fully. Let them be patient, and not in haste over this grave deliberation. He hoped they would take time to listen to each other, and take time, also, to think and pray over the subject. It would be quite time enough to come back to the fearful issue of this matter if they debated it three days or three weeks.”

After much debate on this resolution, Mr. Finley, from Ohio, on Thursday, May 23d, offered the following substitute for it :

“ Whereas the Discipline of our Church forbids the doing any thing calculated to destroy our itinerant general superintendency ; and whereas Bishop Andrew has become connected with slavery by marriage and otherwise, and this act having drawn after it circumstances

which, in the estimation of the General Conference, will greatly embarrass the exercise of his office as an itinerant general superintendent, if not in some places entirely prevent it; therefore,

“Resolved, That it is the sense of the General Conference that he desist from the exercise of this office so long as this impediment remains.”

“Dr. Olin rose to speak on Mr. Finley’s substitute. He referred to the state of his health, which always disqualified him for long sittings in Conference, and which, under the added pressure of an afternoon session, admonished him that he might be unable to be present throughout the entire discussion—that he might even be kept away at the final vote, a circumstance which he should much regret. ‘This,’ said Dr. Olin, ‘is my only apology for seeking so early an opportunity for the expression of my sentiments on the general question, to which I will now proceed, if I may have the indulgence of the Conference. May I be allowed first to offer another remark, which I could wish had not, like the last, exclusive reference to myself? My relation to this subject is somewhat peculiar and most painful. It is, on account of my personal attachments and cherished friendships, a delicate subject, which, if it were compatible with my duty, and I could feel at liberty to do so, I would gladly leave to other hands and heads. Yet the very delicacy and difficulty of my position render it the more imperative upon me to give an explicit expression of my views—the more so, because I know I am regarded by many as hemmed in by circumstances so untoward, that I am likely to be trammelled, if not controlled, in spite of myself. Now I will not affirm that I shall be exempt from these misleading influences, yet will I promise thus much—it shall be my aim to act as an honest man, with a single eye to the glory of God. My delicacies are not all on one side. They press upon me with equal force on all sides,

and so leave me as free as others, it may be, to obey the dictates of duty.

“ I give to the substitute offered by the venerable brother from Ohio a decided preference over the original resolution. I feel strong objections to that resolution, and no less to the preamble. I am not prepared to say that the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church contains, or is meant to contain, any provision against the election of a slave-holding bishop, nor do I believe that any such inference is fairly deducible from it. I must hesitate, therefore, to avow such a doctrine. I may not affirm directly, or by any implication, that the discipline is averse to the election of a slaveholder to that office. Now it seems to me that this is conveyed when it is said that such an election, or that the holding of slaves by a bishop, is contrary to the “settled policy and usage” of the Church. Since the organization of the Federal government on its present basis, the office of president has been occupied during thirty-five years by citizens of Virginia, and forty-three by slaveholders, while that high honor has been enjoyed only twelve years by Northern statesmen. Would it be a proper use of language to say that, in the “settled policy and usage” of our country, the office of president should be for the most part confined to Southern men? “Usage” carries, to some extent at least, the idea of common law and acknowledged right or privilege. In this sense it is obviously applicable to the case in hand. We have hitherto had no slaveholder for bishop, not that we have a law against it, but because the non-slaveholding candidates have always received a majority of the votes. The majority will always be able to judge of what the interests or sentiments of the whole Church from time to time may demand, and such a declaration as that in the preamble is uncalled for, as well as not strictly true. The facts alleged as the ground of the resolution, if true, are at least disputable, as we have the best possible proof in the discussions and explanations to which we

have just listened. They are not matters of record, or history, or general notoriety, and they are not adapted to be the basis of our solemn decision in a case of such grave importance.

“‘I do not like the issue to which this resolution seeks to lead us. I do not wish, by any act or vote of mine, to say or insinuate that Bishop Andrew is not a most desirable man for the episcopacy. Undoubtedly, under the pressure of our difficulties, had he voluntarily come forward and done what the Conference by that resolution asks him to do, it might have been the best way to relieve us from the embarrassment. At least, some may think so. But I doubt the propriety of asking him to do, under the constraining influence of our vote, what, if done at all, ought to be done voluntarily; for it might thus be understood that, even if he were free from this embarrassment, we still should not prefer to have him for a bishop.

“‘I look upon this question, after all, not as a legal, but as a great practical question; and my views are quite disembarrassed from constitutional scruples or difficulties. We came to this General Conference from the North, South, East, and West, with the best dispositions in all parties to harmonize as well as we might, and to make the least of our differences. There were few symptoms of discontent or disaffection, and it was generally thought that we should now make a satisfactory settlement of our difficulties, and go home more harmonious than ever in feeling or action. I had good reason for coming to this conclusion. I knew, or thought I knew, the feelings of my brethren in the North and East, and I had enjoyed a pretty free correspondence and intercourse with brethren of the South; and I am sure we all came up to this Conference with the best purposes and the best hopes. I was ill, and did not reach the Conference at the commencement, and it was not until I had taken my seat on the floor and heard of the difficulties which surrounded

us, that my mind was robbed of these hopes. I was stunned and overwhelmed at the tidings, and in ten minutes made up my mind that our embarrassments were stupendous, if not insuperable. I have since made diligent inquiries from brethren as to the actual condition and sentiments of the Northern Churches, and what would be the results there if things remain as they are. I have, for the most part, refrained from going to the men who have taken part in the controversies that have agitated us hitherto, because I thought their testimony, in a case of this sort, might not, perhaps, be so much relied upon; but I have addressed my inquiries to men whom I know to be opponents of the abolition movement, and they concur in believing that this is precisely the state of things in which they most fear to return home to their flocks; and they declare with one consent that the difficulty is unmanageable and overwhelming. I hope it will turn out in the end that their fears outrun the reality. But I confess I know not where to look for testimony in this matter but to the accredited, and venerable, and discreet representatives of the various Conferences; and I repeat that, forming my conclusion on this ground, our most prudent men do regard our present condition as pregnant with danger, and as threatening manifold disasters and disaffections throughout the Methodist Episcopal Church; and, after making what allowance we can for any local or partial view, I am still compelled to regard the evil as a great and portentous one. It addresses itself to us as the only tribunal having the legitimate authority to act in the premises.

“The calamity has come without warning. The intelligence has fallen down upon us like a thunder-bolt from a serene sky; but we must grapple with the difficulties. It is for this General Conference alone to dispose of them in some way. It must be remembered, however, that this Conference is limited in its action by constitutional restrictions, which it may not transcend for the removal of the most ruinous evil.

I can conceive of questions coming up here, so beset with legal and constitutional embarrassments, that this General Conference could only sweep over them, and give such counsel as it might judge proper. If there ever was a question beset with great practical difficulties, surely it is that under which we now groan ; it is so hedged about and filled with evils, which this Conference can not hope to prevent or cure. Yet our powers are so great as to allow us to make some provision against them, and, to some extent at least, meet the wants of the Church in this great emergency.

“We may do much, and we may make many arrangements in regard to the episcopacy ; but our powers are still limited and restricted in two things. We can not do away with the episcopacy ; we can not infringe upon its character as a general superintendency. Within these limits it seems to me that we have large powers—plenary powers for carrying out, through the episcopacy, the general purposes of the Conference and the Church. We may almost do what we will, avoiding to come in conflict with the general rules and the rights of individuals. Unquestionably, the Conference can not touch the ministerial rights of any one of its members or officers. I believe we are all prepared to recognize the right of Southern brethren to hold slaves under the provisions of the Discipline. We shall acknowledge and guarantee the entire of the privileges and immunities of all parties in the Church. I here declare, that if a remedy should be proposed that would trench on the constitutional claims of Southern ministers, I would not, to save the Church from any possible calamity, violate this great charter of our rights. I am glad of the opportunity of saying that no man who is a Methodist, and deserves a place among us, can call in question here any rights secured by our charter. I do not say that ~~he may not be~~ a very honest or a very pious man who doubts the compatibility of slaveholding on the conditions of the Discipline with the ministerial office ; but in this he is not a

Methodist. He may be a very *good man*, but a very *bad Methodist*; and if such a man doubts if the Church will reform, or is too impatient of delay, let him, as I would in his place, do as our friends in New England did last year, go to some other Church, or set up one for himself.

“Not only is holding slaves, on the conditions and under the restrictions of the Discipline, no disqualification for the ministerial office, but I will go a little further, and say that slaveholding is not constitutionally a forfeiture of a man’s right, if he may be said to have one, to the office of a bishop. The Church, spread out through all the land, will always determine for itself what are disqualifications and what are not, and it has a perfect right to determine whether slaveholding, or abolitionism, or any other fact, shall be taken into consideration in its elections.

“These are my principles. I have never doubted with regard to them. I will add, that I can never give a vote which does violence to my sentiments in regard to the religious aspect of the subject. I here declare that if I ever saw the graces of the Christian ministry displayed or its virtues developed, it has been among slaveholders. I wish here to divest myself of what to some may seem an advantage that does not belong to me. I would not conceal—I avow that I was a slaveholder, and a minister at the South, and I never dreamed that my right to the ministry was questionable, or that in the sight of God I was less fitted to preach the Gospel on that account. And if the state of my health had not driven me away from that region, I should probably have been a slaveholder to this day. In this day of reform and manifold suggestions, I go further, and say that if by a vote of this General Conference you might call in question the right of our Southern brethren to the ministry, and make their claim to the sacred office dependent on their giving immediate freedom to their slaves, I do not think that that would be a blessing to the slaves or the Church. I do not

believe the slave fares worse for having a Christian master, and I think the preachers may have more of public confidence on our present plan. I know these opinions may by some be regarded as unsound, and I make them not because they have any special value or novelty, but because I profess to speak my sentiments freely.

“With regard to the particular case before us, I feel constrained to make one or two remarks. If ever there was a man worthy to fill the episcopal office by his disinterestedness, his love of the Church, his ardent, melting sympathy for all the interests of humanity; but, above all, for his uncompromising and unreserved advocacy of the interest of the slave—if these are qualifications for the office of a bishop, then James O. Andrew is pre-eminently fitted to hold that office. I know him well. He was the friend of my youth: and although by his experience and position fitted to be a father, yet he made me a brother, and no man has more fully shared my sympathies or more intimately known my heart for these twenty years. His house has been my home; on his bed have I lain in sickness, and he, with his sainted wife now in heaven, has been my comforter and nurse. No question under heaven could have presented itself so painfully oppressive to my feelings as the one now before us. If I had a hundred votes, and Bishop Andrew were not pressed by the difficulties which now rest upon him—without any wrong intention on his part, I am sure—he is the man to whom I would give them all. I know no man who has been so bold an advocate for the interest of the slaves; and when I have been constrained to refrain from saying what, perhaps, I should have said, I have heard him at camp-meetings and other public occasions call fearlessly on masters to see to the spiritual and temporal interests of their slaves as a high Christian duty. Excepting one honored brother, whose name will hereafter be recorded as one of the greatest benefactors of the African race, I know of no man who has done so much for

the slave as Bishop Andrew. I know, sir, I am not speaking to the question; but I am stating facts—facts which I am sure will lead brethren to act with caution and tenderness in this business.

“It will be readily inferred from what I have said, that if we can not act without calling in question the rights of the Southern brethren, we had better, in my opinion, not act at all; for I believe it would be better to submit to the greatest calamities than infringe upon our own constitution. Yet it seems to me that we are not shut up to such a disastrous course, and that we may so dispose of this case as to escape both these difficulties. We can not punish. I would not vote for any resolution that would even censure; and yet, with the powers that confessedly belong to the General Conference, I trust some measure may be adopted that may greatly palliate and diminish, if it can not wholly avert, the dangers that threaten us. The substitute now proposed I regard as such a measure. In it this General Conference expresses its wish and will that under existing circumstances, meaning by that word not merely the fact that Bishop Andrew has become a slaveholder, but the state of the Church, the sentiments that prevail—the excitement and the deep feeling of the people on the subject—feeling, it may be, which disqualifies them for calm, dispassionate views in the premises—that under these circumstances it is the wish and will of the brethren of this Conference that Bishop Andrew, against whom we bring no charge—on whose fair character we fix no reproach—should for the present refrain from the exercise of his episcopal functions. This resolution proposes no punishment. It does not censure. It expresses no opinion of the bishop’s conduct. It only seeks to avert disastrous results, by the exercise of the conservative, of the self-preserving powers of this Conference.

“If the brethren who occupy the extreme positions in this question seek rather to allay than excite the fever of

feeling, we will yet hope—even allow me to believe—that these difficulties may be removed. I had even thought, if we could so manage this question as to avoid casting any reflections upon the South; if we could hold Bishop Andrew without an impeachment; if we are careful to save that point as far as possible, I have confidence that whenever he believes he can do it without compromising a principle, which, I know, in the present situation, he feels himself called upon to represent and maintain—if we could save that point, and hold up a shield over the interests dearer to him and others than his own life even—I do not allow myself to despair that, as soon as circumstances will allow, and difficulties now insuperable shall be removed, he will be ready to make great sacrifices for the general good of the Church. I have no right to say so; I only give it as my conviction, that if he can possibly relieve us of our embarrassment, he will. My confidence in the man is such that I have no hesitation in asserting this, I look at this proposition not as a punishment of any grade or sort. It is as if you were to say to Dr. Peck, your editor, who for some cause might have become unpopular, “You are our agent—circumstances are at present unfavorable to your exercising your functions, and in the exertion of our just discretion in the case, and because your want of favor with the public interferes with the success of that department over which you are placed, we withdraw you for the present from this particular field of duty. We do not censure you, and we cordially retain you in the ranks of our ministry.” I am not learned in constitutional law. It is, perhaps, for want of larger experience that this is the only view I am able to take of this subject, at which, however, I think I have arrived by a course, I will not say of sound argument, but by natural and easy approaches. With my constitutional views, I am allowed to inquire in this case, which course will do the least harm? And I believe that proposed by this substitute to be a constitutional measure dishonorable to none. As such, I

should wish it to go forth, with the solemn declaration of this General Conference that we do not design it as a punishment or a censure ; that it is, in our apprehension, only a prudential and expedient measure, calculated to avert the great evils that threaten us.

“ ‘I know the difficulties of the South. I know the excitement that is likely to prevail among the people there. Yet, allowing our worst fears all to be realized, the South will have this advantage over us—the Southern Conferences are likely, in any event, to harmonize among themselves—they will form a compact body. In our Northern Conferences this will be impossible, in the present state of things. They can not bring their whole people to act together on one common ground ; stations and circuits will be so weakened and broken as, in many instances, to be unable to sustain their ministry. I speak on this point in accordance with the conviction of my own judgment, after having traveled three thousand miles through the New England and New York Conferences, that, if some action is not had on this subject calculated to hold out hope—to impart a measure of satisfaction to the people—there will be distractions and divisions ruinous to souls, and fatal to the permanent interests of the Church.

“ ‘I feel, sir, that if this great difficulty shall result in separation from our Southern brethren, we lose not our right hand merely, but our very heart’s blood. Over such an event I should not cease to pour out my prayers and tears as over a grievous and unmitigated calamity. It was in that part of our Zion that God, for Christ’s sake, converted my soul. There I first entered on the Christian ministry. From thence come the beloved, honored brethren who now surround me, with whom and among whom I have labored, and suffered, and rejoiced, and seen the doings of the right hand of the Son of God. If the day shall come when we must be separated by lines of demarcation, I shall yet think often of those beyond with the kindest, warmest feelings of an honest



Christian heart. But, sir, I will yet trust that we may put far off this evil day. If we can pass such a measure as will shield our principles from all infringement—if we can send forth such a measure as will neither injure nor justly offend the South—as shall neither censure nor dishonor Bishop Andrew, and yet shall meet the pressing wants of the Church, and, above all, if Almighty God shall be pleased to help by pouring out his Spirit upon us, we may yet avoid the rock on which we now seem but too likely to split.

“I will add one word in reference to what has been so often repeated about the abolition excitement in New England and the North. I have never thought it a good thing to introduce agitation into the Church. I have thought it better, so far as practicable, to keep clear from all controversies, and for myself have felt bound to do so. I have been kept from taking any part in the great abolition controversy by the arrangements of Providence; but I must declare that the interests, the purposes, the measures which seem at this time to unite the North in sympathy have not originated with abolitionists, usually so called. The concern felt on the subject now before us is much more general. The New York Conference, of which I was made a member when abroad, and without my knowledge, was never an abolition Conference. Some of my friends, members of that Conference, and themselves decided abolitionists, have complained to me of the action of that body, in suspending some young preachers for their activity in the abolition cause, as flagrantly tyrannical and unjust. The Troy Conference is not an abolition Conference, and never was. These and other Northern Conferences have firmly opposed the abolition movement. They have been as a wall of brass to turn back the strong tide, and protect the Southern rights and interests.

“Ministers and laymen, in some portions of our work, have agitated this question in their Conferences and Churches, but generally Northern Methodists have been opposed to

such action. They commonly regard slavery as a great evil, though not necessarily a sin ; but it would be a great mistake to conclude that the anti-slavery sentiments of Methodists have been wholly or mostly the fruits of Church action or agitation. Brethren fall into a great error in imagining that all the abolition influences abroad in the Northern Churches originated in them. On the contrary, our common newspapers, the contests and canvassings connected with our elections, our periodical literature, are rife with abolitionism on other and broader grounds. It is perhaps to be regretted that this embarrassing subject is so much discussed at the North ; but it is certainly true that Methodists here derive their sentiments chiefly from such sources as I have intimated—from their reading, and from their intercourse with their fellow-citizens. They are abolitionists naturally and inevitably, because they breathe the atmosphere of this country—because the sea is open to free adventure—their freighted ships bring home periodicals and books from all the countries of Europe tinged, or, if any prefer, infected with these views. The difficulties of this question, then, do not arise chiefly from its relation to abolitionism in the Church, but from the general tone of feeling among the people of the non-slaveholding states.

“ I trust, sir, that, in pronouncing our sentiments on the subject under consideration, we shall not regard ourselves as acting for distinct and antagonistic interests—that we shall not inquire whether we may inflict an injury on one portion of the Church, regarded by itself, and no doubt justly, as ever mindful of its constitutional obligations, to save another portion from evils engendered in the hot-bed of abolitionism—part of the Church ever ready to trample down constitutional barriers, and remove old landmarks and securities.

“ That is not the true issue ; for in four fifths of the anti-slavery Conferences, to say nothing of the rest, there have been no agitations, no seeds of abolition sown, but the people have

formed their opinions as citizens of the country, and, notwithstanding these convictions on the subject, they have as tender a regard for the interests of the Church as any of their brethren. As a member of the New York Conference, I do most earnestly protest against any declaration which shall go forth before the world affirming or intimating that the New York Conference, as such, has at all meddled in this matter, except to prevent apprehended evil, and to perform what it regarded as a pressing, though painful, duty to the whole Church. I will only say further, that in our action in the case of a venerable and beloved bishop we have trouble and sorrow enough heaped upon us—Pelion on Ossa—afflictions on afflictions. Let not, then, this drop of bitterness be wrung into the cup which we are compelled to drink. Let it not be said that we are groaning under the pressure of difficulties arising from an agitation which we have got up and can not now allay. Let it not be said that we are now suffering the consequences of our unconstitutional meddling with the subject of slavery; that the seed sown by us has sprung up, and we are now reaping the harvest. As a delegate from the New York Conference, I sympathize with its honor; and I declare, before heaven and earth, that it is no fault of that body of ministers that we are now pressed down with such a burden of difficulties. Sir, there are men in this Conference who have suffered much in vindicating what they regarded as the rights of the South. My venerable friend on my right has, on this account, received great and unmerited obloquy. Another excellent minister on my left, and many more not now in my eye, have been reproached as pro-slavery men and men-stealers, for the part they thought it their duty to take against the ultra view and measures that threatened to prevail a few years ago. They have deserved well—I think they have merited the thanks—of Southern brethren for their earnest efforts to shield them and their rights against encroachments on the constitution of the Church.

“ ‘Sir, I have done. I do not pretend to have succeeded in making a constitutional argument. My object was to do my duty in stating, as well as I was able, the just and proper grounds of the proposed resolution.’ ”

It may readily be imagined that the following spontaneous expressions of affectionate attachment that fell from the lips of one of his Southern brethren in the course of the ensuing debate called forth responses in his own warm heart. Rev. G. F. Pierce remarked, “ That there was an honored representative of the New York Conference, who favored us with his opinions a few days ago, whom he had loved from his early boyhood, and never more so than now. I take this occasion to assure him that, whatever may be his vote on this trying question (and I estimate all the delicacies of his position), he will still remain enshrined in the fervid affections of a heart too warm to speak prudently on an occasion like this.”

On the Thursday after he spoke on the substitute, he wrote to his wife :

CVI.

. . . . It is so important to me to watch the great question at issue, that I can do nothing else. I am to preach to-night in Brooklyn. I fear the consequences, but mean to be prudent. The torturing question is still on our hands, and the prospect does not brighten. We came near a vote to-day, and may, perhaps, reach one to-morrow on the “ substitute,” which will probably pass, and then will follow, in due time at least, the realization of all our fears. I am worn down with agony of mind, with efforts and tears, which yet are all in vain. To God I desire to commit all in the spirit of faith. It is delightful, amid so many causes of sorrow, to be able to speak favorably of the general temper and Christian feeling of the Conference.

He writes :

CIVIL TO JOHN M. FLOURNOY, ESQ.

New York, May 31st, 1844.

... We are full of uncomfortable difficulties in our General Conference. There is much calmness and good temper, but no light. The general feeling against slavery is so strong in the North and West, that all the delegates agree that it would be impracticable for Bishop Andrew to exercise his functions at present. The Southern brethren affirm, with equal unanimity, that they can not allow him to desist without ruin to their cause. Both parties, I have reason to know, represent the real condition of their work. I am satisfied that the evil is beyond the reach of a remedy, and incompatible with our unity. The only proper question before us is the best way of palliating an evil in itself inevitable. I never saw so dark a day. May God direct us. If we may not dwell together, may we, at least, part as brethren. . .

On the first of June, after a protracted debate, Mr. Finley's substitute passed the Conference by a vote of 110 yeas to 68 nays. The votes were given amid the most profound stillness, Dr. Olin voting with the New York Conference delegation in favor of the substitute. After some discussion on the precise import of the language of this substitute, Dr. Olin, having spoken on the subject, embodied his sentiments in the form of resolutions, which, however, he did not press on the Conference :

" *Resolved*, That this Conference does not consider its action in the case of Bishop Andrew as either judicial or punitive, but as a prudential regulation for the security and welfare of the Church.

" *Resolved*, That having made a solemn declaration of what in its judgment the safety and peace of the

Church require, it is not necessary or proper to express any opinion as to what amount of respect may justly belong to its action in the premises. He did not mean to affirm or deny the right of the Conference to express its opinion; but in what was designed to affect the character of another, it should not do that which it became only a judicial tribunal to do. The functions of the bishop should not be interrupted; that belongs to the power before whom he may hereafter be brought, and who are the proper parties to explain the meaning of this resolution."

On the 5th of June he wrote to his wife:

CVIII.

. . . . You may have heard that we came to our final vote on the bishop's case on Saturday, between twelve and one. It was such an hour as I hope never to witness again—such an one as few have ever seen. You know the purport of Finley's substitute, which was passed by a vote of 110 to 68. It expresses the "sense" of the Conference, that Bishop Andrew should desist from duties during the existence of his impediments. The bishops had offered a plan to postpone the whole thing for four years, which was laid on the table under the strong conviction that it could have no other effect than to distract the Church so long. The South seemed surprised at the vote, which I had supposed they all expected. They gave notice of their intention to protest, and had a meeting in the lecture-room of the deepest feeling, as I understand. Bishop Andrew took leave then and there, and left for Georgia. The sentiment of regret and sympathy is all-powerful here. Many of the laity take a lively part in his favor, and a public meeting may not improbably be held in one of the churches to-day. I fear some further days of excitement in and out of the Conference, though I can not

anticipate any change or modification of the measure, regarded by all who voted as indispensable to the safety of the Northern Church. I expect all sorts of trouble in consequence; but I think we have done the best we could. The South, in effect, declined all compromise; they thought they could bear none. I think, as I all along have thought, that we shall be compelled to divide. A day or two more will more fully test the temper of all parties. I know not what could bribe me to pass through three other weeks like the three last. I have no comfort but in the reflection that I have done my duty, as far as I knew it, at the greatest possible sacrifice.

He was present when the plan for the peaceable division of the Church was proposed, and he was appointed one of a committee of three to consider the protest of the Southern Conferences; but, exhausted with anxiety and fatigue, he was obliged by illness to leave the exciting scenes of the Conference, and another was chosen in his place.

From Middletown he wrote to his brother, on the 10th of June:

CIX.

I had no opportunity to write to you from New York. The pressure of business inflicted by the General Conference left me neither strength, nor spirit, nor any thing else. I got home on Saturday, having reached a point of depression which left me no chance of being able to attend to business another day, though questions and interests, which it was painful as well as mortifying to leave, were on hand."

You will have heard through the papers, as well as through your delegates, of the painful scenes through which we passed at the General Conference. The deplorable result, too, you know—inevitable division. A good spirit, on the whole, prevailed with all parties; but we were shut up to our fate.

Circumstances were uncontrollable. Public sentiment was equally stern North and South, and I inclined to think that there was no ground of compromise attainable. God may overrule all to his own glory. For this, at least, we are now called to pray and hope.

My position in reference to the question and the parties was inexpressibly delicate and painful. I have, of course, lost friends on one side, without gaining them any where else. I was put into a strait, where the discharge of my duty must needs cost me great sacrifices. It is, perhaps, well for the trial of faith and integrity to be fixed in such a position. I have no satisfaction in looking back upon the dark scene beyond that of a consciousness of trying to do my duty irrespective of personal considerations. Bishop Andrew was surely the most unfortunate of good men. The harm which so simple an act as marrying a good woman must achieve can only be estimated when the history of the present age shall be written.

The part Dr. Olin took in the deliberations of the General Conference has been shown by his own words, and by the minutes of the Conference. These, as well as the recollections of the brethren associated with him from day to day, bear witness to the fervency of his desires for Christian love and fellowship, to the deep earnestness with which he endeavored to strengthen the bands of unity, and to the prayerful, tender, and conscientious spirit which characterized his conduct throughout those weeks of deep searchings of heart.

"Never shall I forget the morning," said one of the Northern delegates, "when, in a retired pew of the Conference-room, communing on this melancholy subject with the great and meek Dr. Olin, that excellent man, his countenance bearing an aspect of unutterable mel-


ancholy, whispered, ' Brother A., I would gladly lay my head upon the block this very day to save the union of the Methodist Episcopal Church.'

"With regard to the character of the proceedings, from first to last," said Dr. Capers, "as it regards the spirit and temper of the members of the late General Conference during the deeply agitating discussions which arose on the questions which divided us—I do not believe that any one can point to a single incident which might warrant a word of reproach against that body of holy men. They were sometimes, perhaps, frequently wanting as to etiquette in the eagerness of individuals to get the floor, but neither their speeches, nor their personal intercourse in Conference, in committees, or in private, can be adduced to prove any thing more as to their spirit or temper than that they honestly differed in judgment, while their hearts were strictly right at all times."

CHAPTER VI.

OLD FRIENDS—BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS—NIAGARA—SERMON AT
THE GENESEE CONFERENCE.

IN the course of the summer of 1844, Dr. Olin had the pleasure of a visit from dear friends—his brother-in-law, Colonel Howard, of Columbus, Georgia, and his two daughters. It afforded him, also, high gratification to welcome to his own home the Rev. Dr. Wightman, one of his early Southern friends. Mrs. Wightman, and the Rev. William Martin and his wife, of Columbia, South Carolina, spent part of the summer at Middletown; and Mrs. Martin's ready pen recorded some vivid reminiscences of Dr. Olin in the pulpit. The gentleman from the West, to whom she alludes in the following extract, was a fellow-student of Dr. Olin's at Middlebury. Deeply moved by the sermon, the first he had heard from him, he waited in the last pew, in the middle aisle, to grasp his hand. Dr. Olin, silent and absorbed as he usually was immediately after preaching, did not recognize his old friend in the group under the gallery, and, with a mere passing salutation, moved on. As he ascended the hill near his house, however, the face, with its by-gone associations, flashed upon him. The next day, having ascertained where he was to be found, he rode out with his wife to Westfield, to see Mr. W. Warm greetings and satisfactory explanations there were with the friends. Mr. W. had been drawn to the Church by the announcement that Dr. Olin was to preach, and with feelings glowing with



early reminiscences, and the new and powerful impulses communicated to him, he had been chilled and disheartened by the cool indifference with which his salutations had been received.

"This visit to New England," says Mrs. Martin, "formed, indeed, an epoch in my life. It was at this time that I first heard him preach. What impression his first sermon made upon my mind will be best understood by an extract from a notice of it at the time.

"What a sermon we have just heard from him! how he threw into it the whole energy of his powerful mind. It seemed to me I had been hearing Paul. It was a giant sermon, just as different from other men's sermons as his personal appearance is different—just as much greater as his body is larger. The text was, 'Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' One would think there was no room for much display of eloquence in that plain matter-of-fact text, and neither there was, if eloquence consists in flowers, and tropes, and gesticulations; but true eloquence is the power of deep, high, concentrated, earnest thought and feeling; and here it was. How he drew the character of the listless, inefficient, never-giving, never-doing speculatist! How he contrasted him with the useful, energetic, munificent, liberal-minded, liberal-handed business man! The man of leisure, always oppressed by business: the man of business, always with time at his disposal. As a proof of the practical bearing of the discourse—a gentleman, traveling and passing the Sabbath at Middletown, chanced to hear this sermon. He had been a man of business somewhere in the West, and had acquired a considerable fortune by dint of his diligence in business; but now, determined to retire to a life of elegant leisure, he was in quest of some quiet place of sojourn, where he might enjoy his fortune and his ease together, but this sermon of Olin's, as he affirmed, had completely changed his

views; he meant now to return with renewed zest to that business so nearly deserted; he would be a working man as long as he might live, and have health and strength granted him, convinced that to be a working man is the surest way of becoming a working Christian.

"Dr. Olin, in his devotions, gave me more sensibly the idea than I had ever had before of a wrestling in prayer. A pulpit of medium height concealed but little of his gigantic frame from the congregation. Before the sermon, when engaged in private prayer in the pulpit, it was with a species of solemn awe that I saw those herculean arms beseechingly raised to heaven, and those prodigious hands grasping as at the impending blessing, every movement of those powerful muscles agitated and strained to their utmost tension, as if giving energy to the language of his soul: 'I will not let thee go until thou bless me.' And that he came off more than conqueror from that intense spiritual conflict, through Him that loved him and gave him the victory, who that beheld that countenance, effulgent from the recent communication of the Divine glory, or listened to those burning words from lips just touched as by a live coal from off the altar, could for a moment doubt? Oh, if such as he, head and shoulders, intellectually as physically, above his brethren, felt the necessity of taking the kingdom of Heaven by violence, that he might thereby 'take of the things of God and show them unto us,' how much need have they of smaller gifts, to seek for even larger grace!"

The circumstances of his position did not allow Dr. Olin to remain at home and devote himself to the internal economy of the college, as he would have preferred to do. His earnest desire to place the college on a permanent basis sent him continually abroad, and his cheerful, pretty home was merely an occasional halting-place, so frequent were his journeys this summer.

He visited in their turn the several annual Conferences in New England and New York, made a statement before each Conference of the condition and claims of the university, and enlisted the co-operation of its members in the great work to which he was pledged. He usually preached on the Sabbath, during the session of the Conference, to several hundred preachers—a privilege he highly valued. “I love, of all things,” he writes, “to preach Christ to his own ambassadors;” and other interests than those of the university may have been subserved by thus bringing into contact with the minds and hearts of more than a thousand preachers his clear, powerful views of heavenly truth, and his lively sense of the duties and obligations of the disciples of Christ.

The Commencement of the Wesleyan University takes place the first Wednesday in August, and the Sunday before was appropriated to the delivery of a Baccalaureate Address by the president. On an occasion of so much importance to the students, Dr. Olin thought it due to them to write out carefully the train of thought suggested to his mind, and, by reading it over several times, to familiarize himself with it. This cost him much more labor than his usual preparations for the pulpit, and at a time when the responsible and fatiguing duties of a Commencement made it peculiarly trying. This summer he wrote his first Baccalaureate Address, but unexpected hinderances deprived him of the leisure needed to familiarize himself with it, and he carried his manuscript into the pulpit. He had never used notes in the pulpit before. His handwriting was not very legible, nor his eye trained to read it

readily, and his vigorous, comprehensive views lacked the impassioned delivery which usually secured an entrance to minds of various grades of culture for his most metaphysical trains of thought. "Soon," said one of the students, "he laid aside his papers, took off his glasses, and then for more than an hour poured forth such a continuous stream of powerful, brilliant, earnest thought as I never expect again to hear." It was the unchaining of the eagle.

In the days of his early ministry he never put pen to paper in preparing for the pulpit. With the exception of the substance of a sermon delivered in Charleston, on the 4th of July, the only fragments of those sermons which still live in the hearts of some of the hearers, are six brief sketches, merely indicating the heads of the discourse. After the publication of his "Travels in the East," he became accustomed to think with the pen in his hand, so that he now wrote his discourses, instead of preparing them only mentally, as he had formerly done. It is to this circumstance that we owe the published volume of his sermons, nearly all of which were written during the last nine years of his life.*

* "Many great preachers," says the Rev. Mr. Hagany, "are great only in the pulpit. Nothing can be more fatal to their reputation than the stenographer's pen, for the simple reason that no pen can write out the flashing eye, the glowing cheek, and divinely animated voice. Franklin wisely regretted, for the posthumous fame of Whitefield, that he had no friend to burn his manuscripts. Dr. Olin's admirers will rejoice that his have found their way to the press. The book will bring vividly to the recollection of thousands that powerful frame, swaying to and fro under the pressure of great thoughts, which he poured out with all the energy of a new revelation. But though the impressive manner of delivery is no longer seen and felt, yet here is the same masterly intellect, grasping and fixing mighty truths

This written preparation aided him in the introduction to his discourse, and furnished him with the outline ; but the inspiration of the hour gave expansion and volume to the subject, and the effective, thrilling passages of the sermon were those which occurred to him at the moment, and of which he subsequently retained no remembrance. In a notice of his posthumous works, Dr. Wightman finely contrasts the written sermon with the glowing utterances of the pulpit :

“ We look at this monument of one of the greatest minds America has ever produced with a mournful interest, pervaded by a profound satisfaction. These volumes recall the image, the sentiments, the very tones of a preacher of colossal powers, whose brilliant, original genius, great as it was, by universal acknowledgment, was fully equaled by the simplicity and thoroughness of his consecration to Christ, and the sterling virtues of his heart. His face we shall see no more. His commanding presence, his peculiar elocution, the spell of that potent influence by which he was wont to carry listening thousands with him—all these are with the irrecoverable *past*. But he leaves behind him some mementoes to which friendship will cling, and from which the present generation, and many to come, will gather the lessons of wisdom and the weighty words of instruction.

which have floated indistinctly before the eyes of other men, but which they never could secure in permanent forms. To many minds divine truth, like its Author, appears at once, on a troubled sea, with terrifying effect, or in the quiet evening, as at Emmaus, and breaks bread to the hungry soul, and instantly vanishes away. They would recall the fitting vision that left them with trembling or burning hearts, but it is gone. To such minds the subtle messenger will reappear as in a magic glass, on Dr. Olin's page. Shadowy thoughts of the past, of deepest moral import, will stand forth distinctly defined, inspiring afresh, according to their character, consolation or alarm. He is a great preacher who makes his hearers understand themselves.”

“Those who were ever privileged to hear Dr. Olin preach, particularly at the opening of his ministry in this city, twenty-eight years ago, and who recollect the majesty and power of that preaching—the wonderful interpenetration of intellect and imagination, of strength and pathos, of masculine energy and original freshness—will probably consider these printed sermons a very inadequate representation of the living preacher. They may indulge the fruitless wish that some reporter had transferred to type the utterances that came from his lips, under the pressure of strong excitement, when his powers were fully aroused and in a glow. Every extemporaneous speaker will realize at a moment the vast difference between the preparations of the study and the freedom and force of the pulpit. In the volume before us we have the germs; in his uttered sermons we had the full flower in all its fragrance. This is the blossom; that was the golden fruitage. We must expect a difference. Nevertheless, to adopt one of his own illustrations, the printed sermon is to the spoken what the solid mountains, stripped of foliage and flower by winter’s blasts, are to the mountains covered with verdure and beauty, and bathed in summer sunshine. The strong, distinguishing features of the original mind, the massive foundations of thought, the methodical progression of ideas grasping the whole field of the subject, and developing the succession of relations it embraces, are there. The vividness and luxuriance of imagination, the dew-drop and the perfume of the flower, are gone; but the sweeping outline, the spread of vision, the urgency of argument remain. There they are in these volumes, a precious legacy to the rising race of Methodist preachers, who can not find a more masterly guide for thought, a more exquisite model for style—majestic the one, simple and severe the other.”

Commencement made a brief pause in Dr. Olin’s tours of duty. Soon after, he went to one of the East-



ern Conferences, and thence to the Oneida Conference, which met in the shaded, hill-engirdled town of Ithaca. On the Sunday morning Bishop Hamline's sermon had a power and pathos which commended it to all hearts. In the afternoon Dr. Olin preached. An interval of a fortnight between the sessions of the Oneida and the Genesee Conferences detained him in Western New York, and some of these days of waiting were spent with his wife at Niagara, enjoying the glorious beauty of the scenery. On the Sunday there—a day so desecrated by summer tourists—he attended the only service in the Episcopal Church, and passed the rest of the day in his room, or on the adjoining balcony, which hung over the rapids. He said the view of the falls would probably suggest devotional thoughts to his mind, and lead to meditations on the power and the goodness of God, but that he would not take even a short walk to see them, and countenance in the least degree the general disregard of the Sabbath, in a place where guides and visitors think all days alike. The same conscientious regard to the Sabbath ever characterized him in foreign lands, where he was never tempted to pass over the strait line of Christian duty recognized at home. On his last visit to Europe, he was asked whether it would be right to visit the Palais Royal on Sunday—the only day on which visitors were allowed to enter the royal apartments. He replied, "I resided fifteen months in Paris, and it never occurred to me that I could visit the Palais Royal. I never once asked myself the question whether I should be justified in breaking the law of God."

It was in answer to some allusion in his letters that

an accomplished and pious minister said to him, "You speak of never doing so and so on Sunday. I have always indulged in it without a thought of its being wrong, but as you have the nicest moral sense of any man I know, I take this as a warning, and will look into the matter."

While at Niagara, he playfully charged his wife not to trace her name on tree or tower. He added that he had always refrained from leaving, even in remote regions, such visible tokens of his presence. He had been amused, in following the footsteps of some New York travelers through Egypt and the Desert, to find their names recorded on the smooth face of the towering cliff—on the prostrate column or the antique statue. He entered into the laugh, at his own expense, when the annexed passage was read to him. It was written by one of his early friends, Dr. Leroy M. Lee, of Richmond, Virginia, who visited Niagara the next summer.

"Every visitor seems to feel it as a necessity to leave his name upon the trees of the island. In one of my rambles along the shore of the island next to the cataract, I met a name that has been long registered on my heart in characters of a profound and enduring friendship. I was as pleased as surprised to find S Olin high up on the bark of a thrifty young tree, higher than most men could place it without standing on a chair. A more enduring and better immortality awaits the original. May he inherit it in its fullness and perfection!"

Four days at Niagara satisfied him. His eye was "filled with seeing," and though there were still some days before the session of the Conference required his

presence, yet he said he felt less as if he were idling in traveling than in remaining there any longer. So he crossed the lake to Toronto to show his wife a foreign town, spent an agreeable evening with his Wesleyan brethren there, returned to Rochester, and thence to Vienna, a rural farming town in Western New York. The Genesee Conference had its session here, and as a testimonial of their regard for Dr. Olin, they contributed at this time \$150 to make him a life-director of the American Bible Society. He had previously been made a life-member by the New Hampshire Conference.

During his stay at Vienna he saw Bishop Hamline frequently. One afternoon they paced to and fro in the small garden of the house where the bishop lodged, in earnest conversation. Their communings were not at that time of the interest of Zion, so dear to them both, and upon which they so often conversed, but upon the inner life of their own souls. He expressed his surprise that the bishop could bear to be engaged, two or three hours consecutively, in fervent devotion. Dr. Olin said that his own brain would not allow him to indulge in such prolonged seasons of importunate prayer. He spoke of the ardor and intense feeling he had at first carried into religious things, and how he dedicated the entire Sabbath to high meditations—how he longed for deep religious enjoyments, and how God had led him by a way that he knew not, so that he was satisfied to have his soul kept waiting on God—to lift up his heart to Him, if it were but for a few moments at a time—to love Him and trust Him, even when he could do nothing more than call upon His name.

The church not being able to accommodate the congregation, which on Sunday amounted to about five thousand people, seats were arranged in the grove behind the church, and there Bishop Hamline preached in the morning, and Dr. Olin in the afternoon, until the going down of the sun. It was probably one of his most effective sermons. For two hours and a half he enchaind the great congregation, and the involuntary responses which burst from the lips of the two hundred preachers ranged on ascending seats on either side of him, as he touched the electric chain of feeling that thrilled them all, stimulated the fervor of his zeal. "A third time," wrote the editor of the Northern Christian Advocate, "have we endeavored to report Dr. Olin, but one might as well attempt to report the thunders of Niagara or the blast of a hurricane." The life of the ungodly in this world was forcibly depicted—a party of pleasure on a boat nearing the rapids, so absorbed and deafened by the song, the dance, the whirl of the machinery, that their danger was unheeded. Still the boat moved on, more and more rapidly, under the accelerated impulse of the mighty mass of waters. Meantime the loud cries of warning sounded from those on shore, with the faint hope of rousing the infatuated voyagers from their maddening dream: "Throw them the rope! save them, ere it be too late!" "You," said he, turning to the preachers, "are to shout to them to reverse their machinery, to put forth almost superhuman strength, that they may be rescued ere they reach the verge of that tremendous precipice, from the base of which the smoke of their torment ascendeth forever and ever." He did not mention Niagara, but the whole

scene—the resistless rapids—the mighty plunge—the ascending column of spray, ever rising up silently and solemnly—was evidently painted before the eye of the preacher. Again, in dwelling upon the genial and powerful influence exerted by a good man after he has passed away from mortal ken, the fragrance which accompanies the mention of his name and his labors of love, he was reminded of a day in the desert, when all the route was perfumed with sweet odors—spices, frankincense, and myrrh—from a caravan which had preceded them. No caravan was in sight, but the long-linked sweetness wafted on the gentle breeze whispered of the treasures it had brought from Araby the Blest, and imparted to the weary pilgrims, as they journeyed on, a new sense of life and enjoyment.

These illustrations, as thus preserved, are merely like pressed flowers, only suggesting the living flowers with their fragrance and beauty.

Letters written in 1844.

CX. TO THE STUDENTS OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

New York, May, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Ever since my connection with you as president of the university, it has been a source of lively regret to me that I have been prevented, partly by the state of my health, but yet more by the demands of other and more urgent duties, from devoting my time more fully to the promotion of your welfare and improvement. This necessity, I trust, will not much longer exist, at least to the same extent, and I shall esteem it a high privilege to be released from all engagements that interfere with those belonging more appropriately to my office. I hope then to become personally acquainted with each of you—to be ready at all proper times


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to see, counsel, and instruct you with all the fidelity and affection which the deepest interest in your improvement and happiness can dictate.

In the mean time, I can not deny myself the pleasure of believing that you will receive respectfully and cordially the expression of my wishes and earnest counsels with regard to your conduct as students and gentlemen. With regard to most of you, such advice may perhaps be felt to be unnecessary ; but such, I am confident, will be the first to appreciate the motive which suggests them.

I earnestly request each and all of you to enter upon the opening term with strong purposes to be industrious, regular, and punctual. Omit no duty—slight no duty ; neither commit nor countenance any disorder or impropriety in your rooms or elsewhere. Strive rather to lighten than to increase the cares and anxieties of the Faculty. Do not, I entreat you, for a moment, or under any circumstances, regard your instructors in any other light than that of friends. They must govern. They must reprove, and, if possible, correct idleness and disorder. This duty is imperative upon them. You would not tolerate negligence or relaxation in this matter. You are bound, as thinking, consistent men, to uphold and vindicate a system of discipline confessedly indispensable. Never, under any possible circumstances, be so false to your obligations and self-respect as to oppose or condemn a system without which the institution could not exist a day. Officers may doubtless commit errors in administration, but they can have no motive to inflict wrong upon any, and the instances, I am confident, are rare, indeed, in which they do not act under a high sense of duty. For myself, I declare that my relations to you are deeply interesting to my feelings, and that my regard for your well-being, here and hereafter, is absorbing as a sentiment, and as a motive is one of the most powerful under which I am conscious of acting. I have often thought that if students were more fully aware of the solicitude us-



ually felt in their behalf by instructors, their own generous feelings would go far to restrain them from such acts and omissions as call for censure. I need not assure you that the purity of your moral, and the consistency of your Christian character, are regarded by me as of paramount importance and value.

With many kind wishes, and many prayers for God's blessing upon you, I am very affectionately yours,

S. OLIN.

CXI. TO THE REV. DR. BOND.

Newport, July 8th, 1844.

The Providence Conference, as you are aware, is now holding its annual session in this town. I have never attended a Conference where a better feeling was manifested. The utmost harmony prevails. Every thing is said and done in a kind, conciliating, and pious spirit. The old preachers express their sentiments affectionately and modestly, arrogating nothing to themselves on the score of age, or services, or position, while the youngest men of the body are listened to patiently and respectfully. Not a word falls from any one that can possibly wound the most delicate sensibilities—no personalities, no unkind insinuations are heard. A high tone of religious feeling evidently prevails among the preachers; and I have nowhere had intercourse with a company of men who seemed to me more likely to be eminently successful in their holy calling.

Bishop Hedding and Bishop Janes preside. The venerable and excellent man first named was never, I presume, more highly appreciated and generally beloved in New England than at the present time. Truly, if any minister of the Gospel may properly be called a "right reverend father in God," Bishop Hedding may. May he long be spared by the great Head of the Church to go out and in before his people, to adorn the ministry by the mild lustre of his example, and guide the flock by his meek wisdom.

I heard Bishop Janes preach yesterday such a sermon as one would wish a bishop to preach — simple, earnest, edifying, doctrinal, powerful. His manner of discharging his official duties is such as to excite the best hopes. I doubt not he is destined to be a blessing to the Church. We want able, humble, holy, laborious men in that office.

This morning's session was devoted to the interests of education, especially to those of the Wesleyan University. I was highly and unexpectedly gratified at the action on that subject. After listening to some earnest and effective remarks from several brethren on the pressing wants of the institution, a subscription was opened, and the sum of \$4700 was subscribed on the spot. In addition to this noble liberality, which raises the subscription within the bounds of the Conference to about \$8000, an agent was appointed, who will find little difficulty in carrying out the original plan of the Conference in raising, in conjunction with the New England Conference, the sum of \$20,000. Should the spirit which reigned here prevail in the other Conferences interested in the university, the embarrassments of that institution will speedily cease, and its officers be allowed to return to their proper sphere of duties from this anxious mission in quest of pecuniary means. Unquestionably there is an urgent call for the exercise of such a spirit. The time has come for the Church and the friends of the university to take decided ground in regard to this matter. A little further postponement of the indispensable effort will prove, to say the least, very embarrassing to the trustees. The Church has ample means. Our natural friends and patrons are spread over all New England and New York, and they may easily supply all our pecuniary wants and fill our halls with students.

CXII. TO DR. PALMER.

July 17th, 1844.

I reached home last night from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, having been absent two weeks. I left the university the 4th of July, the date of your letter. This will account for the delay which has occurred in answering it.

I very sincerely wish it were in my power to comply with your request. I should have a double motive for doing so—a strong wish to do what you express a strong desire to have done, and some faint hope that I might give a little aid to a good cause. I assure you I could hardly hope to reproduce any thing which you would be likely to recognize as the sermon preached at the funeral of Mr. Cox. I have only a meagre skeleton of it, of which I think I made little use on that occasion. I might, however, attempt to recall some of my thoughts, or raise up others in their stead, but for the untowardness of my circumstances. I have not one hour that I could possibly devote to that object. I have to be so much away from the university, to promote its outdoor interests, that I am nearly useless in my proper field of labor. It is my bounden duty, as well as my wish, to give myself up, as far as possible, to the professional and literary part of my duties. I have as yet done almost nothing in this way. I do not know when I shall be able to gratify my inclination in this respect, yet I can but feel admonished that it puts in the claim of a paramount duty. You will not doubt my inclination to comply with your request; I only regret my inability to do so.

I saw a little of Bishop Hamline at Portsmouth, which only made me the more desirous of seeing more of him. I love his spirit, and should, I think, be greatly profited by communing with it. I tried in vain to induce him to come to Middletown. I beg to be remembered to him. I suppose you have at this time the pleasure of his company. The

New Hampshire Conference were highly delighted with his official bearing. I am sure he will be a great blessing to the Church, if his health will allow him to labor extensively. I could wish that he, or such as he, would preach the high doctrines of our creed. I sometimes regret the efforts made by inferior skill and low experience to proclaim these mysteries. Harm, I am sure, is often done in this way, though I am deeply sensible of the great excellence and importance of this great work. Bishop Janes, you will be glad to know, dwelt upon it with great effect and ability at the Providence Conference.

I am very grateful for the interest you continue to take in my happiness and usefulness. I am *very* thankful for your prayers, and I beg that I may have the benefit of them in time to come. God, I am sure, means to make his best gifts an answer to the prayers of his children.

CXIII. TO THE REV. WILLIAM M. WIGHTMAN.

Niagara, September 1st, 1844.

I was asked at dinner to-day, by a gentleman from Alabama, what effect the contemplated division of our Church is likely to produce on the fraternal feelings of the great body of the ministry and people? I was led to a review of some facts that have recently fallen under my observation in visiting several of the Northern Conferences, and it has occurred to me that, so far as you may consider me a calm observer and a trustworthy witness of passing events, you would, perhaps, be gratified to hear my testimony in regard to these facts. The position into which I have been thrown in relation to my Southern friends, and, still more, some intimations of Southern feeling toward me, would admonish me not to presume on the respect and confidence of any against whom I have offended in the conscientious discharge of a public duty; yet there is much in my own feelings—much in my cherished recollection of former days, to prevent or disturb

such a conclusion. At any rate, it must not be through my fault—through a distrust to which I have no natural tendency, if the confiding and affectionate intercourse so long subsisting between me and my old friends is wholly to cease. I have not heard directly from one of them since the General Conference. I must confess that I have not deserved to hear by having written to any one of them.


I have attended, in their order, the New York, Providence, New Hampshire, New England, Maine, and Oneida Conferences. You have heard of their action on the General Conference Resolution.* I left the Maine Conference before its vote was cast, and I had some fear that the resolution would not pass that body. I also left the Oneida Conference under an impression that a pretty large minority would oppose it there. There were minorities in the other Conferences, as you have no doubt observed. This opposition rested on grounds exceedingly various. In the New York Conference the plan was stigmatized as wholly unconstitutional—as exposing the funds of the Book Concern to be used for all purposes which the General Conference might approve hereafter—as offering a bribe to secession, &c., &c. The grounds of opposition in the Providence Conference were set forth in their protest; and so strong were they, in the estimation of the preachers, that I thought all lost there at one time, and gladly hailed the protest as the condition on which alone the measure could pass. The same objections were urged in the New England and Maine Conferences, and with less pertinacity in the New Hampshire and Oneida. The objection which, I suppose, most embarrassed many conscientious men was the provision excluding the preachers of either division from crossing the line once established to preach, organize churches, &c. This, it was held, is incompatible with the great commission, "Go ye into all the world," &c. Both parties, orthodox at the

* Alluding to the Plan of Separation and division of the Church property, a subject to be submitted to the Annual Conferences.

outset, might become corrupt, and they had no right to bind themselves against doing the Christian duty of carrying light into all dark places. The hardship of binding minorities on either side of the line, and of making no provision for changes of opinion, not unlikely to occur hereafter in regard to this or other questions, was also a consideration of no little weight with many minds. The weight of some of these objections was generally acknowledged ; but it was held that they contemplated only possible difficulties that might never occur, while the necessity for action was urgent ; that no great organic changes could ever be made without theoretical evils as great, perhaps, as those now proposed. The South, which must be the best judge of its own necessities, believed division indispensable and unavoidable. Brotherly kindness, good faith, and zeal for religion demanded that we should put no obstacles in the way of the ministry.

In the debates to which I listened there was no denunciation of the South. With perhaps a single exception, every preacher whose sentiments I have heard believes the action in the General Conference in the bishop's case to have been necessary, and as mild as was practicable. With regard to the Church property, I have the satisfaction to declare that I have never heard of but one man who did not go for giving the South her full share. Those who opposed the resolution always said, if division comes, distribution must follow. They objected to offering it as an inducement for division. Comparatively few are pleased with division, though some advocate it, mostly as the means of avoiding controversies and embittered feelings. They think we may be better friends, in fact, if left a little more to ourselves, and that so our ministry may be more successful. A few are led on to the same ground through their conscientious scruples in regard to slavery.

Generally, I think the prospect of division is looked upon as a great calamity, of which good men find the only allevi-



ations in committing the whole question to God, who loves the Church, and will, for Christ's sake, probably educe some unexpected good out of threatening evil. In this light alone I continue to see this most painful question. All that I have seen or heard since the General Conference has left me where I was then in regard to our difficulties. They seemed to me insuperable from the first. You occupied a position to appreciate them very fully, though I am aware that you differed widely from me in not thinking that the least evil was chosen—that the best course, upon the whole, was adopted. I dare not hope that time will modify your opinions, and those of the good men who thought and acted with you. If it shall shed healing, soothing influences on wounded feelings—if it shall calm all passions, and multiply charity, we shall all learn to be grateful for its good offices, and ask no more. I venture to hope that it will not do less for us. There is at the bottom too much piety—too much real unity among Methodists, to allow them to fall into lasting, bitter enmities. All will have cause for regrets, but none for so few as they who are willing to endure much, and do much for peace' sake and for Christ's sake. You, my dear brother, are in a position of peculiar responsibility and delicacy. That you will do what you deem your duty with courage and ability, I know full well. Others will speak through you, and it is probably unavoidable that they should say what you could wish were not said. The most ardent will be heard in these times—the most dispassionate may, perhaps, be unable at all times to make manifestation of the unobtrusive virtues which belong to them. Whoever, in this strife among brethren, best succeeds in ruling his own spirit, and in calming those of other men, will be likely to win laurels of the future, and I think of the Lord Jesus. One thing appears to me certain: the less strife—the less of reproaches—of wrath now, the sooner and the fuller will be the return of peace. And why need we strive? Both parties profess to act under


a sense of duty, and under the pressure of a dire necessity. To both parties, whatever else is denied them — wisdom, moderation, or what not—*charity* must in the end concede sincerity. This is a basis of brotherly love. The South must secede. The North believes it, and prepares the way. Your people approve your course. Our people approve ours. Need we strive? May there not soon be an end to the controversy, since we agree about measures? If the controversy must go on, may it not be tempered down till it be fraternal? I do not blame. I am looking for the best way. May God lead us all into it, to the praise of His name.

I send my love to Dr. Capers, and to all my friends. I am, as ever, most affectionately your friend and brother,
S. OLIN.

CXIV. TO THE REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK.

Middletown, Oct. 28th, 1844.

. . . And now, pray, what are you doing, and what have you been doing for the last four months? Of your daily professional routine I can be at no loss to form a tolerable conjecture. But you never confine yourself to this, I believe, but have something on the tapis of moment to the public, upon which you employ your fragments of time. This is a high privilege, which I know well how to estimate by the want of it. I do not study at all. The bad condition of our finances leads me perpetually from home. I am here so little that I can not engage in the regular course of instruction, while a burden of petty, annoying details, accumulated in my absence, makes my visits to the college almost irksome. It is a painful reflection that I know less and less of books as I grow older, and that I am able to see nothing better in the future. This pecuniary difficulty may, I trust, be disposed of in a year or two more. Possibly I may then return to my books, but I fear both my habits and my health may be unfavorable to much success. My nervous system is not likely



to be wholly restored. My brain very soon complains under hard work. So I am likely to go on, if I go on at all. After all, this is an ill, ungrateful strain. I was no better than a dead man for five years, and was utterly without hope of doing any thing. This partial restoration is little less than a resurrection. This has been, upon the whole, the best summer I have had in twenty years. I enjoy life. I have a happy home. I fill a gap which it would, perhaps, just now be hard to fill with any body else. Somebody must serve tables. Why not I? I will do it gladly, if God so ordain. You and other more favored ones may win honors, and do good service to the Church in a higher sphere. You can not be happier than I am in occasionally preaching Christ. You can not be less worthy of that and all other privileges. . . .

CXV. TO THE REV. SEYMOUR LONDON.

"Middletown, Nov. 12th, 1844.

Do you recollect exactly or nearly how long it is since you wrote to me or I to you? Do you remember whether you or I wrote last? I do not. Perhaps you did, but I think not. This is, however, of little comparative importance, though I profess to feel a very lively interest in maintaining a place in your memory, and, if it may be, in your friendship. I doubt if it be ever good policy to permit the rust of time to gather upon such ties as I think have united you and me. A little neglect or forgetfulness may do the sad office of beginning a—what shall I call it? not alienation, which is hardly possible—not coldness, which is rather too positive for the occasion—a less lively sympathy—a less ardent attachment—a less confiding intimacy—evils not to be lightly incurred, at our time of life, by men who have in their temperament so strong demands for the confidence of affection and friendship. I have experienced a loss in this respect which must, no doubt, prove irreparable, in the alienation of my Southern

friends. They were my first religious associates and friends; they were strongly attached to me; they no doubt overvalued me. Events have since demonstrated what I could but foresee. I have reason to believe that, from being undeservedly trusted and beloved, I have become specially obnoxious, not to the leading men only, but to the Southern Church. With one exception, no man has been so often alluded to in terms of reproach as I have in their papers.* To this my former connection with slavery renders me specially liable. I have been led carefully to review that connection, and I am not able to feel that I did wrong. I no doubt often erred in my management of my servants, yet even in this I was conscientious. The relation itself I entered upon at first ignorantly. I did not know, when I married, that my wife was owner of slaves. I bought, in two or three instances, with no view to speculate in that way. I sold, when I must, with single reference to the well-being of the weaker party, and at a loss. All this I have prayerfully reviewed many, many times, and with emotions not to be described, yet I have not been able to feel that I sinned in being the owner of slaves. Yet I the more humbly and patiently endure reproach from a feeling that I may have misjudged in this business. I should not again hold such a relation, rather from the experienced inconveniences of it, and from the liability that is incurred to impair a minister's usefulness in possible contingencies, than from any new convictions on the subject. If my views be wrong—if the full charity I extend to the South be an error or a sin in me, I pray God to forgive me, and set me right. With the consciousness of rectitude, I can not feel deeply the shafts that are hurled at me. I only regret the loss of invaluable friendships. This, too, was in my view when I did my duty in the General Conference, and I may not refuse to endure it. If the whole were to be acted

* In the heat and excitement of controversy, probably many things were said on all sides which calmer moods would have disowned.



over again, I am unable to see how I could do otherwise. I think our action in the bishop's case right and legal—the proper measure on right grounds. I also think the plan for division wise and necessary, and I lament over the efforts made to thwart it as destined to do incalculable harm. . . . It would give us two Churches, but homogeneous. They might live in harmony with each other, and probably *would* among themselves. I can not help looking upon our Church affairs with despondency, though little prone to it. Besides the great difficulty, *that*, perhaps, has produced a general lethargy. The Church is not anxious and penitent, but worldly, and cold, and careless. The missionary spirit is all but extinct. We do not even hear of revivals. Our periodical press is given up, soul and body, to bitter controversies. Why does not somebody see the danger and raise the alarm? We shall rue these days. We must repent in the dust. God will reckon with the Church. O that we may be wise in time! I beg of you to consider these views, and tell me if they are chimerical—it will relieve me to know it—that my fears are groundless. What a letter! I had other matters to write, but not these. . . .

CHAPTER VII.

VISITS WASHINGTON AND BOSTON—FUNERAL SERMON—A MISSIONARY'S MARRIAGE.

DR. OLIN passed part of the winter vacation in New York, at the house of his wife's father, and the remainder of the time in Washington, under the hospitable roof of his valued friend and physician, the late Dr. Sewell. While there, he preached in the Hall of the House of Representatives. The Hon. Rufus Choate observed to a friend, on leaving the Capitol, that Dr. Olin's preaching was characterized by the same rare combination of forcible thought and deep feeling that gave the preaching of Chalmers its great power. In the sermon to which he had just listened, he said the mind was led on with logical accuracy, through a regular gradation of thought, to the desired climax, while the hearer was borne onward, at the same time, by an impetuous tide of emotion. He passed a day or two in Baltimore, and preached one evening in the beautiful Methodist Church in Charles Street. His subject was the mediation of Christ—a theme on which he dwelt with peculiar delight, and which he had found to be greatly blessed to his hearers. "Soon after his return to his official duties at Middletown, on the 9th of February, 1845," writes a friend, "he preached a sermon on 'Ye are the light of the world,' which, I believe, formed an era in Mrs. ——'s religious life, and which should have produced similar effects upon us all."

In March he went again to Boston, to make some efforts in behalf of the university, but, as usual, when there, he was prostrated by the effects of the climate, and for weeks he was confined to the house. It was well that he was surrounded by cheerful, affectionate faces, in the family of his friend, Mr. Sleeper, during this period of protracted indisposition. One of his brethren,* who visited him frequently, has treasured up some remembrances of this period, of no common interest.

“He was not prone to say much respecting his religious experience or himself publicly; but in social, and especially in private conversation, he delighted to testify of the grace of God as revealed in his own history. During a period of illness, while he was in Boston—where he almost always suffered under the climate—he took a ride for exercise in a carriage through the beautiful adjacent villages. I was his only companion in the excursion, and the conversation became of the most personal and familiar character, especially in reference to subjects of religious experience. I never before saw him when his spirit was more mellow, more heavenly. The simplicity of the child, the meekness of the sage, seemed blended in his person. The conversation flowed along from topic to topic, with surpassing interest to myself. There was no reserve in speaking of the gracious experiences which the Lord had deigned to him. He ventured to indulge even the highest confidences. God had sanctified him, soul, body, and spirit, as he believed.

“The subject was one of no little interest to me. I alluded to the diversity and exceeding crudeness of recent opinions among us respecting it. ‘I had,’ he remarked, in substance, ‘difficulties regarding our theoretic views of the doctrine. I even joined the Conference with exceptions to it, and stated

* The Rev. Abel Stevens.

my objections when a candidate before the whole body. But I was admitted, the Conference expressing the hope that further inquiries would rectify my views. Years, however, passed without any modification of my opinions. But it pleased God to *lead* me into the truth. My health failed, my official employments had to be abandoned; I lost my children, my wife died, and I was wandering over the world alone, with scarcely any thing remaining but God. I lost my hold on all things else, and became, as it were, lost myself in God. My affections centered in Him. My will became absorbed in His. I *sunk*, as it were, into the blessing of His perfect love, and found in my own consciousness the reality of the doctrine which I had theoretically doubted.'

"Some years have elapsed since this conversation. I can not pretend to give it verbally, but this was its substance. He lived through the remainder of his career in the spirit and power of the great doctrine of holiness. His views of it were remarkable for their simplicity. The usual technical subtleties and metaphysical embarrassments of theorists hardly received his consideration. He saw the simple, perfect standard of evangelic holiness; he perceived that neither himself nor the Christian world generally lived up to it; he gave himself entirely to it by laying his whole being on the altar of consecration, where he daily kept it by faith and watchfulness."

He wrote, this spring, a series of articles on the subject of collegiate education. As they exhibit the comprehensive views and deep convictions upon which his course of action was based, some extracts from them are introduced, according to their dates, in the correspondence of this year. He took no part in the controversy between the North and the South, which agitated the Church at this time, but on the 8th of July he gave utterance to his opinions on the subject, in a letter ad-

dressed to the editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, and designed to promote, as far as in him lay, "the holy ends of peace and quietness." Four days after, in a letter to a friend, he says: "Is it not a misfortune to be rich? Yet who feels that it would be so in his case? If, however, we are called to some important agency in promoting Christ's kingdom on the earth, ought we not to regard the loss of a single year as an evil which no amount of worldly prospects can atone for? How will these things appear in the day of judgment? Oh! how will any of our services appear then? God grant that we may have that better security, found in the merits of our crucified Redeemer!"

At Commencement he gave to the graduating class a baccalaureate address, on "The Resources and Duties of Christian Young Men." It was published at the request of the class, and elicited the following genial notice from the Rev. Dr. Wightman, of Charleston, S. C.: "This discourse reminds us more of the brother Olin of 1824, when, in our boyish days, we sat under his ministry in this city, from January to July, than any late production of his pen. Here is all the strength of reasoning, the clear insight into the labyrinths of the human heart, the fine discrimination of character and exuberance of winged imagination, the profound loyalty to the stern peculiarities of Christianity, the unction and power which made him, at that time, one of the greatest of preachers."

On the 7th of September he preached a sermon in the college chapel to a deeply interested audience, on the fifth verse of the 39th Psalm: "Thou hast made

my days as an hand-breadth." The occasion was a solemn one. Two students—Christian young men, of fine talents and high character—had been called away from the studies intended to prepare them for their life-work, to the higher culture adapted to the dwellers in heavenly places. One had met the sure messenger at his own home in Lowell, whither he had been summoned from college by the illness and death of several members of his family, the victims of a prevailing epidemic. The death of the other—young Gould—was the first that had occurred among the students at Middletown, during Dr. Olin's administration, and powerfully did he bring to bear upon the young men before him the deeply, solemn contemplations connected with death and eternity. One student—among those who listened until shadowy and unsubstantial thoughts became fearful and glorious realities, pressing upon the mind and heart with unwonted power—determined, in that hour of clear vision, to consecrate himself to the service of that Redeemer who has poured light even upon the darkness of the tomb.

Late in October, Dr. Olin was called upon to do a service of a different character for one of the graduates at the preceding Commencement. The Missionary Board wished to appoint a young man of liberal education as principal of the seminary at Monrovia, and Mr. Williams, who had placed himself at the disposal of the Board, received the appointment. As the vessel was soon to sail, but a limited time was allowed him to bid farewell to his friends and to prepare for his voyage. Besides the ordinary preparations, he was to "marry a wife." The lady was a daughter of one of the mem-

bers of the Methodist Church in Middletown, and Mr. Williams could only spend the Sabbath in that place. As he was very desirous to be married by Dr. Olin, who was too ill to leave the house, it was arranged that the ceremony should take place at the president's house that evening. The parents and sisters of the bride, and the professors and their wives, were invited to be present. The autumn flowers were all gone, and, with no green-house at hand, all that could be found to garnish the parlors for the hasty bridal were the orange berries of the *bitter sweet*, and the snow berry, mingled with green leaves. With some effort Dr. Olin came down stairs and performed the ceremony, which made the twain one for a brief period. The usual words of congratulation seemed out of place. Thoughts of the perils of the sea and of an unfriendly climate loomed up in the distance and checked the flow of hopeful anticipations. After a while, Dr. Olin, seated in his arm-chair, gave utterance to some of the feelings of the hour. It was to him an occasion of deep interest—the sending forth from the university, for the first time during his administration, of a foreign missionary. He said that he was very choice of his young men—that he highly valued an educated Christian young man, with a mind disciplined by study, and trained to holy activity in his Master's cause. He was anxious that such an instrument should be used to the greatest possible advantage, and he had some misgivings that the young brother going from among them might find the African climate not adapted to his peculiar constitution. Then came earnest words on the duty and blessedness of entire consecration to the Redeemer's service, and

fervent wishes and prayers for his well-being and his prosperity in the work to which he had set his hand. The Rev. Dr. Holdich, in his prayer, gave expression to the deep desires of that little company, who, after singing Heber's noble missionary hymn, parted, never all to meet again on earth. The recollections of that evening assumed a mournful interest, when in a few months the tidings came that the young missionary had fallen a victim to the African fever, by which he was attacked shortly after his arrival.*

On the first of November Dr. Olin sailed for Savannah, his health requiring the relaxation of a sea-voyage, which was always of service to him. His journal letters, which will be found in the correspondence of this year, give a graphic picture of the discomforts as well as the compensations of life at sea. He returned early in December, and, after spending some weeks in New York, where he preached a number of times, he went to Boston for the remainder of the vacation, with the hope of carrying out some plans which the failure of his health had repeatedly interrupted.

Letters written from January, 1845, to May, 1846.

CXVI. TO JOHN M. FLOURNOY, ESQ.

Middletown, January 30th, 1845.

VERY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 8th instant reached me last evening. I should perhaps say, more properly, I reached it, as I returned home last evening after an absence of some weeks. This is the termination of our long vacation, and we recommence operations to-day.

* This vacant place is now filled by the Rev. J. W. Horne, a student who graduated a year after Dr. Olin's death, and who the son of a Wesleyan missionary, born and brought up in the West Indies, has fair prospects of being able to live and work in a tropical climate.

Allow me to congratulate you on returning "home," and yet more, on becoming a father. These words imply great responsibilities and weighty cares, but yet more emphatically the best sources of earthly pleasures. I can not doubt that you possess all the requisites, both in yourself and in her who is the sharer of your lot, for making domestic and conjugal life happy and useful ; and with these requisites it is, and is designed to be, the most favorable condition for doing good, and for working out our salvation. May God add to your happy house, and to your young family, all the rich blessings and bright ornaments of his providence and grace. May yours be a house of peace and of prayer, which Christ shall delight to honor by his presence, and in which he shall be honored by all the Christian virtues and observances which shall constitute yours a "household of faith." I will not apologize for indulging in a strain to which I feel myself impelled in writing to my friend, and the son of my friend, on so interesting a change in his relations to society and to the future. How much I should rejoice to know that you had consecrated these fresh blessings, with the many you enjoyed before, to the great Giver, in the spirit of faith and love.

It would be impossible for me to express a small measure of the anguish I have experienced from our Church difficulties. I did *all* I could to prevent them—all I could to diminish them—all I could to render them the less intolerable by providing for them when inevitable. Especially, I have constantly endeavored to carry out the plan of the General Conference for a peaceful division, which I have all along regarded as inevitable. I have regretted all attempts to prevent this, as calculated to aggravate the evils that beset us. I will yet hope that, after some time shall have elapsed, better feeling will return to all parties, and we may pass this great crisis with less injury than now seems to be inevitable. I must confess that my regrets are much aggravated by per-

sonal considerations. My most cherished attachments are in the South. I have lost nearly all my friends there by the part which I felt bound in duty to act in this business, and which I could but act again in a similar case. I have no complaints to make of any, though many have not been satisfied with allowing me the benefit of my own motives and my own explanations. I have been perpetually represented in the papers as calling in question the rights of Southern Methodists to the privileges of the ministry and the Church, though I fully acknowledge them in word and deed. I also advocated them as well as I could. Yet it is certainly true that a state of things had come upon us in which I believed it impossible to avoid the adoption of measures which might divide us. So it turns out—and I would gladly do or avoid any and every thing to promote, as much as possible, our future harmony. I know no difference in the two parties into which we are divided. With affectionate salutations to Mrs. Flournoy, I am, as ever, yours with sincere regard,

STEPHEN OLIN.

CXVII. TO MRS. —.

I am quite unable to read or to hear, but I have ventured to listen to your "Annie Walton," as I did the other day to "Little Ella." Thinking it possible that my approbation may give you a little encouragement, I feel constrained to say to you that I can but detect in these little books a vocation for you. I think them *excellent*. Annie Walton will probably lead some to righteousness. Write on, seeking for yourself a deeper baptism into Christ's Spirit. You may be a blessing to many, and may God make the good work a blessing to you. Excuse this intrusion of unasked advice from a very sincere friend.*

Saturday morning, January 24th, 1846.

* This note, which belongs to the correspondence of the next year, has been misplaced. It was written in pencil from a momentary impulse, while the writer was taking a foot-bath.

CXVIII. TO MISS CLARINDA OLIN.

Middletown, Feb. 9th, 1845.

. . . . I hope that none of my friends will infer, from any *seeming* indisposition on my part to devote as much time as I formerly did to correspondence, visits, &c., that I feel less interest in their welfare than I have manifested. I am more busy than ever. I have more health than I have enjoyed for, perhaps, twenty years, and with it more duties—more official and ministerial duties. Formerly I could do little besides visit and journey. Now I have no time for either, when I have no object beyond my personal gratification, and I feel bound to attend to my duties and sacrifice merely social satisfactions. I have done very little in my life that ought to satisfy a Christian man, though I have made many long journeys to visit my friends. My days are far spent. I have just now a little unexpected strength for laborious duties, and I shall probably feel it to be my duty to give it a direction not always the most gratifying to my private inclination. I have not been to Vermont since I left West Poughkeepsie, in July, '42, and though I much desire to see our friends there, I am unable to foresee when that pleasure may be secured. I have to attend several Conferences in behalf of the university—all my vacations are and must be devoted to the same interest. I am liable to be called to Maine or Niagara, to Boston or New York at any time, and, unless some of these business tours lead me to Vermont, I know not when I may again see my native state. Be this as God will, I must spend these few days of comparative health which He allows me in doing his will. You will be glad to know that I have a very pleasant home, though I am much away from it. . . . There is a very intelligent community with whom our relations are exceedingly agreeable, except that these social demands are a little too numerous and strong for a man who *ought* to give his very scanty leisure

to literary pursuits. With these, however, I may probably have little to do, and I am trying to be content, as, indeed, I ought to be, with this unlooked-for ability to engage in active duties. . . . Cultivate a cheerful, contented spirit, and a calm, confiding piety. These are the best securities for happiness here and hereafter. I am glad your religious privileges are so satisfactory. This, after convenient food and raiment, is, after all, the main thing. We are then in the way of living usefully and dying happily, which constitute the principal objects of our being. May God protect you and guide you. We, perhaps, shall hardly meet again in this world, though that may not be wholly improbable, but I trust we are in a way to meet in heaven.

CXIX. TO THE REV. DR. M'CLINTOCK.

Middletown, Feb. 3d, 1845.

. . . . There is just now an imperative want of moderation and of a spirit of concession. God only knows if these virtues have any longer a place among us to such an extent as the crisis calls for. I do not forget, my dear friend, your remarks upon the sort of prudence which I feel it to be my duty to inculcate. I do not see with you—I can not, that the General Conference lacked courage or wisdom in its measures. It pursued the moderate, and, as I think, the proper course. It did what was *necessary*, and no more. More would not in any conceivable way have diminished the evils that beset us—would not have postponed them—would not have been a clearer declaration of principle. There was no dodging, no temporizing, and there was *courageous* moderation. So, at least, I continue to think, though in thinking so I differ from a friend for whose opinions I have the highest respect. I am sorry, at the end of more than half a year, to be compelled to admit that the promise of moderation, held out by the discussions of the General Conference, has grievously failed in the subsequent discussions. . . . Party spirit and controversy make wise and good men mad.

CXX. OUR COLLEGES.

Upon most of our colleges—certainly upon that in which the Church has assigned me my sphere of labor—a great and trying crisis has come, and an honest and earnest appeal is now made to the Church in its behalf. It is not a question about adding books to our library, or curious specimens to our cabinet, which is now proposed to the friends of the Wesleyan University, but one far more weighty and fundamental.

. . . . I may say without egotism, for I am but a new-comer here, this institution has richly earned the confidence of the community. No college in this country has given to it a larger proportion of enterprising, intelligent, godly young men, ready to go any where in obedience to the call of duty, and to do any thing by which God may be honored and the welfare of men promoted. I do not fear contradiction when I say the graduates of the Wesleyan University are, as a class, such men as the Methodist Church most wants as instruments in the various departments of her work for fulfilling her great commission. They are to be found in nearly every Conference and every state in the Union, diffusing the blessings of religion and education, and so performing the highest duties which the Church owes to itself and to the community. Is the Church prepared to dry up the fountain to which it is indebted for so many streams of cheering, sanctified influence? Will it pronounce evil the tree which has yielded so early and so rich a harvest of precious fruit? To ask these questions is, I am aware, to answer them; but all will go for nothing if we may not have more substantial responses than mere echoes of approbation.

I have long hoped and prayed that some of our enlightened friends, who are able to take large views of usefulness and duty, and with whom divine Providence has intrusted the means of doing good upon a liberal scale, would come forward in this exigency, and give extended, effective relief to suffer-

ing interests, the importance of which they know so well how to appreciate. Such instances of noble liberality are common in other denominations, and nearly all our Northern colleges have professorships endowed by the pious munificence of individuals whose honored names they bear.

I can not help regarding it as one of the most glorious results of our free institutions, especially of the voluntary system in religion, that men have risen up in the various walks of life—but chiefly among active business men—of a patriotism so elevated and a Christian philanthropy so large. I know not who else can, with equal justice, lay claim to the character of public benefactors. It is a high, inspiring thought—that of laying the deep foundations of a usefulness which shall live and confer rich blessings on those who come after us—of opening a fountain of living waters that may flow on perpetually, to cheer, and purify, and heal, through the long years of coming generations—to kindle a light that shall diffuse radiance and gladness over the present, and, with the blessing of God, illuminate the unmeasured expanse which is to be filled up by the history of our Church and our posterity. I have long hoped and prayed that Methodists would be found to imitate these bright examples. There are rich, intelligent, large-hearted men among us, who both fear and scorn to “live unto themselves or die unto themselves.” They love Christ—they love the Church—they love their species. Will they not see, in the condition and wants of an institution consecrated to the Savior—the child of Methodism, and its chosen instrument for the performance of sacred and long-neglected duties to its ingenuous youth and to the world—such an opportunity of promoting the dearest interests of religion and humanity as must commend itself to their strongest, holiest sympathies? Beyond all question, such a sacrifice would be very acceptable to God, and approved by all who love his cause. It would do incalculable good, not to the Wesleyan University alone, but to the whole needy fam-

ity of Methodist colleges. We want such examples. They would certainly be imitated, and so a high, vital influence would be given to the neglected cause of education throughout the length and breadth of the connection. The man who shall first give his name to be associated with the memory of a generous endowment to a Methodist University will make of it a more potent argument for Christian liberality and Christian education than the most eloquent advocate of the holy interests of our Church has ever yet been able to wield.*

February, 1845.

CXXI. OUR COLLEGES—DUTY OF PARENTS.

Every Methodist congregation and every Methodist should be brought to feel that the right education of our youth is a high trust which it would be shameful to violate—a Christian duty which it would be criminal to neglect. Not the preacher only, but the teacher—not the Church only, but the college and the school, must be recognized as the agents and instruments by which our Zion is to be enlarged and beautified. We much need an enlightened, high-toned, and sustained public sentiment on the subject of education, as the basis of our arrangements and practical demonstrations. When that point shall once be secured, we shall have surmounted the chief of the difficulties that now impede this indispensable melioration, and subsequent progress will be comparatively easy. Let the benefits of liberal education be extended to a sufficient number of the present generation of our youth, and their example will act upon their successors with powerful and even increasing efficiency. The younger brother

* It afforded Dr. Olin high gratification, some years after, to hear of the noble liberality of a friend whom he had known at the South, the Rev. Mr. Wofford, a local preacher in the Methodist Church, who left \$100,000 to establish a college in South Carolina, the state in which he resided.

will covet as a boon and claim as a right all the privileges which have been enjoyed by the elder—the most ingenious and most courageous spirits of each successive class in the academy will eagerly follow their distinguished predecessors to the theatre of a higher intellectual training—the sons, with pious emulation, will crowd the halls of learning in which their fathers won honorable distinction, and laid the foundation of eminence, and usefulness, and virtue. These are permanent sources of patronage and supply, unknown to new institutions, and to a people but just embarking in educational enterprises, though every well-directed effort and every year of successful progress contribute to their formation and efficiency. One of the most pressing wants of our higher literary institutions would be relieved by the general diffusion of a spirit of education among the people; and it is, perhaps, unreasonable to look for any effectual remedy for existing deficiencies until parents shall be more deeply impressed with the duty and the good policy of giving to their sons the best education within the reach of their means. Few, comparatively, of our Methodist families have yet been brought to feel the importance of this subject. Many fathers among us even discourage the noble aspirations of their sons, and studiously divert them from a career for which their intellectual capacities, their tastes, and decided inclinations have prepared them. Noble minds, formed by the hand of God to be benefactors of the community and lights to the Church, are thus consigned to ignorance and obscurity. Others are left to an unequal struggle with pecuniary difficulties, and are at length stopped in the high road to the largest usefulness and the highest happiness, for the want of aid, which would cost the poorest no sacrifice, and inflict on his family no wrong. Every observant and sympathizing teacher is but too familiar with instances of the kind I have mentioned; but no one, probably, could estimate the amount of evil which is thus inflicted upon the Church and on civil society.

What a glorious change would the next ten years accomplish for our denomination if every Methodist father who has an intelligent, virtuous son, resolve at once to consecrate to the service of God and his country one disciplined, well-furnished, and well-principled intellect. Brief as this period is, it would be sufficient to quadruple our moral and intellectual power. The conception of so exalted a purpose, and the first entrance on so generous an enterprise, would elevate the tone of thought, and feeling, and hope throughout all the families of our Israel. We should speedily be prepared to demand and fill our proper place in the great business of public instruction. Our voice would be heard in high places, where the rights and wrongs of men in the public weal are matters of debate. Authorship and the learned professions would give us our equitable share of the strong positions of human society, where the most good can be done and the most evil prevented ; and, best of all, if God should continue to honor our institutions, as he has hitherto done, by the dews of his grace and the calls of his Spirit, we should have a noble army of ministers and missionaries, thoroughly furnished for every good work, and mighty, through God, to the pulling down of the strong-holds of sin. No event could be so auspicious to the true interests of religion and humanity as such a movement in the cause of education.

Improvements, however, which depend on the dissemination of new ideas among a multitude, and on changes in established habits of thought and action, can be introduced only by patient and persevering efforts. Yet enough might easily and speedily be effected for the sacred interests of education to satisfy the more urgent wants and duties of the Church, and fill our higher institutions with pupils of the most promising character. The strength of the denomination lies among those classes of society which habitually give to the country its strongest minds, as well as its strongest hands. Three fourths of all the educated men in the nation,

and a much larger proportion of our effective and useful clergymen, teachers, and professional men, are the sons of industrious agriculturists and mechanics. On the farm and in the workshop they learned those lessons of industry, and self-reliance, and manly independence which have given them the victory in after life over delicate, timid, indolent, and luxurious competitors, and over labor, and opposition, and adversity. Just so long as their virtuous, brave, hard-working fathers shall continue to give instructors and rulers to the people will there be some fair chance for the perpetuation of a government of equal privileges and equal laws. In England, and over the continent of Europe, the son of a working man is rarely seen in the university or in professional life. Here they constitute the mass of students, of scholars, of ministers, and legislators. He must be short-sighted, indeed, who does not see in this hereditary and essential republicanism of our educated men a strong pledge and hope for the liberties of our posterity. This potent guarantee we can not afford to lose. It is not enough that good common schools impart elementary knowledge to the masses. The capabilities which primary instruction develops must be nurtured by a higher culture, and so fitted to bless and preserve this free community. I look upon that man as the truest of Christians and of patriots who works with his hands that he may educate an intelligent, free, noble-hearted son for the service of God and his country. I have known Christian fathers and mothers, too, who cheerfully devoted the accumulations of toilsome, careful years to the attainment of this darling object of their lives; and I profess that I have seldom felt a reverence so profound for any other forms of Christian virtue and parental affection. The presence of so lofty and pure a motive sweetens labor and ennobles economy, and it seldom fails of introducing into the humblest family circle a liberalizing era of large views and generous desires, highly favorable to physical as well as moral improvement, and to general respectability

and success in the world. In no other region does this heroic spirit prevail to the same extent as in New England and New York. It is the distinguishing characteristic and glory of our virtuous and truly intellectual population, and instinct as it is with a high-toned, scriptural piety, we must pronounce this spirit to be the solitary antidote to all the downward tendencies, inherent or accidental, which our social and political system is thought by many good men more and more to disclose. It might be too much to affirm that our institutions will be safe so long as the masses, enlightened themselves by a sound elementary education, shall train up the choicest of their sons to be the guides and rulers of the people; but we can have safety on no easier terms. On no other condition is the enjoyment of so large a liberty possible.

But I check myself, and turn away from these more general views and reflections to the practical conclusion to which they conduct us. It is for the fathers and mothers of our Methodist families to determine whether the Church shall ever perform to itself, to its Lord, and to the world the great duty which I have been endeavoring to develop and inculcate. Over the domain of childhood and youth they reign without rivalry. God has intrusted to their keeping and culture many germs of intellect and genius—the undeveloped resources of a vast mental and moral power. If this care of immortal beings—this trust held for the Gospel and for mankind—for the present and for future generations—for time and eternity—involves high, social, and religious responsibilities, then they, more than all others, have a deep stake in the issue. They can easily supply the most urgent of our wants. All the world besides can not, for there is no authority under heaven that has a right to interfere, except by argument and entreaty, with the destiny to which they shall consign their offspring. Would Christian parents, then, rejoice to see the Church of their choice prosperous and influential, respectable and useful? They can make it so. By the blessing of God,

they can insure its stability and extend its triumphs. Many on whom this great responsibility rests are in easy circumstances, and could bestow on the Church and their own sons the most excellent of gifts, without the slightest inconvenience. Many more could accomplish this object by such sacrifices as they might well afford to make for the attainment of such an end. Two hundred dollars per annum is a sufficient allowance to meet all the expenses of a collegiate course. One hundred dollars will answer for a resolute, enterprising young man, disposed to help himself and practice a rigid economy. A liberal education, for which the parent may not pay over five hundred dollars, or one thousand dollars, is likely to be more valuable to a youth of good natural parts than ten or twenty times the amount received in any other form. As a pecuniary transaction, no other investment is half so safe or promising. Such considerations, however, must be esteemed of very inferior importance in a question which involves moral results so vast in their number and magnitude. I have already dwelt upon them at sufficient length, and can only repeat that, in my opinion, no good man can bestow upon the Church and his country a greater boon than a pious, intellectual, well-educated son.

February, 1845.

CXXII. COLLEGIATE EDUCATION—DUTY OF YOUNG MEN.

All important changes, whether for good or for evil, begin with the young. Middle-aged men seldom retain the power to modify habits, the growth of only a few active years, while even the opinions of the aged are for the most part unchangeable. Such are the safeguards which the Divine wisdom has provided in our nature against rash and hasty innovations. The indifference or opposition which zealous advocates of improvement are prone to regard as captious or obstinate is often but the result of a *vis inertia*, whose proper function is to prevent anomalous or exaggerated action. The greatest

improvements may be only great evils, if they violate too grossly the proprieties of time and manner, and he may be a public benefactor who resists and retards, no less than he who promotes them. If reforms are made difficult and slow by this constitutional repugnance to change, they find in the same cause, when once they have been introduced, the strongest guarantee of stability, and a lasting influence. The tedious years which must commonly be given to discussions, to demonstrations, and earnest appeals in behalf of any great public interest that has long been overlooked or neglected, are at length seen not to have been too many for a due preparation of the common mind for the reception of new and momentous truths, and the adoption of important changes. The season of delay often proves to have been but the seed-time, the sunshine, and the showers requisite for the production of the golden harvest. The argument and the exhortation, which were lost upon the fathers, fell, as if by accident, on the listening ears of their children, and silently but surely imbued an entire generation with new opinions and convictions.

This source of encouragement belongs peculiarly to the advocates of education. Whoever may fail to be convinced by their arguments, or moved to action by their expostulations, the ingenuous, aspiring hearts of the young are certain to be with them. It is for the young that institutions of learning are established and endowed, and if they should be found wanting in spirit, and energy, and largeness of views, then all the sacrifices which have been made for the advancement of this object will have been misdirected. The responsibility of young men is inconceivably great; and if the theme were not trite and exhausted, I would hope to urge it upon them with some good effect. In ten years more, they who are now boys and minors will be chief instruments in carrying out all plans of melioration and mercy for mankind. Within that brief period they will become the teachers of our

schools, and the tutors of our academies and colleges. Their voices will be heard in legislative halls, though men so young may still be more fit for action than for counsel. All elections will be controlled by their superior activity; so that, if not yet our rulers themselves, they will make our rulers, and thus virtually decide the great questions that may arise, whether of peace, or war, or domestic policy. Pulpits vacant for want of ministers, or vacated by their death, will, within a dozen years, be filled by the men who are now boys at school or debating whether they shall go to school; and none but young men are sent out, or can properly be sent, as missionaries.

Within the whole range of human inquiry, can there be a question raised more deeply significant than this, "How shall these embryo lawgivers, and teachers, and divines—the future guardians of the public weal, and the pastors and messengers of the Churches—be prepared to fulfill their high destiny?" There will certainly be an immense demand for talents and virtues of every sort, but the foundations of usefulness and success must be laid in a thorough education. Every civilized and improving community is perpetually tending to a state in which high intellectual culture is an indispensable qualification for all professions and positions favorable to the exercise of extensive influence. Ignorant, untaught men, may, for a long time to come, perhaps always, find their way into high stations, but these will not be to them posts either of honor or influence. Whoever wears the titles, or bears away the emoluments of office or position, the real source of influence and moral power is in the cultivated minds of a community; and the humblest schoolmaster or clergyman, engaged in the intelligent and conscientious discharge of his appropriate duties, contributes vastly more to the formation and control of public sentiment than the mere empty demagogue whom accident or dishonest acts have exalted to the Senate, which he disgusts and dishonors by his

vapid declamation. No error is more prevalent or mischievous than that which leads the aspiring youth to regard political distinctions and offices as highly desirable. This low ambition exerts a malign influence upon our young men. It sets them to work upon an unworthy motive, and gives a wrong direction to their efforts.

The true end of education and of life, so far as the individual is concerned, is the highest improvement of the intellectual and moral powers; so far as others are concerned, it is the best employment of these powers in doing good to our fellow-creatures and in glorifying God. Now these ends are often, I think, commonly more fully attained in the conscientious and earnest discharge of the duties of private and professional life, than by the incumbents of what are usually regarded more honorable and desirable stations. The teacher who has roused the dormant energies of half a dozen pupils, and given to them a virtuous direction, has done more for the well-being of his race than a conspicuous politician usually accomplishes during a whole lifetime. The faithful pastor of the humblest congregation commonly achieves more for the glory of God and the happiness of man than a member of Congress or a cabinet minister.

The positions and pursuits which promise the greatest usefulness are precisely those which are the most easily accessible to all well-educated men who are willing to labor, and are zealous for truth and righteousness. "The field is the world." It invites culture from every willing hand, and every degree of talent, and enterprise, and devotion finds scope for manifestation, finds welcome and encouragement, and a good reward. There is no room for fear lest this high vocation to usefulness shall fail or be overdone. To the entire host of young men who have the heart to volunteer in such a service, and the nerve to qualify themselves for its duties by wholesome mental and moral discipline, we may safely announce, "The Lord hath need of them." He has designs

of mercy not yet half accomplished in this Christian land, and scarcely announced to three fourths of the world. "The harvest truly is great, and the laborers are few." The Lord of the harvest wants sowers; He wants reapers. Let no one be over-curious to know beforehand what part shall be assigned to him, assured that, in any event, he shall have work enough. No convinced and earnest soul ever inquired, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" without having employment assigned him, and employment worthy a pupil of Gamaliel. No weeping Hannah ever vowed her first-born to God, and "took him up with her to the house of the Lord," without finding for him some place and some function honored with the Divine approbation.

Thus far I have endeavored to show the imperative demand for well-educated young men, and to remove some of the apprehensions which are likely to be felt by those who have proceeded so far as to send out upon this field of enterprise an exploring glance. I have shown, I hope satisfactorily, that there is yet room in the vineyard for a host of well-trained laborers, and that there is little danger of a superabundant supply. My remarks have been general, but the argument and the exhortation of which they are the vehicle find additional force in their special application to the state of education in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Upon our grievous wants and our overwhelming responsibilities I have before dwelt at sufficient length. I have also tried to inculcate the duty of providing more ample means for the education of our youth. I would now appeal more directly to those for whom all this preparation is made, and who must, in the end, be the chief instruments of the melioration sought for. Comparatively few of our young men are sufficiently imbued with the spirit of education. Hundreds there are of the best natural parts and the best dispositions, to whom it has hardly occurred that by devoting a few years to intellectual culture they may vastly augment their resources for

usefulness and happiness. They have not failed to perceive our want of educated men, but have not thought of the very obvious truth that it is for them, and such as they, to supply the want. If they shall shrink from the labor and sacrifice—if they lack the philanthropy, the zeal, and the high aspirations necessary for this work, it can never be done. The Church looks to them ; it can look nowhere else in this emergency. Every argument which goes to demonstrate that it is the duty of the Church to provide the means of education, is equally conclusive as to the duty of her sons to avail themselves of the means provided.

There are always enough of merely selfish motives to induce an intelligent youth to prefer the career which a liberal education opens before him to common pursuits. As a pecuniary question, it is the best investment he can make of so much money and time. In the new form which he thus gives to his capital, it is exempted from most of the vicissitudes and liabilities to which all branches of business are exposed, for the resources of a cultivated intellect remain unimpaired after mere pecuniary treasures have vanished, and the permanent wants of civilized society insure for them ample and worthy employment. It is also a consideration of vast moment, that the pursuits of an educated man perpetually and naturally tend to enlarge and improve his intellectual powers. If faithful to himself, he is constantly becoming a wiser and a better man, more fitted to understand and perform the duties of life, and growing evermore in the largeness of his comprehension and the strength of his reason. This single consideration is enough to rouse the generous mind of youth to the utmost exertion, and to arm it against all discouragements that beset this, as well as other plans of life.

After all, however, this great interest must look to those who acknowledge a higher principle of action than mere selfishness and worldly ambition. The young man who has

not yet learned to recognize in the obligations of duty his strongest motives to action, has not yet begun to live in earnest. "How can I do the most good?" is the only question which a rational, immortal being should desire or dare to consider in settling his plans of life. Let every youth who has followed me in this discussion put this deeply momentous question to himself, "How can I do the most good? how most honor God, and most bless the world?"

Has he a good capacity and good health—"a sound mind in a sound body?" Is he imbued with a love of virtue and of humanity? Unquestionably, then, he possesses talents which, with due culture, will qualify him for great usefulness. He may fit himself by patient industry to become an efficient co-worker with good men and with God in enterprises which promise the regeneration of the world. He has in embryo the elements of the truest greatness. His destiny, if he will have it so, will liken him to the benefactors of his race. Splendor of genius, high birth or position, wealth—these are not necessary to great usefulness or true glory. They about as often bring evil as good on their possessor and on the world; while a fair mind, and high principles, and a warm heart, with an earnest, unalterable purpose to devote all to a good cause, will never fail of securing to their possessor an honorable rank among his contemporaries. These staple essential conditions for honorable standing and usefulness are not rare among the children of Christian families. God has sown the seed of all the virtues which he requires in his people very bountifully, but the culture must be theirs. Let every young man stir up the gift that is in him. Let him invite and welcome the impulses of a pure, ennobling ambition—the ambition of being truly wise and of doing good.

In the early youth of almost every one there occurs a crisis decisive of his character and destiny. Most persons pass through this critical period without giving heed to its instructive omens, and follow whatever direction the chances of the

journey of life may give them. Happy are they who pause at the threshold and deliberately choose their course. This is the time for sober reflection and forethought—for good counsel and earnest prayer. It is a time for the parent and the pastor to interfere with unsolicited advice, for none can guess how much of good or of evil may be suspended on the decisions of such a day. The youth who deliberately and conscientiously resolves to enter upon a course of liberal study, in order that he may qualify himself for a larger sphere of right action, and for higher thoughts and enjoyments, brings into his soul, by such a choice, a new and mighty element of moral and intellectual power. He has conceived a manly and ennobling purpose, which is likely to give new earnestness to his character and a richer coloring to his whole existence. In proportion as his mind is pure and generous in its sentiments, will its devotion to its chosen career, at once so full of great toils and great hopes, become more and more entire and unalterable. He will feel, and he should feel, the constraining influence of a solemn vow, which there would be shame as well as guilt in violating. To fall back from such a resolve through timidity, or fickleness, or impatience of labor, or opposition, is unworthy the manly spirit in which it had its origin, and ominous of instability and miscarriage in common pursuits. In this country any young man of good talents and good health, and a *strong will*, can get a liberal education, and it usually augurs deficiency in some of the best elements of character to sink under discouragements which others have overcome by enterprise and perseverance. What great matter is it to work with the hands or teach a school in order to eke out scanty means of support? What young man of promise, and deserving of confidence, may not obtain credit with some friend for such part of the expenses of his education as he is unable to meet by his own exertions? Diligence and strict economy, for one or two years after his graduation, will enable him to refund the loan, and leave him

at liberty to enter unembarrassed upon the pursuits to which he has pledged his learning and his life.

Not a few are interrupted in the career of education by ill health or by domestic calamities, for which the stoutest spirit can provide no antidote. Such deserve and receive from generous hearts the deepest sympathy, but a feeling less compatible with respect is sometimes provoked by a cowardly submission to untoward circumstances, which a little resolution and resistance would be sufficient to control.

On the contrary, there is nowhere to be seen a finer exhibition of high character than a noble-hearted, virtuous youth wrestling with Fortune, and triumphing over her unkindness. Nothing is able to divert him from the great objects to which he has devoted his life, or to lower the aims of his earnest, indomitable spirit. However often he may be driven away from his chosen pursuits by the urgency of his wants, he returns again and again to the academic shades, unconquered and invincible, till he has satisfied his vow, and girded himself to go forth before the world on a higher mission. For myself, I am free to confess that I feel a respect bordering on veneration for such young men ; and if religion mingle with and purify their motives, I know not what may be wanting in such examples to the truest Christian heroism. Such instances, and, thank God, they are not few, minister both encouragement and reproof to the timid, the fickle, and the faithless, who, for causes slight and vincible, are so often ready to decline or to abandon a career of so much honor and so much usefulness. Why should a man, and a young man, ever conclude that he can not do what is practicable ? Why should he retreat at the sight of difficulties not insuperable ? Still more, how can a religious young man, through indolence, or levity, or impatience, or to consummate some premature, unblest, matrimonial engagement, give up a course which he entered upon from enlightened convictions and for the love of Christ, and throw himself, half taught, upon the commu-

nity or the Church, destitute of the much-needed qualifications which Divine Providence had placed within his grasp?

I had intended to invoke the aid of my respected fathers and brethren in the ministry in the work of directing the attention of young men to the duties and the high privileges which I have endeavored to place before them. I can, however, do no more at present than offer a respectful suggestion that both our traveling and local preachers might perform an excellent service to the Church and its rising youth by exerting their influence, on all proper occasions, to increase the number of students in our academies, and yet more, as more needing this special favor in our colleges. No work could be more truly pastoral and Christian—in no other way could an enlightened minister accomplish so much with so little labor. In almost every neighborhood and congregation there are fine boys and promising young men who, with proper culture, would become blessings and ornaments to the community and to the Church. It may yet never have occurred to them to devote themselves to the literary pursuits for which they possess the best advantages, pecuniary as well as intellectual and moral. All that is wanting in hundreds of such cases is a little seasonable advice and encouragement, which will come from the pastor with peculiar propriety and effect. There is hardly a circuit or station where a vigilant, enlightened man may not find some fit and hopeful candidate for an educational career, which, with God's blessing, may give to our good cause a skillful teacher or a faithful minister. Whoever is instrumental in developing the elements of moral and intellectual power, latent in one ingenuous mind—whoever gives to the Church one cultivated, faithful young man, fit to be an instrument in working out the good which she is called to accomplish, is, in the highest sense, a public benefactor. He performs a good work before men. He insures to himself a good reward, in recollections adapted to cheer old age and even the bed of death, and in the blessings of

those who are ready to perish. Under God, he has raised up his own successor, who may prove a Fisk or a Ruter.

Teachers in every department, from the Sunday-school to the noble seminaries, which do so much good and so much honor to our denomination, have it in their power to give a new impetus to collegiate education. The most promising boys ought to be encouraged to look forward to this higher course with the fullest appreciation of its advantages, and the large classes of promising youths who crowd our high schools ought to send up twice or thrice as many students as they now do to the university. I am happy to know that the able men who are at the head of these institutions are fully alive to the importance of this great interest, which is deeply indebted already to their zeal and co-operation. I should fail, however, to express my full sense of the extent of their influence over the destinies of education in our Church, if I did not refer to the controlling position which they occupy in reference to this interest. Unquestionably, they can do more than any class of persons to elevate the standard of learning, and to correct the prevailing tendency of our young men to be satisfied with merely an academic course. Much may be done to diminish this great evil by addresses, by private conversation and personal influence. Judicious and timely advice may often be decisive of the destiny of a noble mind not yet made conscious of its own powers, and of the good destiny ready to be secured by the exertion of its energies. The father of a promising son may only need the teacher's testimony to the talents and proficiency of the pupil, in order to insure to him the larger advantages to which he aspires, and which he is prepared to improve so well. A single letter or an earnest conversation may remove all obstacles out of the way, and introduce a fine intellect and a generous heart into a career of extensive usefulness and pure enjoyment. I can not close this discussion of a subject, which I deem of such vital importance, without offering an humble

prayer to the Father of lights that it may be made subservient to the best interests of the Church.

STEPHEN OLIN.

Middletown, April, 1845.

CCXIII. TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

The following letters from Constantinople have just reached me. My reason for giving them to the public will be obvious to all who have noticed the protracted controversy between Dr. Robinson and myself. It will be recollected that in my "Travels" I spoke of a broken arch, supposed to be the remains of an ancient bridge connecting the Temple with Mount Zion, as having been known to Mr. Catherwood, and, as I understood, to other travelers and residents. For this I was charged with plagiarism, and with doing great injustice to Dr. Robinson, who, in his Biblical Researches, the Bibliotheca Sacra, and elsewhere, claims to have been the discoverer of this interesting monument, and especially to have been, so far as he knows or believes, the first to recognize in this fragment of an arch the remains of the bridge spoken of by Josephus.*

* The pointing out and determination of the true character of the arch of the bridge which connected the Temple with Mount Zion, was considered one of the most important of Dr. Robinson's discoveries. The reviewer, in the North American for October, 1843, complains that Dr. Olin describes the same remains, and not only makes no acknowledgment of Dr. Robinson's discovery, but adds, "I could not learn that the most interesting and unquestionable of these remains—the massive arch of the ancient bridge—had been so much as mentioned by any modern traveler, though its existence has long been well known to Europeans and other residents, as well as visitors." "The first part of this sentence," continues the reviewer, "is to us wholly inexplicable; the remainder we know to be a mistake. We are assured, on good authority, that in Jerusalem the discovery is uniformly ascribed to Dr. Robinson, both by residents and travelers; and we believe that, if his name was broadly inscribed on the front of

The reader will learn from a perusal of these documents all that I know of their history. Mr. Homes is a stranger to

the ruin, it would not be more indelibly associated with it than it now is in the mind of the visitor. These remains, of course, had been frequently examined before; but that, previously to Dr. Robinson's visit, they had ever been connected with the ancient bridge, is considerably more than Dr. Olin is authorized to affirm."

"Dr. Olin's travels embody the more interesting results of Dr. Robinson's Researches. How did he obtain them? is a question which intelligent readers will ask. He appears to have possessed few facilities for making original investigations, was an invalid during his journey as well as subsequently, and was not particularly thorough in his examinations. We are compelled to believe that, on some important points, he is indebted to an unacknowledged use of Dr. Robinson's discoveries, arguments, and authorities."

A brief reply to this review was published by Dr. Olin in the *North American Review* for January, 1844. It contained a full and unqualified denial of the charge of plagiarism. With respect to Dr. Robinson's claims to the discovery of the true character of the arch of the bridge, he says, "I now declare that I never saw nor heard the name of Dr. Robinson connected with this subject in Jerusalem or elsewhere until I read the 'Researches,' nearly two years after my visit. Having no reason to distrust my own information, I, of course, presumed Dr. Robinson was in error in regarding himself as the original discoverer. Mr. Catherwood, who is a professional architect, and the author of the plan of Jerusalem, always in my hand, in which he had laid down the Temple, Mount Zion, and the valley between them, across which the arch looks directly, could hardly have doubted or been mistaken with regard to its design. Mr. Catherwood has often told me since that my account is strictly true, and that he, as well as several other gentlemen with whom he conversed in Jerusalem, regarded and spoke of this monument as the remains of an ancient bridge that connected the Jewish Temple with Mount Zion. My declaration that I could not learn that this monument had been mentioned by any modern traveler, appears under date of April 23d, 1840, and is strictly true. I should have referred to Dr. Robinson's account, which I saw nearly two years afterward, but for the discrepancy between it and mine, to which, for insufficient reasons it may be, but assuredly not from selfish ends, nor from any unfriendly feelings toward Dr. Robinson, I did not wish to attract attention.

me. With Mr. Hamlin I formed a brief and interesting acquaintance when his guest in Constantinople. They are well known in this country and the East as missionaries of the American Board, distinguished for intelligence and Christian virtues. It is due to these gentlemen, no less than to me, that their testimony should be given to the public. I would say distinctly that I have had no communication with Messrs. Hamlin and Homes; their testimony was wholly unexpected by me; and I can not refrain from gratefully acknowledging the good providence of God, which, without any agency of mine, has shed so clear a light on the charges which have been extensively propagated to my prejudice during the last eighteen months.

STEPHEN OLIN.

May 19th, 1845.

"I will only add, with regard to the several topics selected by the reviewer for animadversion, that I have not knowingly derived either facts, arguments, or opinions from Dr. Robinson. What his views were on these points I had never an intimation, until I read the 'Researches' in 1842. I have not since referred to that able and learned work; but I had not supposed that it laid claim to original discovery in connection with these topics, except in the case of the ancient arch. My companions in the Desert and Palestine, I think, would all certify that I worked hard and examined every thing for myself."

The article from which the above extracts were taken called out a rejoinder on the part of Dr. Robinson, which appeared in the North American Review for July, 1844, and was also reprinted in the Bibliotheca Sacra for November. It was only, however, to the single point of the bridge, which connected the Temple with Mount Zion, that Dr. Robinson personally made exception, with what propriety the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Homes and Mr. Catherwood enables us to judge.

The letters written in the course of this controversy were published in the Commercial Advertiser, and Christian Advocate and Journal for 1844-'45.

CXXIV. TO THE REV. S. OLIN, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Bebek, near Constantinople, March 14th, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—Owing to some mistake or oversight in the forwarding of our North American Reviews, I did not receive any of the numbers of 1844 till this week, and was therefore entirely unacquainted with your controversy with Dr. Robinson in regard to discoveries in Jerusalem. I was not even aware of its existence. I read Dr. Robinson's note in the North American of July, 1844, with profound surprise, being confident that I had heard Mr. Homes affirm that he informed Dr. Robinson of the existence of that arch as a remnant of the bridge spoken of by Josephus. I remembered his remarks with perfect distinctness, as we had some speculations in regard to the *modus operandi* of Dr. Robinson's mind in appropriating the discovery so entirely to himself. And the most charitable explanation we could give was, that he was so overjoyed at the discovery that he forgot that he did not make it.

I immediately addressed a note, however, to Mr. Homes, which, with the reply, I forward to you. I sincerely regret that this important and decisive testimony comes so late, but it is never too late to establish the claims of truth and justice. It is inexplicable that in this controversy Dr. Robinson never addressed a line to that individual to whom he was indebted for his knowledge of the existence of the arch, while he has written to almost every other individual connected with the matter in debate. It is very singular, too, that he has made no acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Mr. Homes for such important and interesting information, while, in his "Researches," I observe he introduces his name in connection with more trivial matters. But I am content with having furnished you with the most decisive testimony, not only that the "arch" was known previous to Dr. Robinson's visit to Jerusalem, but that it was known in its relation to the bridge

spoken of by Josephus, and that he received all the information from Mr. Homes which you or any other traveler could have obtained in Jerusalem two years afterward. Dr. Robinson should have been the first to call for Mr. Homes's testimony; but, as he has failed to do so, I hope he will excuse me for having volunteered to forward it.

Very affectionately yours, C. HAMLIN.

P.S.—Should you wish to quote any of the above remarks, you are at perfect liberty to do so.

Copy of a Note addressed to Mr. Homes by Mr. Hamlin.

DEAR BROTHER,—You will easily recall, I presume, the remarks which you once made to me in regard to Dr. Robinson's exclusive claims to the discovery of the site of the bridge connecting the Temple with Mount Zion. I understood you in that conversation to affirm, that you yourself informed Dr. Robinson of the existence of that arch, and of your regarding it as a remnant of the bridge spoken of by Josephus; and that it was in consequence of this information given to him that Dr. Robinson visited the spot, and made his great discovery (?) of the bridge.

Please to send me a note by the bearer of this, and state, definitely, did you, *previous to meeting Dr. Robinson* in Jerusalem, regard the arch in question, not as the remnant of a bridge, but of *the* bridge spoken of by Josephus? And *as such* did you mention it to Dr. Robinson? The reason for making this request is, that I have just received the numbers of the North American containing the controversy between Dr. Olin and Dr. Robinson on the subject—a controversy which, I imagine, your testimony may help to decide.

My affection and esteem for a traduced and injured friend, whom I know to be one of the best and noblest of men, as well as my regard for truth and justice, impel me, with your permission, to make known your testimony to him.

Yours, affectionately, C. HAMLIN.

Rev. H. A. Homes.

Reply of Mr. Homes to Mr. Hamlin's Note.

Constantinople, March 13th, 1845.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your request to me, to repeat in writing what I happened to mention to you in conversation about the arch at Jerusalem, quite startled me ; for I would not have the appearance of mingling in the discoveries of a distinguished scholar, as though I had any such share in any of them as to detract from the honors he so richly merits. The discovery of the bridge is a just claim of Dr. Robinson's, on the great principle laid down by Paley on another and most important topic connected with the scenes of Jerusalem—namely, that “he only discovers who proves.” And, therefore, whoever *suggested* the idea to him, as he was the one, after much archæological research, to bring before the public the *proofs* of the arch being part of the bridge mentioned by Josephus, he will probably always retain the honor, without militating against the just claims of others.

However, in reference to the points in dispute between Dr. Robinson and Dr. Olin, your friend, my own distinct recollections go to confirm some of the positions assumed by the latter. What these points of discussion are I need not state ; but I will simply tell my story, and you will therein find a sufficient answer to your questions.

In 1837, while residing several months at Jerusalem, I discovered one day, with surprise, in the obscure part of the city where it is situated, the remains of the arch, and fancied that it had never obtained, so far as I knew, the notice of any traveler. Either before I saw the arch, Mr. Whiting called my attention to the fact that there was once a bridge connecting the Temple with Mount Zion, or after my return to his house, on my mentioning the arch, he said that he and some English travelers, one of whom was Mr. Moore, regarded this as the bridge mentioned by Josephus, or perhaps we all three aided each other in the *suggestion*. However that

may be, the essential point here is, that during the whole of the year following I was dwelling much on this discovery in my own mind, as of a remarkable monument of ancient Jerusalem. One day, either with Mr. Moore or Mr. Whiting, I went to re-examine the localities, to test the probability of this having been the point of connection of the Temple with Mount Zion. If Mr. Whiting should bring a negative testimony to the above, I see not how it could make me deny my own positive recollections of having from that time regarded this as the bridge.

In the spring of 1838, at the time of a missionary council in Jerusalem, I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Robinson. We were all anxious to show Dr. Robinson all the noticeable places in Jerusalem which might possibly suggest to him facts regarding its ancient topography. One forenoon I eagerly told Dr. Robinson of the existence of this now famous arch, and, from his surprise and awakened interest, it was evident he had never heard of it before. *And before he went to see it, I remarked to him on the probability that it was the bridge mentioned in history as going from the Temple to Mount Zion.*

It was agreed that I should go and show it to him that afternoon, but, unable to fulfill my promise, I remember the difficulty we experienced in finding any one of our party who was at leisure, and who knew the spot, to accompany him. Ever after I had much personal satisfaction in reflecting that I had been the instrument in introducing Dr. Robinson to a ruin of so much importance.

There are few events of my life of which I have more distinct recollections than of those recorded in the preceding two paragraphs, because of the vivid impression made from the first day of my seeing the arch. Those who are interested in the discussion will see in what points my testimony invalidates or confirms the positions of Dr. Robinson or Dr. Olin.

If you think these reminiscences will give any satisfaction to your friend, you are at perfect liberty to send them to him, for I have only recorded them for the sake of your request.

Very cordially yours,

H. A. HOMES.

To Rev. C. Hamlin, Bebek.

CXXV.

Extract from a letter dated Bebek, April 2d, 1845, from the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin to the Rev. S. Olin :

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I forwarded to you by the post of March 17th some important testimony in regard to your controversy with Dr. Robinson ; but lest it should by some accident fail of reaching you, I send you by this post duplicates. I ought, perhaps, to have remarked, in the accompanying note, that when Mr. Homes first mentioned to me the assistance which he had rendered to Dr. Robinson in Jerusalem, Dr. Robinson had not yet published his "Researches." After the publication of his work, Mr. Homes was, of course, a little surprised at the introduction of his name in connection with unimportant particulars, and its entire *omission in connection with this arch*, the discovery of which Mr. Homes regarded as the most important aid which Dr. Robinson received in Jerusalem.

The note of Mr. Homes which I forwarded to you, and a duplicate copy of which is here inclosed, was written entirely from recollection. Since then Mr. Homes has shown me the journal of his residence in Syria, and under date of May, 1837, among a number of things noted as worthy of special examination, is this brief minute : "THE BRIDGE CROSSING FROM MOUNT ZION TO MOUNT MORIAH." The entry was made at the time when he first began to regard the arch as a remnant of that bridge, and that was *nearly one year previous to Dr. Robinson's visit to Jerusalem*. He afterward revisited it repeatedly, sometimes in connection with travelers ; and when Dr. Robinson arrived in Jerusalem he brought

it to his notice as a remnant of the bridge spoken of by Josephus.

CXXVI. TO THE REV. S. OLIN, D.D.

New York, May, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your note on the subject of the remains of the ancient bridge in Jerusalem, and calling my attention to your reply to some strictures in the North American Review, in which you say that I had mentioned to you in conversation that I saw this monument during my visit to Jerusalem, and regarded it as the arch of an ancient bridge, as did other persons with whom I conversed on the subject. You ask me whether this statement corresponds with what I said to you on this subject. I answer that it does in all respects.

Yours, faithfully,

F. CATHERWOOD.

CXXVII. TO MR. —.

Middletown, May 27, 1845.

You will hardly feel disappointed on learning that I have been let into the important secret which you have so recently revealed to your family. At least, you are likely very soon to be in the way of learning, that what a man's wife knows will probably be communicated, with due injunctions of secrecy or of discretion in the using, to the faithful partner, not of her life only and her interests, but of nearly all things, small and great, that happen to pass through her head or to find a lodgment in her heart. At any rate, I hope better things of your chosen friend and of you, than to believe either that she will be so prudent a wife as to exclude you from the fullest participation in all that makes or mars her woe or weal, or that you will be a husband of such dignity as can not listen reverently to pretty much every thing that comes under the comprehensive genus of conjugal small-talk. So, then, without intending any such thing in the beginning of

this sentence, I have fairly been surprised into announcing a matrimonial maxim for your future use.

I intended to congratulate you on the happy prospect which has opened before you, and to express my satisfaction at your engagement. I can not doubt that you have devoted yourself to a worthy object. Your family, I see, are well pleased with your choice, and mother and sisters are full likely to exercise a watchful supervision over such a movement. It was a little odd that I did not become acquainted with one to be brought into so near a relation to us when I was introduced to her sister, at your father's. I liked the sister *very well*. I doubt not that your friend is equally worthy of admiration, since you go the length of practically pronouncing her more so. I need not say to you that my best, most affectionate wishes, and my fervent prayers, will attend your entrance on this new and interesting relation.

You are now, in a very important sense, to begin life anew. You are about to come under the influence of stronger motives and higher responsibilities than are within the sphere of an unmarried man. It is a great thing to assume the responsibility of taking care of another's welfare, another's happiness, another's soul; and all of this, in a very high sense, you propose to do. Need I suggest to a thoughtful mind like yours, that, in addition to virtuous principles, and high purposes, and pure morals, which I am sure you already possess, you will need the aid of religion in your new sphere? Your entrance on married life will constitute an era in your history, and a most favorable occasion for revising the past, and adopting all improvements that may be of use in the future. Let me beg of you to seek, at such a time, the helps and supports to be had from above. Let religion enter into all your new plans of life. Set up an altar for prayer at once, and let all the pleasures of domestic life be hallowed by the recognition of God your Savior. I am sure your new prospects will minister additional impulses to the labors and studies of

your profession. It is, I think, just what you need in order to insure success. The first years of professional life are commonly very trying to one's patience, and I think him fortunate who has the strongest motives to endure and to labor. You will henceforth have a new and powerful incentive to follow resolutely the orderly and industrious habits with which you have begun your career, and to become a *thorough learned lawyer*, to which you no doubt aspire.

Will you make my most respectful affectionate salutations to Miss ——? Shall we not see *you* here? and will *she* not, somehow, be of Margaret's party or of yours?

CXXVIII. TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

July 8th, 1845.

Once only, during the year of distress and agitation which has elapsed since the adjournment of the General Conference, have I ventured to obtrude my opinions in regard to the great controversy upon the readers of the Christian Advocate and Journal. I have felt inclined to speak—sometimes almost impelled—but have been deterred hitherto, less by any distrust in my own conclusions on the questions at issue, than from a despair of being heard, when so many warm passions were in active play, and so many wiser and better men had preoccupied the public ear. The session of the Louisville Convention has brought on a new crisis, in view of which I once more feel inclined to express my opinions. If they shall not fully coincide with yours, the result of reflection so much more mature, and of experience so much more ample, I have yet the fullest confidence that you will favor free discussion, and will readily, and even gladly, open your columns to the humblest son of the Church, of whose fidelity to its interests you may have no reason to entertain doubts. I would inquire, what is the present duty of the Church which has rent it in twain? Without stopping to controvert the opinions of others, already expressed, I an-

nounce it as my most deliberate, prayerful conviction that this controversy should cease, now that it no longer holds out the most distant promise of good to either party. Nobody expects to prevent the disruption of our connectional ties. We are already divided, for evil or for good, which we must wait for the future to disclose. The Southern Conferences have proclaimed their independence, and set up a distinct organization. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, lacks only a formal recognition by the constituents of the Louisville Convention, if, indeed, it lacks any thing, to the completeness of its arrangements for separate, independent operations. There is no power under Heaven competent to arrest this great movement; and if there were, it would still be a question whether it is wise to struggle any longer against tendencies which, if they are not strictly irresistible, are plainly incompatible with kindly, fraternal co-operation. Time may possibly diminish or remove these obstacles to harmony; but controversy, which has wholly failed to prevent this distressing crisis, can only aggravate its insuperable difficulties. Peace, now that union is confessedly out of the question, is the great want of the Church.

History will not fail to do justice to both North and South, and its awards may, perhaps, come soon enough for either party; but the time has already arrived when, for all practical purposes, we have less to do with the past than with the present and the future. All the precious interests of the Church and of our common Christianity imperatively demand that our contentions shall now come to an end, and the public mind be allowed, as soon as possible, to revert to its natural state of repose. This, as it seems to me, is an indispensable prerequisite to the return of prosperity. God seldom or never pours forth his Spirit upon a people agitated with controversy and passion. These, continued too long, impress their character upon a people, and sadly pervert the general conscience and heart of the Church. We must, then,

be content to wait, not merely for the healing influences of time and grace, but for the rising up of another generation, before the preaching of the word, and the other benignant ministries of the Gospel, can be restored to their wonted honor and efficiency. We may not even hope that much of the evil already done to souls by the pending bitter contest is not irretrievable. This fiery ordeal must needs have proved dangerous, and even ruinous, to unstable, ill-balanced minds, and to immature piety, when so many eminent, deeply-experienced ministers have been betrayed into indiscretions and extravagances so unworthy of their holy calling.

Yet may we humbly rely on the Divine blessing, for bringing back at least a measure of the fraternal affection and sympathy which has been lost. If good men, of all parties, will practice and inculcate forbearance and charity—if the conductors of the press, satisfied with having done their utmost to prevent the evils that have come upon us, shall now devote the energies intrusted to their direction to the mitigation of evils no longer avoidable—if those who have suffered wrong will be content to endure it for Christ's sake, to impose silence on themselves, even under grievous provocation and injustice, waiting for time and God to mollify or expose their traducers, and to justify their conduct and motives—we may even hope that so brief a period as a single year, which has been able to work such miracles of mischief, may bring about the most benignant changes, and that the voice of kindly greeting and brotherly love may begin to be heard even along the doubtful line of demarkation toward which so many strained eyes are now directed with eager, anxious hopes and fears. After these halcyon days of peace shall have been invited to return, and not till then, shall we be able to form an intelligent, impartial judgment upon the events of the past year. We shall then have opportunity to observe the working of the new organization. All may then become satisfied on a point, now by many good men held to

be doubtful, whether the Southern organization will prove effective for accomplishing the great objects of a Christian Church—whether it actually retains all of the essential elements and characteristics of that form of Christianity called Methodism. Our brethren claim for it that it does retain them, and is intended to do so. It is but fair to give them an opportunity to test their plans and to prove their sincerity, before we condemn. They assure us that the change will be highly favorable to the unfortunate class whose anomalous relations to our institutions have been the source of all our difficulties. Time will make its revelations on this subject; and if it shall show more numerous and more successful missions among the slaves, and more decided and comprehensive efforts to extend to their condition all the alleviations which the mission of the Gospel has to proffer, then our bitter regrets for the disruption of ties so dear and so sacred may possibly be succeeded by mutual congratulations, and by thanksgivings to God, who can make the wrath of man to praise Him. We may not be so sanguine, perhaps, as to anticipate such good results from events so unpromising, but we are at least under all Christian obligation not to frustrate and prevent them.

Who will not also anticipate from the progress of events, under the favoring auspices of grace and peace, more charitable opinions than now prevail in regard to the uprightness of intention, as well as to the wisdom of those who have been chief actors in this season of distress and perplexity? I confidently expect a speedy and great modification of the sentiments which now prevail, so far, at least, as intelligent and pious men are concerned. I have always believed that both parties in the General Conference were shut up to their course by a necessity which had nearly the power of a law, and that, in the end, this must come to be the verdict of history. Much of what has been done is deplorable enough, and can never be justified. Extenuation there may be, but noth-

ing more of such revilings and personalities as all must admit have disgraced this controversy. Still, it should be remembered that the South, in justifying its own course, not unnaturally fell into a bitter conflict with the ecclesiastical body, under whose provisions it professed to act; while the North, in justifying the measures of the majority, almost unavoidably assumed a hostile attitude toward those who impugned it. Both parties were thus drawn away from the simple issue proposed in the General Conference resolutions. This has been the great error. It was perhaps an unavoidable error. Now that the issue provided for in that act has been reached—whether wisely or unwisely is no longer a matter of any practical moment—it seems to me to be our first duty to make the best of our altered circumstances, to see how far we can still agree to sympathize with and love one another.

It is of little public importance what course an humble individual may choose to adopt in the premises; but it is of some, at least, to my own sense of duty, to declare that I for one shall feel bound to further, as far as in me lies, the holy ends of peace and quietness. I think I voted right in the General Conference. I could not act otherwise on a similar occasion. But I certainly expected the result which has followed, and I do not complain of it; however, I must regret some of the accompaniments of the movement.

As to the important pecuniary interests that still remain to be adjusted between the North and South, I can not believe that much difficulty will arise from them when approached in the spirit of moderation and mutual forbearance, which I so earnestly invoke. Whatever of real piety shall remain in either division of the Church after the storm subsides will be engaged on the side of justice, and mere questions of property and right are seldom so obscure as to give rise to invincible differences of opinion among honest, enlightened men.

STEPHEN OLIN.

CXXIX. TO MR. J. R. OLIN.

July 25th, 1845.

I received your welcome letter yesterday. It contained information that interested me a good deal—as, indeed, any thing connected with your plans and welfare always does. So, then, you are once more a keeper of sheep, like Jacob and the other patriarchs—you are fairly in the wool-market. You sleep better or worse as the prices current in the corner of the newspaper announce that Saxon has risen or fallen a cent a pound, according to the scale for pelts or pulled wool. You are, and were always, a dear lover of kine, and of the languorous race. So was our honored father before you; and I can not regret that you are once more in the way of gratifying this inborn taste. I must submit to endure the anxieties, long since forgotten, which I used to feel about tariffs, inspections, Smyrna wool, &c., so long as you were in the market. May all kindly constellations hover over Mr. Polk and Secretary Walker, averting their thoughts from all speculations about free trade. May your wethers wax fat, and your ewes bring twins or triplets. May wool be dear and money plenty. I only hope that you will not involve yourself with land as well as stock. The precariousness of your health would, I think, render this unadvisable as well as dangerous. And, moreover, I stand ready to sell or rent you my farm in Poultney on the most reasonable terms. In the mean time, I hope you will not burden yourself with too many cares. Observe watchfully the influence of your situation upon your health, and you will be able to choose the course best adapted, on the whole, to your circumstances. . . .

You perceive by the papers that I am still an itinerant president. So I must be for some time to come, at least, if God permit. I hope for good success in my most difficult enterprise. I mean to be faithful in this work, to which I

am in a sense devoted. Our prospects brighten. I think we must succeed. . . .

CXXX. TO THE REV. DR. M'CLINTOCK.

Rhinebeck, Aug. 21st, 1845.

I am just now under the pressure of a very grievous disappointment, of which almost the only practicable alleviation is in your power. I left home on Friday after Commencement, visited my old friend, brother Landon, at Sag Harbour, preached on Sunday at Sag Harbour, on Tuesday at the dedication of a church in Southampton, and on Wednesday left the railroad at Farmingdale, at 3 P.M., and returned at five, having visited the camp-ground, dined, and preached in the interim.

I arrived here a week since, expecting to proceed to Buffalo, to the Genesee Conference, last Monday, but on that day, as ever since, I was confined to my bed with a severe cold, with such accompaniments of vertigo, fever, &c., as in my case usually magnify this slight visitation into a regular, but not dangerous illness. This was the last day of departure which would allow me to reach Buffalo in time for the Conference, so the expedition is given over. I suppose I shall be about as usual in two or three days, and I expect to remain here during this and next week. Will not this protracted stay allow you to visit me here? I need not say how much pleasure such a plan would afford me. Miss Garrettson heartily joins me in the invitation. I think you will enjoy a few days at this lovely place, with its noble view, and its spreading trees, its cheerfulness, and its peaceful calm.

CXXXI. JOURNAL LETTERS TO MRS. OLIN.

New York, October 28th, 1845.

I arrived here yesterday about three in the afternoon, *much* refreshed and invigorated by the balmy gales, which were of the temperature of August rather than of October. My courage rose with my strength. The voyage to the South came

to seem the veriest trifle instead of a martyrdom, as I had regarded it the night before. I got to New York very comfortably, though weary enough. . . .

I took passage yesterday, and am to sail to-morrow in the ship *Celia* for Savannah, a pretty good ship. No vessel goes to Charleston earlier than Monday. I may be a week on the way if the weather remain good. . . .

You must allow from three to four weeks for my tour. I have much confidence that it will do me good. It occurred to me yesterday to think whether it is possible for me, so late in life, to become captain of a steamer—a kind of life well adapted to the state and wants of my nerves.

. . . . May our ever blessed Savior be very precious and very gracious to you. He has done glorious things for us, and He will not forsake us. It is my happiness to commit to Him the two interests dearer to me than all others—my wife and the university. May He fill you with the Spirit, establish your soul in faith and love, and bring us together in peace and health.

CXXXII.

Ship *Celia*, Nov. 1st, 1845.

I wrote to you on Wednesday that I was to embark for Savannah the next morning. As usual, another day was given to delay, and we went on board on Friday, 10 A.M. The weather was not very promising. A steam-boat took us from the wharf and dropped us near Governor's Island. Thence to the vicinity of Staten Island we succeeded in sailing in two hours, but the wind being dead ahead, the prospect for rain very threatening, we put about and anchored between Bedloe's Island and Jersey City. Here we dined, and, after some hesitation, I landed, and spent the night at your father's very pleasantly. I was again on board at nine this morning, the wind still ahead, and the prospect still very unfavorable for getting to sea. After various tacks and dem-

onstrations, we are now (2 P.M.) about a mile and a half short of Fort Hamilton, still somewhat doubtful whether we get through the Narrows, and sure of being well tossed, and making no headway, if we do, as the wind, so far as I can judge, is directly in our faces. We may get off, however, and as the pilot is to carry this letter to town, you will understand that we are already beyond the Hook when you receive it. So much for the navigation, which so far has been decidedly tardy.

The Celia, which performs as above, was built in other days, when more timber and less paint were used as an attraction for passengers. I doubt not she is perfectly safe, and the captain says a fair sailer. This ought to be said in her favor, as nothing else can. She is very, very dirty, and badly furnished. She has no seats, but a couple of long chests upon deck, and not chairs enough to seat thirteen persons, our quota of passengers at the dinner-table. With plenty of substantial beef, fresh and salt, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, &c., we have, as yet, had no showing of delicacies on the table. One thing, however, is about as good as another when one is sea-sick, which, I suppose, we all have a good chance to be by to-morrow at furthest. You see there is hope in our situation, and a species of comfort which a mere landsman has no part in.

It is, indeed, of little consequence whether an invalid eats or not at sea. It is, however, of no little importance that he has good company, agreeable, sociable people to look at and talk with when his stomach is a little composed, or, being hungry, he has little or nothing to eat. I have taken some observations—such as circumstances have allowed, and can speak rather positively in regard to my co-voyageurs. There are three ladies in the cabin, and two female children. Of two of the ladies I despaired on sight, and wrote them down as utterly hopeless and impracticable. Yet one of them has large black eyes, and a very small husband, named Mr. Smith.

The other, I believe, is just now reading aloud in the cabin. It is painful the way she does hard words. English no less than French, of which there seems to be a sprinkling in her book. I must as yet speak with some caution of the third fair one, who wears a veil, is of tolerably graceful carriage, and abides the phrenological tests under which her compeers rather fail. I gave her something near me at dinner, and design to speak to her to-morrow, if I do not get sick or alter my mind. We have nine men with us—not hopeful very, but well enough, I suppose, for the use they have for themselves. Upon the whole, I never sailed with so select a party, and you must not fear that I shall overtalk, nor, I think, overeat. I have also fifteen bottles of Congress Water on board, fruit of my forethought and experience.

So you see every thing is favorable in its way—not too much luxury, nor too good company—a dirty ship, a short berth, five feet four about, a good prospect for a long voyage, which involves the idea of plenty of sea air, which is what I came for. Then comes the proverb about a bad beginning and a good ending. I am in good spirits, as you will suppose, though a little annoyed at having the stereotyped joke about Jonah slantingly directed to me.

CXXXIII.

At sea, Thursday, Nov. 6th, 1845.

Presuming, from something you said on the subject, that you will attach especial value to what may be written *at sea*, I try to scribble a few lines. My mood is any thing but witty or playful; but it is as affectionate as possible, which is, I know, far better in your estimation. . . . It was Saturday night before we had passed out by the light. It had already begun to rain, and we anchored some three or four miles further out—a miserable plight to be in on a stormy night. It rained all day Sunday, and was excessively rough. I was shut up in my berth excessively sick, as were nearly

all the passengers. The ensuing night was dismal. Our sails were reefed, and the ship tossed and rolled in a way that is wholly indescribable to one uninitiated. There was not the least danger, but great discomfort. Monday was rough, so was Tuesday, and our progress was slow. Yesterday was also pretty rough, though the weather has been fine since Monday. The wind was adverse, and it is dead ahead to-day. We should have been in Savannah by this time, but we lack some sixty miles of half-way, being off Carri-tuck Inlet, North Carolina. The shore is eight or ten miles off, and in plain sight, the border being white sand, and the background a dark, flat region. We are sailing to and fro over a perfectly smooth sea, waiting for a change of wind, which must pass round to the northward in order to enable us to double Cape Hatteras. Here for the present—perhaps for some days—we must wait, as all progress is impossible. We shall hardly see the end of our voyage this week, even with a fair wind, of which there are no signs. Every body is impatient. Even I partake slightly of the prevailing anxiety to reach our port, though sailing is just what I want, and a long voyage preferable to a short one. The love of the land becomes a passion with people at sea, and in this, as in other strong prevalent sentiments, it is not easy to avoid a participation, though your reason and interest may be opposed. Our captain is very obliging, and we do as well as pretty coarse accommodations will allow. It is no slight advantage to have so few passengers, as attendance is better, and you have room enough. The captain is pious, which keeps all right among the men, except that the first mate indulges in profanity now and then.

As to company, a fastidious, scholarly man would fare but poorly; but I get on very well. There is a good variety of character and attainment to learn from and speculate on. The lady of whom I spoke with some hope has been ill, and has not shown her face until just now; I believe she is going

on deck for the first time. I overrated her, taken, as I am wont, by good eyes and upper head. I was right with regard to the others. In the male line we do better. One man, with the look and air of a gentleman, but the language of a clown, tells his fortunes freely, which are that, beginning as a tin peddler, he became a merchant in Georgia, got rich, and now lives in Western New York *in otium cum dignitate*. He had an ugly cough, and goes South to do it battle. He is an oracle in all matters of real life or business. A better than he is a man of Florida, whither he went from New York, a ship carpenter, a calling to which he rose from tanner's apprentice. Between scheming, marrying, and hard work, he has become rich, and lives on a domain of pine woods and hammocks of fifteen thousand acres. He was captain of a company of Rangers in the Florida war, and has seen more Indians than I should like to have done, unless, indeed, he stretches the real history a little, which I incline to think. He is the cleverest man on board, and I should like him better but for an ill-cured habit he has of semi-swearing. He has a way of abbreviating his oaths, so as to evade criticism, and, perhaps, to deceive his own conscience. I mean to reprove him when I have a good opportunity. Then we have two young adventurous millwrights from Maine, who mean to get money by showing the Georgians some improved method of grinding hominy. Mr. C—— has designs, I *guess*, of raising the wind by taking daguerreotypes, though he keeps rather dark for a man of his genius. Somewhere on the line between Rhode Island and Connecticut had the honor of his birth. I learn that he has above nine thousand loco-foco matches in his trunk, which emit a strong sulphurous odor, and cost only forty-five cents! Mr. M——, who is an old and very lean tall man, has the phthisic, and goes to Florida to breathe easier this winter. He believes that all things come to pass according to predestination, so that good people and bad are all one on the score of merit. I avoid discuss-

ing with him topics that might bring me foul of this snag. Another peculiarity, not now first seen in company with this creed, is a strong love of fire. Mr. M—— keeps the cabin heated all day up above fever heat, and hovers over the stove at that. He is my evil genius in this matter. Of Mr. Smith I only know he is very, very short, and has a wife and little daughter on board, who are ill. Mr. S—— says but little, as the Smiths are wont, and works in a foundery in Savannah. He wears a gray coat and profuse sandy whiskers. I like him very well. All told, you see we have a various and goodly company, not unfruitful of improvement and interest to a practical man. Over and above these, I dip into navigation and voyages with the captain and mates.

CXXXIV.

Ship Celia, Thursday, Nov. 11th, 1845.

I would have jotted down the incidents of our voyage daily, but found it nearly impossible. I wrote last Thursday. From that time to this we have had head winds, with the exception of some twelve hours or more. Twice we have been driven out into the Gulf Stream, which is usually sixty miles from the land. In good weather, it is always thought best to keep nearer the shore to avoid this current. Twice we have been driven back, about or above a hundred miles. Yesterday at noon we were in the latitude of Charleston. To-day we are off Wilmington, North Carolina, with an unfavorable wind that will allow us to approach, but not to reach our port. We may get on to-morrow or next week. The weather, meantime, is very mild. I stay on the deck all day without an overcoat, and till nine at night. The moon is a glorious one, and makes the evening peculiarly pleasant. As you look from the deck toward this luminary, your dazzled eye rests upon an immense glittering tract of water, in the form of an inverted pyramid, or, rather, obelisk—its apex touching the side of the ship, and its broad base

stretching away to the horizon, just under the moon itself. It has the aspect of molten silver, and the eye is dazzled and confused by looking upon it. I pace the deck alone for hours after the other passengers retire. It is pleasant to think of Him who rules over these restless elements with a sway not perceived, yet quite absolute. I lift up audible prayers and thanksgivings to Him in these hours, which are thus made delightful, and the least solitary of the day. It is delightful to feel that God is with one as he is tossed upon the billows—that He hears prayer above the voice of the tempest. We have really been in no danger, I suppose, and yet one feels at sea, more than on the land, that there is no help or safety in an arm of flesh, and we seem to draw nigh unto God with a peculiar facility and relish. You almost *feel* the shadow of His wing, and rejoice to be gathered near to Him now that the foundations of the earth are moved. I have enjoyed these brief seasons very much, and have felt great liberty in offering praises, prayers, and intercessions. I pray much for you—for your health and happiness—for your sanctification and usefulness. I feel a very special desire for your growth in grace, and a strong hope that this season of our separation may be memorable in your religious life—that you may become *established*, rooted, and grounded in *faith*. I never felt more deeply that God has intrusted you to me, not merely for the promotion of my happiness, but for your spiritual good.

What can I say, my dearest, to induce you to a fuller devotion to our precious, crucified Savior? Seek, I pray you, to be *wholly* consecrated. Go to Him in the fullness of love and faith, and fully embrace His cross. Give *all* to Him, believing that He requires and will accept all. Cast about you during my absence to see if there may not be some way of doing good which we have not tried. I feel as if I were doing nothing. Think for me, and tell me honestly what I can improve in—what I can do for Christ that I now omit—what I should omit that I now do: Be a helpmeet for me

in this, as, indeed, you are in every thing. Pray for me much; pray also for the university. I seem shut up to doing good in that way or none. I must do my utmost to help and establish it, and that for Christ's sake. In my hours of weakness, I feel as if I must desert my post; but I must labor *as long as I can*. I must take care of my health very resolutely for *that object*—must be more attentive to exercise—more self-denying. I must not shun any expense that is likely to promote my health. . . .

Saturday was a rough, stormy day. Sunday was clear, but terribly boisterous. The sea was grand—stupendous. The billows rolled in miniature mountains. They were capped with foam, and perpetually threatened to engulf the ship, which bounded and rolled like a cockle-boat. When at their highest, the terrible blasts of wind seemed to slice off their heads, as if it had taken the form of an immense scythe, which fairly pared down the tempest-tossed sea to a smooth, horizontal level, to be lifted up the next second into another crop of towering billows, in the midst of which the ship trembled like an aspen. I could have wished you had been here to enjoy the sight, but for the less agreeable accompaniments. We were all dreadfully sick—the sea dashed on the deck—the cabin was turned up edgewise, and it was no easy thing to avoid rolling out of the berth by clinging. To-day the sea is as smooth as a mill-pond.

At sea, Thursday, Nov. 13th, 1845.

Since my last entry we have had fair weather, and, for the most part, adverse winds. After reaching the latitude of Charleston, which we did three days since, we were driven back, or, rather, forced to a tack which led us back to the latitude of Wilmington, North Carolina, in order not to be carried too far out to sea. This unpromising maneuver we have adopted three times. At this moment (10 A.M.) we are within a few miles of the Charleston light-house, which

we shall probably see in two or three hours. It is yet above seventy miles to Savannah. Our wind is very light, though fair, and if it continue we may reach our port to-morrow. This is the fourteenth day of a voyage often made in four at this season of the year. With the exception of three or four days, the weather has been mild, and our passage tolerably agreeable. Better fare and more intelligent society are luxuries not always to be commanded on shore; while a return of sea-sickness, ever at hand, is quite able to make nick-nacks very indifferent things on the water. I confess to the weakness of having thought it desirable to have a clean, fresh breakfast this morning. I already have a little dread of our approaching interview with the but too familiar masses of corned beef, unsavory chickens, and dark, doubtful mush and mashed turnips. It is, however, pleasant to hope beyond such transient evils, and look forward to a future, in which these dinners will, in the way of contrast, impart excellent flavor to the worst we are likely to see on shore. It is a great matter that the passengers all try to be agreeable, and put on no airs—only the captain of rangers sometimes drops out a puny oath by obvious inadvertence—being quite an interesting character.

The captain is a pious, though unpolished man, and is withal a careful, competent sailor. The crew is of the very meanest-picked men—the refuse of several nations, though only eight in all. The order of service is this. There are two divisions or watches of four men and a mate, which are on duty alternately, in periods of four hours, day and night. In storms and heavy seas all must work. The captain sleeps at night only; he rises and visits the deck every two or four hours. The worse the weather the more work; and the men must be wet through, in or out of bed, during a rain. It is a dog's life; and, after all that has been done to improve sailors, they are the most degraded of the species. Yet they certainly drink and swear less, and are otherwise less vicious

than they used to be. Now and then we meet with a religious sailor.

The sky and the sea are full of beauty to compensate for the moral deformity on board. I think I never enjoyed these and the pure, refreshing atmosphere so much. Could I have you by my side to share and heighten these satisfactions, I could be well content to commune with them if the winds and waves compel for some time longer. I am not quite sure, however, that I could have trusted you alone on the deck at sunset last evening, or under the influence of the glorious moon that burnished the whole sky and sea last night. And then there was such a star by this pale luminary, keeping its company and rejoicing in its quiet honors, I paced the deck till ten o'clock with more sensibility than I am wont to feel in gazing upon the sky.

Many delightful recollections of the past came to fill up and hallow the scene. It just occurred to me to realize fully what I had casually thought of, I suppose, before—that it is just twenty-five years this month since I coasted along these shores to Savannah before. I was young and inexperienced. I was not only irreligious, but skeptical. I did not fear God nor love the Savior, but was domineered over by as extravagant and purely worldly an ambition as ever blinded the soul and hardened the heart of a young man. I had just partially recovered from an alarming illness, the first of an unbroken series of chastisements with which I have hitherto been disciplined. I was not subdued, nor humbled, nor even sobered, but only chafed and roused. To any one who knew my thoughts and aspirations I should have seemed at a hopeless remove from religion. And yet, in the plans of infinite mercy, I was on my way to the cross. Four months later, I was serious, and even prayerful; and in the beginning of the ensuing autumn was happily converted to God:—a great crisis in my history, which was to give a new coloring to my life and to my eternity. Through how many scenes and

changes have I since passed. How much of anguish, and of physical and mental suffering, has fallen to my lot. Yet I have been a happy, an increasingly happy man. All these things have manifestly worked together for my good. I have *enjoyed* religion. I have been mostly exempted from doubts and fears, though usually penetrated very deeply with a sense of unworthiness and unfruitfulness. Christ has kept and blessed me. He has enabled me to *believe*; and now my prospects are increasingly delightful. He has even multiplied my worldly comforts—has refitted and re-endowed my desolated home, and satisfied all my wishes for domestic comfort and conjugal happiness. Such were the trains of thought that occupied me on the deck last evening, and it is long since my recollections of the Divine goodness have been so vivid and affecting. I made some good resolutions, which I hope to keep. I had some delightful views of the excellency of the Gospel, which yet refresh me. I looked upon the varying scenes of the past as constituting a whole, marked and illuminated by the Divine mercy.

I doubted the propriety of recording all this for your eyes, and yet I find myself more and more disposed to make you participant of my religious thoughts as well as others. I think we are becoming more and more *one* in Christ Jesus; and while I pray that our hearts may be knit together more and more in all things, I am spontaneously led to unbosom all my feelings. I have not been wont to do so with others. It may not be wise to do so at all. You will certainly excuse me for this effort to hold communion with a mind now far away, but intimately near to mine in all the sympathies and interests that can bind immortal spirits together. Oh! may our Savior cheer your heart in these days of loneliness with many delightful emotions. May He increase your faith greatly, and lead you into high and holy communion with Himself!

CXXXV.

Savannah, November 15th, 1845.

. . . . We got to the Tybee light, at the mouth of the Savannah, at daylight this morning, and got to town, eighteen miles, the last three or four by a sail-boat. Our voyage has been of sixteen days' duration, pleasant enough, for the most part, and I think decidedly advantageous to my health, but protracted to a terrible length by constantly adverse winds.

November 16th.

I slept *tolerably* last night, which was better than I expected on coming from the sea. One misses the rocking of the waves, and, preposterously enough, sets about getting up a substitute for what is disagreeable enough in itself, by hard dreaming. The stationed preacher, Rev. Mr. K——, called on me last night and invited me to stay at his house, and two or three gentlemen, members of our Church, have called and invited me to dinner, &c.

I need not repeat to you that I *feel* as a brother and a co-religionist toward my old friends at the South. I still regard them as worthy members of our great Methodist family. I sympathize with, and can freely extend to them all acts of fraternal recognition. I know of no more laborious ministers than they are. The indiscreet, though by no means criminal course of Bishop Andrew, placed them and us in a dilemma utterly inextricable. I am sorry that both parties can not regard it so, and find a common ground of charity to meet upon, in love and mutual confidence, if not of union, which, indeed, I regard as impossible, after all that has passed. I have enjoyed advantages, I think, for attaining to sound opinions upon this subject, superior to those of many wiser and better men. This has led to some differences not at all agreeable to me, which, however, I trust may never become personal. The Northern Methodists acted, in my opinion, both

legally and discreetly in the General Conference. They can only place themselves in the wrong by following out the policy recommended so intemperately by some of the Western Conferences. If they shall respect the provisional resolutions, and in due time consent to an equitable distribution of the funds of the Church, then, I am confident, history will hold us justifiable. If, however, in our hot passions and over-much righteousness, we shall violate our own pledges, refuse to do pecuniary justice, and hold our Southern brethren schismatics, in order to have a coloring of justification for doing wrong, then I must dread the verdict of both God and men in the premises. The Northern Church will never do this great wrong intentionally. The leaders in it will probably act conscientiously; for any subject in which slavery is ever so remotely involved is liable to set reason and right at defiance. This remark applies with exactness enough to both parties in such controversies. Without being conscious of one selfish or resentful feeling, I must say that this Church difficulty has done and does more than any thing else to sadden my happy life. I desire, above all things earthly, to see it adjusted on right principles, that all parties may be left free to engage in their proper work. May God speedily send the reign of peace and righteousness on our agitated Zion! . .

CXXXVI.

Charleston, November 24th, 1845.

I wrote to you one week since from Savannah, from which place I came on Monday by the steamer, and reached this city on Tuesday. After a little repose from the long sea voyage, I concluded that it would be most desirable to return to New York by a packet, and I expect to sail on Monday, wind and weather permitting. . . . I stopped two days at the hotel, and was rather disposed to remain there; but I feared that it might be ascribed to feelings which I do not possess if I resisted the urgent applications of my old friends

to stay with them, so I came to the house of Dr. Capers, where I now am. Nothing could exceed the kindness of this very excellent and interesting family; indeed, I have met with the utmost kindness and attention from all quarters. Yet my feelings are constantly saddened by reflections which I can not stave off in regard to the disruption of ancient ties. I have suffered not a little on this point both here and in Savannah. It is a bitter cup at best. God alone can avert the great evils upon us and before us.

Mrs. Ramsay, who is very intimate here, called to see me, and invited us to tea last evening. I am sorry to say I have seldom been so stupid as in the company of these accomplished sisters. I had dined at Dr. Dickson's, and had had a very exciting interview with the son of an old Georgia friend, whom I found on the confines of eternity without religion. I am little used to such scenes, common enough in a pastor's history. The reaction was upon me by night, and I am sure that you have the credit of having a husband as remarkable for stupidity as for stature. I mention this to promote humility in you, as I care little for such *accidents* myself.

November 25th.

So far I wrote last evening, when the twilight became too close for me. To-day I have the mortification of finding that the packet will not leave before Wednesday. I have become as impatient as I allow myself to become; and I am fast coming to concur in an opinion often expressed in my hearing, that *I ought* to have brought you with me, short as my stay must be. . . . My life has been a checkered scene; it can not last a great many years longer, and I must count as lost every day spent away from home if not devoted to some useful purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Martin stopped here on their way from Wilmington to Columbia. Both appear much improved in health.* Mrs. Wightman, with whom I

* "My next meeting with Dr. Olin," writes Mrs. Martin, "was in

spent an evening, and upon whom I called again to-day, has very kindly placed her carriage at my disposal. I wish you could be present in the lovely family of Dr. Capers. He has eight children at home, besides two married, and one could hardly wish him fewer. Remember me to your father, mother, sisters and brothers in all of whom I have a growing inclination to claim my portion.

CXXXV TO THE REV. MR. MERRIAM.

New York, Dec. 7th, 1845.

I did not receive your letter of November 10th until the day before yesterday, having just returned from Savannah, where I have been for the improvement of my health, by a sea voyage. I feel very deeply the death of our much-respected brother and friend, of whose unexpected death you communicate the painful intelligence. This event, though wholly unexpected as to the time, I could but look forward to, as upon the whole, but too probable, considering Mr. Palmer's infirmities, and his special liabilities to bilious disease. This seemed to me the only objection to his removal westward, and so strong was my conviction that his exposure would be greater than that of ordinary emigrants, that I wish-

Charleston, in November, 1845, at the house of William Gregg, Esq., whose guests we were. Our kind host invited one evening for tea Dr. Olin, Dr. Bachman, and Bishop Capers. The two former had been long desirous of a personal acquaintance. Imagine 'the feast of reason and flow of soul' of such an evening! There was Gregg, with his fine practical good sense, Olin with his coruscations of genius, Bachman with his charming versatility of information, and Capers with his rich gems of thought. It was like one of Johnson's evenings with 'Davy,' and 'Goldy,' and 'Bozzy,' 'only more so;' for there was the enlightened, fervent piety pervading, sanctifying all that delightful intercourse, all so comparatively unknown and unfelt at 'The Mitre.'

"Olin, that was the last of thee! Well may I say, I ne'er shall look upon thy like again!

"Columbia, September 1st, 1851."

ed him rather to purchase a farm in Vermont. God, however, had other purposes, and, in humble dependence upon his infinite wisdom and mercy, we may well spare ourselves all painful reflections upon the past, and look to the grounds of hope and satisfaction which we find in his exit. You do not refer to his state of mind in the last extremity, but I do not allow myself to doubt his full preparation for the future. I have long regarded him as a sincere and devout Christian, and I have good confidence in his safe transition to a better and happier world. I had much respect for his character. He was a kind and provident husband and father, and it is in that relation that I most deplore his loss, just at a time when his family so much need his care. And yet God will no doubt provide for the seed of the righteous. The widow, we know, is his peculiar care. I inclose a line to dear sister Palmer, not knowing her post-office. I am glad to hear that she bears her loss with Christian meekness, though I am sure that her sensitive nature must feel the shock very deeply.

I am truly sorry to learn that you are no longer able to preach the Gospel. I can sympathize with you in this great privation, than which none can be more grievous. It is yet matter for congratulation that you have so much strength for ordinary pursuits. It is a great blessing to live for one's family after you can do little more for the Church. How happy should I be to visit you all in Illinois. This may be practicable hereafter, though just now I am too busy with imperative duties to think of indulging my fervent wishes in this respect. I *must* work while it is day. My health has failed me during the present year, and I hardly dare to hope for permanent improvement. I only resolve to do what I can as long as I can, trusting in God for results. I send my love to dear sister Adams and the children. They are nearly grown by this time. May Heaven bless them, and make them great comforts to their parents.

I am very truly your brother and friend,

STEPHEN OLIN.

CXXXVIII. TO A GRADUATE OF 1845.

New York, December 31st, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I suppose you are acquainted with the cause of my long silence. I received your letter in October, and, I assure you, with much satisfaction. I had already been ill six weeks or more, commencing with September 5th. I was unable to perform any duty during the fall term, and attended prayers in the chapel but three times. About the 1st of November I sailed for Savannah, and returned to this city about the 7th of the present month, much better—indeed, in about my usual health. A multitude of duties, which had accumulated during my illness, had to be attended to, and, according to an invariable rule of mine, took precedence of all claims not imposed upon me by my official engagements. I have given great prominence to an explanation, because I wish to hear from you again, and would not have you to suppose that I have *neglected* to acknowledge your letter. You were likely, also, to feel some interest in my health—enough to tolerate this paragraph.

I highly approve of your reasons for preferring to engage in teaching, at least for the present ; and I trust I may have opportunities to aid you in obtaining a satisfactory situation. It would give me great pleasure to do so, whenever I may be able. I should, perhaps, feel much less of difficulty with your peculiar religious notions than you imagine. I habitually extend a very large charity to opinions not precisely like my own, and I assure you that increasing years and ampler opportunities to observe have no tendency to chill this feeling. I have been fortunate in becoming acquainted with excellent men, belonging to religious denominations not accredited for the soundest opinions ; and I am unable, perhaps constitutionally so, to reject, on the score of a rather unsatisfactory creed, piety that commends itself in the deportment and temper. In the case of a young man like yourself, there is yet

stronger reason for both hope and charity. Every thinking young man is likely to pass through a probation of many doubts and speculations before he reaches the high vantage-ground of a settled, sustaining faith. So long as the morals are pure, and a love of truth and a deep reverence for God maintain their ascendancy over the heart, I can not feel that there is any very imminent danger. Whatever errors of sentiment you may have had the misfortune to embrace—and of these I can not pretend to be well informed—I have always supposed that you had these safeguards, and therefore have felt less solicitude about the ultimate issue of your speculations. Allow me to add, that I have thought your chief want to be one which would be satisfied by personal consecration to God. I think your speculative difficulties will mostly disappear when you shall have reached that point in your religious history. Without knowing what may be your peculiar faith in regard to the divinity of Christ, for instance, I suppose that a deep conviction of sinfulness and of utter helplessness would place you in a position highly favorable to the reception of such views on this subject as I esteem orthodox. Some progress in Christian experience can hardly fail of suggesting wants not easily satisfied by inadequate views of the Redeemer's offices and agency. The renewed soul speedily comes to feel the power of what are called high views on these points, and nothing is so calculated to awaken and sustain its faith and its gratitude as the contemplation of a Savior clothed with the functions and attributes which we are wont to ascribe to him. I do not mention these things in a controversial way, which seldom does any good, but as my justification for taking far more encouraging views of your religious position than you may have imagined. I have not thought you confirmed in any opinions incompatible with a saving piety. I know of nothing to interfere with your usefulness in any situation among us, and I will gladly aid you in your wishes and objects, when it may be in my power to

do so. Unquestionably, it might be indiscreet for you, if, for instance, in a Methodist institution, to promulgate sentiments and views objectionable to that denomination ; nor, until you had embraced such opinions *fully*, would you be called on to publish them ; and when you had, you would be at liberty to adopt a creed and a position in accordance therewith. I earnestly hope and pray that your doubts and speculations may result in your embracing heartily that form of Christianity which may prove most favorable to elevated piety. The little distaste you may have for Methodism in some of its manifestations should not, and, I am sure, will not have any permanent influence upon a mind so philosophical as yours. I am glad to see a good article of yours in the Methodist Quarterly Review. It is favorably received, and I hope you will write again. Give, I would suggest, a fuller expression of *your own* views. Here is a field open in which you may do good, despite your "chaotic faith." Occupy this, and others will open. May God be your guide to a proper field of action, to a sound, saving faith, and to all happiness here and hereafter.

CXXXIX. TO MRS. OLIN.

Boston, Wednesday, January 7th, 1846.

This, the first morning of my visit in this *enchanted* city, opens with a northeast storm. It snowed in the night ; it rains since the dawn of day. Darkness lasted till seven o'clock. I am, of course, *shut in*, having a too lively recollection of my adventure last winter to invite the fate to which I was then doomed, or doomed myself, under circumstances so precisely like the present, that I am not a little startled at them. . . .

I was at the South Ferry yesterday morning half an hour before the time. Our passage to Greenport was nearly at the rate of thirty miles an hour, diversified only by a little sleep, which, indeed, helped me to dispose of several hours of the

tedious day. We crossed the Sound to the Thames, and took the road at Allen's Point, some six miles below Norwich, the ice preventing our nearer approach to that city. Near the termination of our ride on the island, a man or boy threw a stone through the window into the car, and ran away off from the bank. The broken glass flew across the car into my face, but fortunately did no harm. I presume this is a fruit of the grudge against the rail-road intrusion into this secluded region. On coming to Allen's Point, I saw standing among the waiting crowd the Rev. Mr. B——, who was once at our house—a short, stout, primitive man. I accosted him before he saw me. His eyes filled with tears as he replied to my inquiry, "I am well, but in affliction. My children are all dead, and now my only grandchild has died of the croup. We"—pointing to his wife and son-in-law, to whom he introduced me—"are going to New London with the corpse, to bury it there." All then wept. I did not, but realized the uncertainty of earthly good. What sorrow was there! May God bless the sufferers! May He give me a heart to sympathize more deeply with all the forms of human woe! I often fear that I am greatly deficient in this, and yet I am no stranger to sorrow myself. It would be good for me to visit more sick-rooms, more death-beds—good, I mean, for the soul, though my nerves might complain.

The captain of the boat was very polite, having heard me preach on Sunday, in John Street, of which church his wife is a member. I rode on and nodded on to Boston, which we reached, I think, before seven o'clock.

. My narrative has now reached the present moment (twenty minutes short of eleven o'clock). It rains dismally. Mr. S—— has gone to his office; his wife to the nursery. The children are scattered. E—— is studying the seventh book of Virgil here in the dining-room, where I write by a bright coal-fire. I have not many bright thoughts, as you see. I wish you were here; it would brighten our view, despite the outdoor manifestations.

You never looked forward to standing on the pillory or to a surgical operation, as things to be gone through by you the next fair day, so I am at a loss how I may transfer to your mind some vivid idea of the bright anticipations which my duties here just now awaken. Difficulties grow small, however, as we fight with them, and I may come to love begging better in the act than in the distance. This is my cross; I must not shun it. Crowns are won through this agency. "*Hoc signo vince.*"

CXL. TO MR. J. R. OLIN.

Middletown, March 1st, 1846.

Until I received your last letter, I think I had been under the impression that you were indebted to us. My correspondence, however, was much deranged by my long season of indisposition. I have been an invalid mostly, ever since last August. My sea voyage in November helped me decidedly, but I preached half a dozen times after my return to New York, and became ill again. For the last month I have been on the recovery, and really feel as well as usual, and as vigorous, though I have not the same confidence to attempt any thing. Sunday I went to church, which is the second time in this place since August. I made a long exhortation after sacrament, and I spoke more than an hour in a college meeting last Thursday, it being the annual concert of prayer for literary institutions. I have reason to believe that my extempore observations on the way of coming to Christ were made a blessing. Several of our students profess to have found peace while I was speaking. Twenty of them have become professed converts within the last ten days, and more are inquiring the way. Nearly fifty converts are also numbered in our town congregation. It is truly a wonderful time. About three fourths of our students profess religion, and I never saw a more hopeful company of young men. I think there are many preachers of righteousness among them, from whom the world will hear by-and-by.

I feel a lively sympathy with my brother's protracted affliction, but I have cause to regard it as his allotment, and I rejoice to know that he receives it as from God. This makes *any* thing not only very tolerable, but a blessing. I wish I could say when I *hope* to be able to come and see you. You know how ardently I desire this. I had nearly matured a plan last summer for calling on you for a brief period. I was invited to open the splendid Wesleyan Chapel in Montreal, but the time fixed on would not allow me to leave home. Now I think I may not improbably be at the Troy Conference, but it is uncertain. If I go to Keesville, however, you will be on the way. I have been urged from various sources to go to the London Convention, and on all accounts but the inconvenience of so long an absence from this country should rejoice to go. I *probably* shall not think it right to leave my duties here and at the Conferences. The plan of endowment is not yet completed, and I can not help feeling that this is, by eminence, *my* proper work, perhaps my last and only work, though I see not why I may not continue to halt along, as I have long done, for some years to come. I had never a more fervent desire to be useful. Be this as Christ will. His servant I am, to do or suffer His will, or to go hence into His glorious presence.

CXLI. TO MR. J. R. OLIN.

Boston, May 31st, 1846.

I am to sail for Liverpool to-morrow, accompanied by my wife. This measure has become indispensable on account of my health, which has been precarious, and for the most part decidedly bad for the last nine months. What the voyage may do for me I know not, but hope for the best. I go abroad for my health alone, though commissioned from both the New England and the New York Conferences to attend the World's Convention in London. In the objects of this Convention I sympathize deeply, and would gladly cross the Atlantic to

promote them ; but I could not leave the university in obedience to any call except that of stern necessity. Such a call has reached me in the declining state of my health, and I obey it not without a strong reluctance. I could wish to remain at my post, would God so permit ; yet I will not unwillingly follow the leadings of His providence. . . .

CXLI. TO THE REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK.

New York, May 27th, 1846.

Yours of the 22d came to hand yesterday. I can make no adequate reply. I have not strength. I have not time, but must not go to sea without writing you a line. Crossing the ocean is nowadays a small matter, and yet a thoughtful man would arrange his affairs and take leave of his friends before entering upon it. I feel only as I should at taking a journey into the interior, only a little more depressed at being longer from home, and a little less animated with the prospect of seeing friends, mine being mostly on this side of the Atlantic. If one must travel, it is desirable to have more stirring anticipations than belong to an invalid already worn out with sight-seeing. Yet I think it my *duty* to go. I must try to prolong my life, and to rally for more work, if God permit. So I go. My wife, however, has her powers of enjoyment in full play, and I may enjoy anew through her. I have much interest in the Union Convention, but could not leave home for that. I am very glad to learn that Messrs. Emory and Caldwell are to be there. I have for them the highest possible regard, and want more opportunities to know them better. You know, I believe, that both the New York and the New England Conferences have elected me a delegate.

I am to go to-night to Middletown, to return to-morrow. On Saturday we go to Boston, and to sea on Monday. May God prosper us, and make this voyage promotive of our usefulness and holiness. You, and I hope many, will often pray for us.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE—TWO MONTHS ON THE CONTINENT.

In the autumn of 1845, the earnest desire of many Christian hearts in Great Britain, for a comprehensive union and fellowship among the people of God, found expression in a Conference held at Liverpool. Public sympathy had been awakened in this movement by the publication of a volume on Christian Union, written at the suggestion of John Henderson, Esq., of Park, by eight ministers of various churches, and by some forcible articles by the Rev. John Angell James; and when Christian brethren came together at the memorable meeting in Liverpool, men who had been enrolled under different banners in the Church militant recognized a mutual and powerful attraction as fellow-soldiers in the army of the great Captain of their salvation. "Love was the key-note of this meeting," which was blessed with many tokens of the Divine approval. "A holy burst of wonder, joy, and gratitude followed the announcement that the basis of union—first by fifty in committee, and then by two hundred in Conference—was adopted unanimously!"* This doctrinal basis, to be approved by parties forming the Alliance, was inclosed in the invitations to Christians throughout the world to assemble in London on the 19th of August, 1846, for the purpose of uniting in an effort to bind to-

* Rev. J. A. James.

gether "the safeguards of *truth* with the cement of *love*."

This invitation met with a most cordial response in America. In Dr. Olin's words, "A wonderful work of preparation had been going on in the hearts of the people, so that when the announcement was made that such an enterprise was on foot in the fatherland, they were prepared to co-operate in the work; and the moment the banner was lifted up with 'charity' written upon it, as it floated to and fro in the light of heaven, good men came up and arranged themselves under it in multitudes." Delegates appointed by a number of ecclesiastical bodies, and representatives from nearly all the evangelical denominations in America, made ready to cross the Atlantic in May or June, to be present at this high convocation. Dr. Olin was one of this number, being invited by the New York and New England Conferences to represent nearly four hundred ministers in the great assembly in London. He had felt "a throb of delight never before experienced when he heard of this attempt to develop Christian union, even if it should fail. For several years he had considered himself a little in advance of some of his brethren in the matter of Christian charity. He remembered well the hour when, walking solitarily upon the banks of the Nile, he lifted up his voice, when none but God heard him, and offered up his sectarian bigotry, and vowed that he would never know a difference between Christians because they were not of the same opinion." Such were his views, subsequently expressed on the floor of the Conference.

Fine weather, favoring gales, and agreeable society

made the voyage to England an exceedingly delightful one, and Dr. Olin spent the whole day on the deck, which he paced for hours with a feeling of elasticity and health seldom known on shore. A glorious vision of icebergs, through which the ship made its way as through a street of majestic palaces, penetrated all on board with feelings of wonder and awe. Sir Charles Lyell, who was returning from his second visit to the United States, was all excitement, as he never before had enjoyed so near a view of these stately visitants from the Frozen Zone, and he gave a little knot of eager listeners the results of his scientific investigations into the laws of their formation and progress. With this accomplished traveler, Dr. Olin walked and talked for hours on the varied phases of social, political, and religious life in the United States, as they had been noted by the eyes of these shrewd and watchful observers.

The passengers of the *Britannia* landed at Liverpool early on the morning of Sunday, the 14th of June, and Dr. Olin went at 6 P.M. to Brunswick Chapel, where he had last been present at the Centenary Conference, and heard a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Osborn on the Intercession of Christ, which, he said, was truly Wesleyan in its character—simple, clear, direct, and scriptural.

In the rapid rail-way journey from Liverpool to London, perhaps the point of greatest attraction was the Rugby Station, where, during the brief pause, Dr. Olin looked out most earnestly upon the quiet fields and lofty elms, in sight of which Dr. Arnold spent fourteen years of usefulness and holy activity. No picturesque or ro-

mantic charm there riveted the eye, but the mighty *human* interest made the very name electrical. It called up thoughts of the manly energy with which this "prince of schoolmasters" breasted the tide of life—of his power in moulding the chaotic elements of the boy-nature—and of the summons that, in the midst of his "unhasting, unresting diligence," called him away from his broad plans and prospects, from the "almost awful happiness" of his unbroken domestic circle to the serene activities of Heaven.

From London Dr. Olin wrote to Professor Smith a letter, dated

CXLIII.

June 16th, 1846.

I have only a few minutes to inform you of our safe arrival in this city. We had a passage of twelve days—one of the shortest, and as nearly exempt from all the manifold disagreeables of sea-faring life as a voyage across the Atlantic can be. We had fine weather, fair wind, very agreeable, intelligent company, and as good fare as we needed—better would really have been worse. I lost only one meal from sea-sickness. Mrs. Olin was on the invalid list about two days, all told. She is now in perfect health, and as eager to see sights as is compatible with absolute sanity. She must attach herself to such chance patronage as may offer, as I have but little nerve for this annoying business. She is now out on a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral.

We may leave day after to-morrow for Paris, having determined to spend the residue of this and the next month on the Continent. I have been to see Mr. M'Lean to-day, to arrange the passports—a vexation which, thank God, is unknown in our country. I also called on Dr. Alder, who inquired after my colleagues with special interest. I ought to

inform you that we got to Liverpool on Saturday night. Having spent the Sabbath there, we came to London on Monday (yesterday), so that this is our first day of repose. I find that I need it much. The transition from sea to the land is always a crisis with me, requiring more care than, with the excitements usual at such times, I found it easy to exercise. . . . I think I may conclude that I am better, perhaps I should say decidedly better, for my voyage. While at sea, I was quite renewed in strength. I strongly hope that I may come home in improved health, fitted to do at least a little in our common vocation. Yet in this and in all things I am trying to be ready to say, "Thy will be done."

I mean to give up the correspondence to Mrs. Olin. This is the only line I venture to write at present. I beg you to give our love to the beloved circle with which our vocation unites us so intimately. I hope you will not think me descending from my proper official dignity when I request you to assure the students of my affectionate remembrance of them. With the exception of a few personal, familiar friends, there are no other persons in the world to whom I could with such sincerity repeat such assurances. To Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Childs, and especially to Sophia, who I trust is better, and to the whole family, I beg to be remembered. I hope to hear from you as early as practicable, and am truly and affectionately your friend and fellow-laborer,

STEPHEN OLIN.

Notwithstanding his protest against sight-seeing, Dr. Olin spent three weeks visiting with his wife the gardens, churches, and galleries of Paris, through which he proved an admirable guide, familiar as he was with all objects worthy of attention. Every Sunday they attended the humble Wesleyan Chapel, in the Rue de la Concorde (almost beneath the shadow of the gorgeous Madeleine), where his friend, the Rev. Mr. Toase, min-

istered to a congregation composed principally of English and Americans. In this chapel Dr. Olin preached on Sunday morning with his usual impassioned earnestness, and doubtless with a feeling of devout gratitude to his heavenly Father for the ability vouchsafed him to sound one clear ringing note of warning and invitation in that brilliant city, where he had spent so many months of languor and inaction.

The following letter, describing a terrible accident which delayed his journey to Belgium, was written to the senior class of the Wesleyan University, with the hope that it would reach them before they separated at Commencement. How fervent was the thanksgiving he poured forth, when, upon his arrival at the hotel at Douay, he called upon his friends to join him in thanking God for preserving them from so fearful a death, and for holding their souls in life that they might praise Him.


CXLIV. TO THE STUDENTS OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Ghent, July 13th, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—We have just had a signal escape from imminent danger, and been witnesses of a dreadful scene. We left Paris on the 7th instant for this place, having delayed a day or two in order to accompany our friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Harper, and their party. The first night we passed in Amiens, in order to examine some objects of interest. There was especially its celebrated cathedral, which is, I think, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture I have any where seen.

The next morning (Wednesday, the 8th) we took passage by the new rail-road for Ghent, and at three o'clock P.M. were still in the midst of the interminable plains of Artois and French Flanders, now covered with luxuriant wheat,

just ripe for the harvest. At precisely five minutes past three the train reached an embankment about thirty feet high, over which it was to cross a valley. It was formed of sand—the foundation was a bog, in which large ponds had been made by digging peat for fuel—so that on either side of our aerial path the water was ten or fifteen feet in depth. The weight of the train, which consisted of twenty-five cars, drawn by two powerful engines, or perhaps its rapid motion, or both together, caused the sand to yield. One of the iron rails broke; the chain which attached the engines to their cortège was parted, and then nearly or quite one half of the train of carriages was precipitated down the embankment. Our carriage was near the middle—a little further back, I think. We felt the shock, and in the same breath perceived ourselves thrown to the lower side of the vehicle, of which the floor was now almost perpendicular. It pleased God that our descent should be arrested on the slope of the embankment. We succeeded in opening the door, and reached the road unhurt. Here we had opportunity to observe the character and extent of this calamity. One hundred and fifty persons, men, women, and children, thronged the way, all deeply excited—mostly pale and trembling with terror, and not a few stunned or bleeding with their wounds. While all were breathless with anxiety to know the nature and extent of the calamity, and yet afraid to inquire or examine, a man was brought up the bank, covered with blood, already dead. They laid him down by us. A priest, who was of our company, approached to tender his offices. Another man was the next moment laid by his side, terribly bruised and disfigured—his clothes being mostly torn off. For two or three minutes his bosom heaved, but he soon expired. The people covered their faces with a cloak. A third was brought up the dike, groaning and crying out aloud and piteously. I thought him evidently dying, and he called upon death to come and relieve him; but his injury was less than we had



supposed, and I heard two days after that he was doing well, though several of his ribs were broken, besides other wounds. I believe this man was aid-de-camp to General Oudinot, of the French army, who was also present, but escaped unhurt. My attention was absorbed by the dreadful spectacle so near me. I hoped that I had seen the worst of the scene, when I perceived a flat-boat or raft passing from the wreck to the shore with several dead bodies which had been taken out of the water. Nine of these unfortunates were stretched side by side upon the grass when I left the ground. It is probable that from thirty to forty persons perished. Of one company of thirteen from Paris, only two could be found. Of about thirty persons in one carriage, I heard that only eleven escaped. Many of the bodies were not, at the end of two days, recovered. I conversed with a gentleman on Friday morning who was just from the scene, which he described as still painfully affecting. One of the carriages, with its freight of living souls, was submerged; the next was thrown upon it in such a way as to force it into the bog below, and with all their exertions they had not yet been able to extricate it, though they had discovered the legs of several victims protruding out of the mud. One man lost a wife and two children, and was himself killed the next day by coming in collision with a post near the Belgian line. One lady was saved by being drawn out of the submerged carriage by the hair. Two children were taken out of the water by an Englishman, who was himself struggling for his life in the same element. After enumerating so many particulars of such a tragedy, it is hardly allowable to speak of personal inconveniences.

One absorbing emotion, I am sure, was that of a grateful exultation at God's so signal interposition in our behalf. Death never appears so dreadful as it does when its coming is so sudden and unexpected—when it falls, like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky, upon the young, the busy, the joyous, the thoughtless. I thought how feeble and how frail is man!


How contemptible does his might appear when it comes into conflict with such elements and agents as now made us their sport ! Life never seemed to me half so desirable as it did at the moment I looked upon the series of dead and dying men, whom a few moments had arrayed on either side of us. I could not help following these unfortunates from the green, gay world, now hidden from their eyes, to the world of retribution, into which they had in a single moment been transplanted. Could I even hope they had put their trust in Christ ? Without Christ, where were they ? Who could follow out this train of thought in regard to undying souls while the crushed tenement was yet warm and quivering ? I could scarcely refrain from praying for the dead. I think the cry, " God, have mercy upon them ! " was extorted from me.

After two or three hours, a small train, which had been sent for to Douay, arrived, and our party, with many more, proceeded to Douay, some eight or ten miles distant. There we were delayed two days in making such arrangements for the prosecution of our journey as our circumstances required. The trunks, which contained our wearing apparel and other requisites for traveling, were quite demolished. I saw the lid and some other fragments of mine, and was so fortunate as to recover the most of my wardrobe, which was strewed amid the wreck of the carriages. What was yet more surprising, I at length succeeded in finding a purse of gold, nearly all the money I had with me, which had escaped from the trunk, and was buried in the sand. A peasant, of whom a crowd was soon gathered, came to assist me in my labors, with the apparent design of profiting by our disaster. I drove him away with some difficulty, and with the aid of an officer. Mrs. Olin's baggage fared worse than mine. Not a fragment of her trunk was found, though her things were mostly recovered and brought to Douay that evening, or the next day, with a huge mass of things gathered up on the sand and out of the water. Whatever we had, not contained

in the trunks, was submerged in the morass or recovered in a most hopeless state. We obtained new trunks in Douay, and were ready to proceed on our journey after a stop of two days. Mr. Harper's baggage also suffered very much. He was detained three days, having arrived here last night.

Yesterday Mrs. Olin and myself made an excursion to Bruges, an antiquated, forlorn city, only worth seeing on account of its historical associations, its curious, quaint architecture, and a few remarkable pictures of the early Flemish school. We returned last evening, and to-day had the privilege of listening to a useful sermon on the very subject of our late danger and deliverance, from an English clergyman, who preaches to a very small congregation of his countrymen here, and is the only Protestant minister in this great city. There may have been forty persons present, of whom full one half were from America. I was happy to recognize in this small assembly the Rev. Drs. De Witt, Skinner, and Patton, of New York. We expect to proceed to-morrow toward the Rhine, stopping a day or two by the way to see Brussels and Antwerp.

I am sure my dear friends in the university will feel some interest in the details I have given, from their regard to us personally, and yet I had another and less obvious motive in directing this letter to them. They were present to my thoughts almost immediately after our escape from peril; and while we were yet surrounded by the victims, I was irresistibly led to inquire if I was prepared for such a death, if God should call me to it; and my next inquiry was, whether they, for whom I am bound to care most, are ready for the realities of a world into which they may be precipitated with such fearful haste. I think it my duty to remind you of your liabilities and obligations, and I beseech of you all to make this work of preparation your chief work and your first work. Thank God, most of you, I trust, are Christians; and yet I remember that you are young, are exposed to dangers, are



liable to look upon death as far away, and to live with less piety than you would be willing to meet death with. I exhort you most affectionately to be always ready—to keep your lamps trimmed—to have your loins girded, and to be ready for this journey to the other world. Do not become relaxed—do not restrain prayer—do not neglect duty—do not become worldly. Oh! live for God, for Christ, who was crucified for you—for heaven, that He has purchased for you. Do not make the first retrograde step. Follow the Savior with all your hearts. Some of you have passed through college so far without religion. Of these, there are some whom I may not meet again. To them I beg the liberty of extending this one affectionate warning more—this one urgent demand of them, that they give their hearts to God now, while they have time, and light, and life. I commit you all, my dear friends, as I do daily, to the protection and grace of our heavenly Father. I hope to meet you ere long. I pray that we may meet in heaven. I beg an interest in your prayers, as you always have in mine.

Very affectionately yours,

S. OLIN.

Dr. Olin had previously visited the quaint old towns of Belgium, but the beautiful Rhine, with its vine-clad hills and storied castles, was new to him, and the two days passed upon its waters, and in the towns upon its banks, were full of interest. The view of the Bernese Oberland, which, at a distance of sixty miles, in all its magnificence, “cloud-land, gorgeous land,” broke upon him on the road from Basle to Berne, awakened an irrepressible desire to look upon those snowy, rose-tinted mountains from some of the green valleys nestled among them; and, contrary to his usual custom of adhering to a plan when formed, he changed his route, and the horses heads were turned toward Fribourg and Thun

instead of Lausanne. The sight of the "air-hung, breeze-shaken" suspension bridges, thrown over the rocky chasm at Fribourg, and the swelling, pealing notes of its wonderful organ, to which he listened in the twilight till he was quite overwhelmed with its majestic harmonies, which gave him a *new* idea of the power of sound, made him thankful for his change of route. The day, too, spent in visiting the Grindelwald, was one of the most memorable in his continental tour. The morning sail on the lovely, deep blue Lake of Thun, encircled by its guardian mountains—the smiling valley of the Grindelwald, with its picturesque village, and the glacier creeping into the green and flowery meadow—the lofty arch of ice, beneath which flowed the torrent of the Black Leutschine, foaming and dashing far below the road through the narrow gorge—and the perpendicular walls of rock, with châteaux and patches of verdure on their seemingly inaccessible summits, stamped a succession of vivid images on the mind. The next day, being Sunday, was passed at the Hôtel Bellevue, which resembles an ornamental villa, with a profusion of oleanders, orange, and lemon-trees about the house and grounds, and commands a fine view of the Lake of Thun, and of the snowy Jungfrau in the distance.*

* On the hill rising in the rear is a pretty little church, built by the enterprising landlord on his grounds, who gave repeated invitations to his guests to attend the morning service. At the ringing of the bell a goodly company wound up the path, and soon filled the church. At the close of the service, Dr. Olin was much amused at the important bearing of the landlord, who, solicitous alike for the bodies and the souls of his guests, stood at the door of the church observing the congregation, while the merry strains proceeding from

At Lausanne, at the Hôtel Gibbon, Dr. Olin walked to and fro on the terrace by moonlight, looked on the tree under the shade of which Gibbon had often rested, and thought of an hour when, under similar associations, the celebrated historian penned the last sentence of his great work, upon which no heavenly blessing had been invoked, and which has thrown chains of doubt over many a young and ingenuous mind. It had aided in fettering the expanding intellect of the Vermont boy, now transformed into the strong man, the mature and established Christian; for those bonds were but as the "two new cords upon the arms of Samson, which became as flax burned with fire when the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him." The next morning Dr. Olin called to see the Rev. Charles Cook, in whose society he had passed a fortnight so agreeably at Nismes, in 1838, but he found that he had gone to England to attend the Wesleyan Conference at Bristol. From his wife and daughter he learned many particu-

his little iron steam-boat on the lake announced the arrival of those for whose Sabbath hours he had provided a different entertainment. "How did you like the sermon?" he inquired of a clergyman of the Church of England, as they descended the hill together. "Not at all," was the reply; "I am sorry that you should allow such Puseyite doctrines to be preached to your guests." "What can I do," said the discomfited host; "I am no judge, as I do not understand English, and I wrote to the Bishop of London, thinking that he would send me a good minister. But what shall I do for next year?" "Perhaps I will come and supply your pulpit myself," said the clergyman. The next morning, at breakfast, there was presented to each guest the book recording the donations of visitors to the salary of the clergyman, which was paid by the landlord, and which, judging from the amount of money subscribed, was no losing concern to the good man. Those who failed to enter their names had in their bills the significant item *Église à volonté*.

lars of the religious agitations in the Canton de Vaud; and then, guided by Miss Cook, he visited the cathedral and the Signal, a hill commanding a wide extent of undulating ground, diversified with vineyards and villages—the calm, beautiful Lake of Geneva, and the lofty mountains rising from its opposite shores.

On taking the steam-boat for Geneva, on the afternoon of the 29th of July, Dr. and Mrs. Olin met with agreeable Christian friends, with whom they enjoyed, at this time and in subsequent excursions, many pleasant hours. These were the Rev. Professor and Mrs. Edwards, of Andover, and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, of Buffalo. Of that company of six, four have in six years been transferred to a land where the slight ties of earth are woven into bonds of immortal strength and beauty. Two unclouded days were spent at Chamouni gazing from the Flégère upon Mont Blanc, with his princely array of attendant *aiguilles*, and clambering up the rugged sides of Montanvert to look upon the wonders of the Mer de Glace. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins were of the party of four, of which there is but one survivor; the others have made the “grand final adventure,” which has introduced them to a world the vague idea of whose glories may possibly be made more palpable to the inquiring, longing eye of faith by the devout contemplation of earth’s sublimest scenes.

CXLV. TO PROFESSOR H. B. LANE.

Geneva, August 3d, 1846.

We have now been in this beautiful city five days. I think my last letter to Middletown was written from Brussels. From thence we went to Antwerp, and by the Belgian railroad reached the Rhine at Cologne. We stopped a day or

two successively in Cologne, in Bonn, Coblenz, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, Strasbourg, Basle, Soleure, Thun, Fribourg, and Lausanne, devoting as much time as we thought advisable to the objects of interest in each place, and deviating from this devious route to visit whatever especially demanded such a course.

Upon the whole, we have spent a good deal more time upon this part of our route than I had intended, though it was my purpose to remain in this country nearly until the middle of August. At one time, indeed, I had hoped that I should feel authorized to be present in London on the 4th instant, to attend the World's Temperance Convention, but I have what I esteem controlling reasons for declining the honor of that appointment.* Not that I have any new reasons in connection with my health. That continues as good as it has been since I came upon the Continent—better, very decidedly, than before I left America; but the weather is extremely oppressive, as it has been for two months, with the exception only of a few days, and I might incur some hazard by spending the entire month in the heart of London. I have fresh in my memory, also, the warning of Dr. Woodward on the imprudence of attending public meetings. I *must* be present at the Christian Alliance, *if possible*, and the urgency of this obligation inculcates the necessity of using due forbearance in regard to other indulgences. The truth is, I have had less of positive rest since I came abroad than I anticipated. I have been in motion, with only brief intervals, at least, ever since I left Paris; and, although we were in that great city sixteen days, I rode or walked nearly every day as much as I was able. I think this course, upon the whole, the best for me, though I had expected to find some nook in this country so quiet and inviting as to favor a fortnight or so of repose. Up to this time, however, I have not found a con-

* He had been appointed a delegate by the American Temperance Union.

venient opportunity for such quietude. Indeed, every nook and corner of Switzerland is full of life and motion at present. This is the traveling season, and the busiest part of it. All the hotels are full, and the inducements to move are very strong. The five days of nominal repose in this city have hung rather heavily upon me, and I propose to leave Geneva to-morrow for the region of Mont Blanc. There and thereabout we intend to spend the most of the week. On Tuesday, the 11th of August, we are to set out for Paris by the diligence, a journey which I dread more than a voyage across the Atlantic. It is an old terror of mine. I had intended to go down the Rhine to Holland or Belgium, in order to avoid it, but the time and money which such an expedient will cost seems to render a resort to it of doubtful propriety. I hope not to stay in Paris above a day or two. I gave as much time to its sights as I could afford, and have become even anxious to see the letters which I suppose are in waiting for me in London. We have had but one letter from the United States, and that was dated June 10th. From the university and our friends in Middletown—the centre of attraction no less than of solicitude—I have not yet heard, nor do I expect to hear before reaching London. I trust that all are well, and that all is well. May God prosper your endeavors to promote the good cause!


Mr. John Harper, with his wife, son, and nephew, have been with us since we reached London. Rev. Mr. Hopkins and lady are also with us, and Professor B. B. Edwards and Mrs. Edwards are here. The Rev. Drs. Skinner and Patton left Geneva the day before we reached it. Another company of American clergymen, from Charleston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, were here a month ago. We are a traveling people, and I fear the world will say a traveling profession. I have a clear conscience, and so, no doubt, have my pilgrim countrymen. I travel that I may work—not that I may escape work. Much as I enjoy the fine scenery of this beauti-

ful region, I should enjoy *that* and the occupations of Middletown much more, provided always that I had health to endure the presence of calls to labor, which are only disagreeable when I am unable to obey them. I indulge favorable hopes in regard to the future. At the worst, this experiment will be of some value, as a test of what I am to expect and what I can hope to do.

Next Wednesday will be your Commencement. I shall probably be near the Mer de Glace of Mont Blanc, and yet I am sure my thoughts will be chiefly occupied with scenes far away. How gladly would I be with you on that interesting day! It grieves me to think that the senior class will be scattered so soon, and that, in all probability, I shall see most of them no more. I think they are prepared to do good in the world, which is the main thing after all, yet I would rejoice to be with them at such a season. May God preserve every man of them from all evil, and make every one instrumental in promoting the highest interests of our race! I had intended to seek the acquaintance of some of the leading men here, but have not done so. D'Aubigné is away for the summer, and the town is deserted by most of those who are able to consult their own tastes. The chasm, however, is quite filled up with strangers. I am going to hear Mr. Malan preach before leaving Geneva. He is the bright star of the evangelicals here.

I send my love to Mrs. Lane and the children, and to each of the Faculty and their families. Say to brother Floy that I intend to write to him from London. I regret that I am losing so much of his society and ministry. I hope you are all pleased and edified under his preaching.

Dr. Olin did not carry out his plan of recording his impressions of Alpine scenery, and, under the title *The Glaciers*, he only recalled his former views of the Alps, and did not proceed beyond the introduction to his



subject. This he wrote in his memorandum-book at Vevay, on an excursion from Geneva to the Castle of Chillon :

Vevay, August 7th, 1846. I obtained the first view I ever enjoyed of the Alps and of Mont Blanc in November, 1838, while sailing on the Rhone between Lyons and Avignon. The monarch of mountains was then covered, or, rather, crowned with snow, as were several other peaks of this vast, magnificent pile—the circumstance to which I was indebted for a spectacle equally gratifying and unexpected. I was on my way to Italy, which I had intended, and twice attempted to visit, by the great inland route through Switzerland, but was prevented by ill health. I made another fruitless attempt to penetrate the sublime Alpine region in 1840, on my return from the Holy Land ; but, on reaching Zurich, which I did from Vienna, with the design of passing through the Oberland, and seeing Mont Blanc from some of the wild valleys and easily accessible summits in its neighborhood, I found myself unequal to the toil and exposure of such an enterprise, and reluctantly took the route through Basle to Paris. Here, again, an hour or so before reaching Brugg, I had an unexpected and glorious view of a long range of Alps, clad in their eternal snows, and rising into distinct pinnacles, which, from my position, sixty or seventy miles distant from them, appeared not unlike a row of colossal pyramids, lifting their hoary tops high above the immense field of mountains that, to my eye, had sunk into a plain.

London, August 16th, 1846. I reached this city yesterday evening from Dieppe, having left Paris on Friday at 2 P.M. We stopped at Mr. Randall's. To-day I heard Rev. Hugh Stowell in Bow Church—a clear, ardent, faithful discourse on the commendation of the unjust steward. The lord mayor was there in state. It was a charity sermon for the indigent blind. Mr. Stowell, who is from Manchester, is a huge

man—very ruddy—has a good voice—used no notes, and was bold and eloquent—clear and striking, though not original or profound.

Sunday evening. I heard the Rev. George Steward in City-road Chapel—a powerful, profound, eloquent sermon, which I have seldom heard equaled. Mr. Steward is uncouth in manner, but the equal of Chalmers in matter and spirit, and much of the same school.

Monday 17th. Attended the "Aggregate Committee" preliminary to the Evangelical Alliance.

This I did morning and evening, on Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday, the 19th, "the Alliance" met. I was able to attend all its meetings till it rose, on Thursday, September 3d. Many delightful seasons did I enjoy with the élite of European Christians. They were eminently "times of refreshing," for which I hope long to be thankful to the Giver of all good gifts.

In this great movement Dr. Olin was completely absorbed; before nine in the morning he was on his way to the Conference, which he did not leave till about nine at night. One speech which he made in the course of debate was said to be most thrilling and effective. It was entirely unpremeditated, and was taken down by the reporter to the Convention, and published in their official report.* It is more like himself than his address at the public meeting in Exeter Hall, where in the evening, worn out with the fatigues of the day, he was unable, in the fifteen minutes allowed to each speaker, to throw himself into the subject, and to give a satisfactory expression of his sentiments. His views on the great questions which occupied the attention of the Alliance, and in the discussion of which he bore a

* Dr. Olin's Works, vol. ii., p. 466.

prominent part, are fully expressed in the letters to his friends. "It was," he says, "a truly glorious meeting—such an assemblage of great and good men as will hardly be seen again in this generation. Our harmony and our power of harmonizing was truly wonderful, and only to be accounted for by supposing the presence of a divine, subduing agency."

A general feeling of thanksgiving and love animated the meeting, and the devout aspirations of many hearts were expressed by the Rev. Edward Bickersteth (the Fletcher of the Alliance), when he prayed that "the primitive state of the Church might again be realized, and that the multitude of them that believe might be of one heart and one soul." When called to vote upon the motion, "that, deeply convinced of the desirableness of forming a confederation on the basis of great evangelical principles, held in common by them, &c., they hereby proceed to form such a confederation under the name of 'THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE ;'" at the recommendation of the chair, the entire assembly rose, and spent a few moments in solemn, silent prayer. The resolution was carried unanimously, the members remaining standing ; then, with a swell of holy song, the Doxology rose from their united hearts and voices ; after which, under the influence of most kindly and delightful feelings, the members of the Alliance exchanged cordial greetings by shaking hands with each other. Praise to God and love to man were the dominant feelings of that gathered throng. Another hour of concentrated and hallowed Christian sentiment was that in which the motion to adopt the Doctrinal Basis ("a combination of solemn, weighty, all-important

truths to be presented to the Christian world") was carried, and the Conference, with a glow of devotional feeling, sang the hymn,

"All hail the great Immanuel's name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!"

But, amid these scenes which gave a foretaste of heavenly fellowship and joy, the disturbing element of slavery was thrown in, and the resolution was pressed upon the Conference that no slaveholder should be a member of the Alliance. The American brethren urged that, having received a basis of union to which they could subscribe, and having left their homes to accept the invitation of British Christians, the basis should not have been altered by the addition of an article which, had it been received with the invitation, would have prevented most of the Americans from crossing the Atlantic. This argument would have had great weight but from the fact that some of the Americans had opened the door to innovations by suggesting the addition to the basis of the article on the doctrine of eternal rewards and punishments. Some of the most distinguished English brethren deprecated the introduction of the subject of slavery as "inconsistent with the principles and design of the whole movement, as tending to give it a political character, and to involve the Alliance in the discussion of questions with which it had no concern." They felt "impressed with the conviction that it would be the means of crippling, to a certain extent, or destroying this glorious movement."*

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Dr. Olin, with others from America, protested against this resolution from the first, "under the most overwhelming conviction that nothing could be done under it in America—that it would be impossible to gather under such a banner a tenth of the sober Christianity, or a tenth of the sober anti-slavery feeling of the Northern States. After an animated discussion, the matter was referred to a special committee, appointed by the chair, of fifty members. Dr. Olin was one of this committee, which, after hours of prayerful deliberation, and after concessions made in the spirit of love by both parties, brought in their report, which recommended that the resolution on the slavery question be rescinded, and the following proposition be submitted to the Conference :

"That, whereas brethren from the continents of Europe and America, as well as in this country, are unable, without consultation with their countrymen, to settle all the arrangements for their respective countries, it is expedient to defer the final and complete arrangement of the details of the Evangelical Alliance, of which the foundation has now been laid, till another General Conference."

This was carried, and the Conference closed as it began, in the full exercise of Christian fellowship and love.*

* The Evangelical Alliance held its second session a few days after Dr. Olin had entered into the full and complete harmony of a higher existence. A letter written from London to the Rev. Dr. Peck, by the Rev. William Arthur, one of the Wesleyan missionary secretaries, and author of "The Successful Merchant," groups many of the distinguished men who shared in the deliberations of that great assembly, where nine hundred brethren of all evangelical denominations met together in unity. The brief reference we have made to the only

The annexed document, presented to the Conference and entered on the minutes, expresses the feelings with subject which disturbed the harmony of the Conference may suggest the reason why "the Alliance has scarce lived in America."

"August 28, 1851.

"The Evangelical Alliance is now in full session. It began its sittings more than a week ago, and is to continue them for some days longer, so as to extend altogether over a fortnight. The present Conference is scarcely so numerous as the great *Constituent* Assembly of 1846. Many who were present and active then are absent now. You will well remember Edward Bickersteth, R. W. Kyle, and Dr. Byrth : all these have gone to a world where union is unbroken. Dr. Bunting, too, who was so prominent then, is disabled by failing strength from attending. His accomplished and able son, Mr. William Bunting, is just emerging from a very dangerous illness ; so that he also is away. Dr. Wardlaw and Dr. Liefchild are both there ; but upon both, especially the former, five years have told with affecting power. Baptist Noel is no longer the same man. That placid grace which animated his fine visage so equably has given place to deeper lines and a less sunny expression ; altogether he looks older, and more like a man who had felt the wear and waste of life. J. A. James and Thomas Binney are much what they were. So also is Dr. Cox and J. H. Hinton. The youthful air of Dr. King is merging into gray hairs. The dark locks of Dr. Buchanan have grown bright gray. James Hamilton is neither older-looking, nor less simple and lovable. Thomas Farmer is stooping. Sir Culling Eardly is growing older. John Henderson is just as white of hair and as fresh of complexion. Adolphe Monod, Tholuck, Fisch, Baup, and Ouken, are little changed. Krumacher, the celebrated author of *Elijah*, is there, with a large German frame, surmounted by a great head, which is luxuriantly overhung with light locks. A persecuted Baptist brother from Sweden, and another from Denmark ; a fine Chinese youth, a young Brahmin, just going out to labor among his countrymen, after a residence of some years at Basle, in Switzerland ; a Syrian gentleman in full Oriental attire, and always wearing on his head the fez, or red close cap, and who has completed his curriculum of medical studies, and is about to go out to his countrymen as a medical missionary ; these all add to the interest of the assembly. The muster of French brethren, of Swiss, and of Germans, is greater than at the first Conference. The other nations of Europe also are represented, as they were not then.

which the Americans parted from their English brethren :

“ The undersigned, as a committee of the American members of the Alliance, beg leave, on behalf of their countrymen, to say, in these concluding scenes of the Conference, that they feel it proper to express the grateful satisfaction which they have experienced during these sessions. They have witnessed the piety, the intelligence, and the benignity of European, and especially of British Christians—as well as your hospitality, your large-hearted catholicism, your steady pursuit of the object and the interests of this Holy Alliance—and also your self-denial, your generous expenditure to a very large amount, in preparation for the Conference and in connection with it, and their hearts have responded with divine delight, glorifying God in you. Accept these sincere utterances of gratitude and fraternal feeling. They commend you all—and especially the honorable baronet, Sir Culling Eardley Smith, who has so ably and kindly presided over the deliberations—with all their hearts, to the covenant favor of God our Savior. They will gratefully remember you when far absent, should it please God to reconduct them in health

But on all hands a want has been felt. Where is the gentle and intellectual Spring? Where the noble and manly Patton? Where the vivacious and sparkling Cox? Where the glowing and melting Kirk? Where the lofty and powerful Olin? Where, sir, your own worthy person, with those of many another brother, Spicer, Dempster, Kennaday, from our brother country in the West—where? They are not all gone with the brave and hopeful Emory, where our ears may not hope ever again to hear the moving words of his eloquence. Many of them are yet with us here, in this our place of need and struggle; yet, when we meet to-day, they meet us not. Why? Alas! alas! why? Our Alliance has scarce lived in America; our brethren who came thence went home from us, we are told, with a heavy heart; and now that we convoke the world again, good Dr. Baird appears among us mournfully, and seems to say, I only am come alone to tell you.”

and safety over the vast ocean to their beloved native country, and to the incomparable endearments of 'home, sweet home,' in the circles of their own families. They ask a kind remembrance in your prayers, and trust that all will unite to strengthen the bonds of Christian amity and cordial appreciation between these two related countries by all proper influence in regard to them ; and they conclude with the prayer that this blessed Alliance may have and enjoy the patronage and favor of God Almighty, in whom, through the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, is all our hope. And with these sentiments they desire to bid you all a most affectionate FAREWELL !

"STEPHEN OLIN, } Committee as
"SAMUEL H. COX, } above.

"Freemason's Hall, London, Sept. 1st, 1846."

On Sunday, August the 23d, eighty-one pulpits of different denominations in London were occupied by members of the Evangelical Alliance, and there was preaching in French, German, and Irish, as well as English. The pulpit assigned to Dr. Olin by the committee of arrangements was in Queen Street Chapel, Lincoln's Inn, where the Rev. Dr. Beaumont was then stationed. The next Sunday he preached in the City-road Chapel, where, in by-gone years, Wesley, with a countenance luminous with truth and goodness, and words instinct with life and power, ministered to an eager, earnest crowd, "the ransomed of Methodism." During the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance in London, two public breakfasts were given—one by Sir Culling Eardley Smith, who presided with grace and singular ability at the sessions of the Convention, and who extended the hospitalities of his house to all its members ; and another, by the Wesleyan missionary

secretaries to their foreign brethren. The latter was given in the Centenary Hall, where about thirty guests sat down to a beautiful repast, adorned with fruits and flowers, and served in one of the rooms of that noble missionary building. Dr. Bunting, who presided, made some kind observations in regard to American Methodism and its representatives then present, at the close of which he requested Dr. Olin to occupy a few moments in giving utterance to such sentiments as he should think adapted to the occasion. After making suitable allusions to other topics, Dr. Olin spoke of the subject, which rushed to his lips he knew not how wisely, which was already darkening the prospects of the Alliance, and which soon would be forced on the attention of all present. He took occasion to urge the importance of cultivating fraternal relations among all the branches of the great Wesleyan family, and, expressing his regret that the Methodist Episcopal Church South was not represented in their circle, nor in the Alliance, he assured his elder brethren that, while no branch of the great Wesleyan family is more worthy of confidence on the score of sound doctrine, sincere piety, and truly Wesleyan labors, none are more distinguished for large catholic sentiments and aspirations. He referred to the division of the Church as ecclesiastical, and as in no way affecting the right of either party to recognition and confidence; and he expressed his conviction that the two great bodies would unquestionably return to sentiments of mutual confidence and affection, so soon as the pending controversies, of which all were growing weary, became exhausted and quieted. Dr. Peck and Dr. Emory confirmed Dr. Olin's

statements ; and Dr. Emory, with great simplicity and grace, spoke of the details narrated to him by his father of his visit to his Wesleyan brethren as the first delegate from American Methodism, as being among the most vivid memories of his childhood, and of the gratification it had afforded him to have those early impressions clearly defined and confirmed by his personal presence in the midst of them.

The Rev. Mr. Toase, from Paris, who spoke in behalf of the brethren from the Continent, introduced a *pasteur* from Montauban, whose remarks being in French, were translated by the Rev. Charles Cook, of Lausanne. He was a convert of Felix Neff, who came to his father's house when the speaker was a boy, and prayed. Deeply affected by the earnest prayer of this primitive apostolic man, he requested him to write it for him ; but Neff declined, telling the eager petitioner that he must ask God to teach him to pray. He had learned to make his requests known unto God, and the three desires of his heart had been granted—that he might become a *colporteur*, a minister, and a missionary. Mr. Cook then briefly alluded to the disturbances in the Canton de Vaud, and the persecutions which had broken up their congregations and closed their churches ; and, as the party separated at the close of this delightful entertainment, he accompanied Dr. Olin to the Conference at Freemason's Hall. The same day, Dr. Olin dined at the Rev. Dr. Alder's, where, among the distinguished guests, Professor Tholuck, by the freedom and vivacity of his remarks on the political and religious aspects of his own country, perhaps made the largest contribution to the pleasures of the hour. The Rev. Mr. Bevan, the

secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, who led the congregational singing in the great meeting at Exeter Hall, spoke of Madame Tholuck's pleasure in hearing "God save the Emperor;" and while the fruits were put on the table, at the request of an American lady, he, in a deep, rich, full voice, again raised the noble strain:

"May the grace of Christ our Savior,
With the Father's boundless love,
And the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above."

Dr. Olin's letters to Professor Smith and Dr. Floy, and a few entries in his memorandum-book, reveal his deep interest in the object which had brought him across the Atlantic, and record the incidents of his remaining days in England.

CXLVI. TO PROFESSOR A. W. SMITH.

London, Sept. 1st, 1846.

I thank you for your kind favor received three days ago. I write by a gentleman who is about leaving the house for Liverpool, or I could be able to enter more fully into some interesting topics than is now possible. I need not say that I greatly *rejoice* at the favorable auspices under which the Commencement passed. It was an anxious day with me, I assure you. Though at the base of Mont Blanc, I was with you in spirit, and I earnestly desire never again to be separated from duties and interests to which I must yet feel so deeply pledged. I am full of confidence in my beloved colleagues, but this hardly diminishes my desire to be at my post. I trust I shall have improved somewhat in health by this pilgrimage. I probably could have done nothing at home, which is the one alleviating thought.

Our Evangelical Alliance is formed. It has been a season

long to be remembered by us all. Memorable, I trust, it will be on earth and in heaven. We have passed through the most trying scenes. Through insurmountable difficulties God has graciously led us. We have reached harmonious conclusions after all hope had abandoned us. We have at last settled on a basis free from all taint of ultraism—almost with the consent of ultraists. Indeed, the presence of God and his overruling influence have been wonderful, and very manifest. I trust the whole enterprise will redound to Christ's glory throughout the whole world and all ages. It was truly good to be here, though we of America have had the deepest trials. We all part better friends than we could ever have been without these trials. We are now known in England, and I think that bad men and devils will find it hard to poison the Christian mind of a great Christian nation against us in one generation more.


We have had an assembly of great, learned, and holy men, such, I apprehend, as the world has not seen before. What was most wonderful has been their humility and love one to another. The pent-up heart of our Christianity exulted at such an opportunity for making known its deep emotions. I am quite confident that we shall be better hereafter. *I mean to be.*

Mrs. Olin has written all particulars. Give my love to dear Mrs. Smith and the family, also to our beloved associates and their families, as also to the students. How happy I shall be if God allow me to be among you again !

CXLVII. TO THE REV. DR. FLOY.

London, Sept. 19th, 1846.

I had hoped to hear from you ere this time, and yet the fault may be wholly mine—you may be waiting to hear from me. If so, I must beg your pardon, and claim it on the score of having been pressed with many more engagements than I have fulfilled, or could possibly fulfill. As to correspondence,



you have probably seen every letter, with perhaps a single exception, that I have written since I saw you. They have all been to my colleagues in Middletown. I am to embark at Portsmouth on the 24th inst., in the Prince Albert, Captain Sebor, for New York. I have thought this a better way than to return by a steamer, though I can ill spare the additional time. I *need* the sail, and this is a controlling reason with me.

You will hear by others of the Evangelical Alliance. I suppose the papers will have given you full reports ere this meets your eye. You may perhaps wish to know my opinions on the subject. The meeting more than equaled my expectations, whether reference is had to the actual interest of its proceedings or the character and spirit of its members. Many truly great men and good men assisted at its sittings; and it was delightful beyond all my anticipations to witness the simple, child-like, loving piety of great divines and scholars, whom we have admired so much in the distance. All seemed deeply impressed with the momentous importance of our objects, and all, I think, left London pretty well satisfied with the results. Not that the plans and anticipations of all were satisfied. Perhaps those of none were fully met. All were called upon to concede more, probably, than they had at all anticipated; but the spirit in which concessions were made was so delightful that it brought with it a blessing as from God. Not a few instances occurred in which men voted against views which they had advocated with powerful argument and eloquence—not, perhaps, because they were convinced, but because it seemed right to yield so much to the wishes or conscientious difficulties of others. Not a few of these exigencies arose, and our deliverances from them were usually accompanied by the most signal evidences of the Divine presence and favor. It was the universal testimony that these manifestations were unusual and marked. You heard from the mouths of the most sedate, cautious, and pru-

dent men constant expressions of wonder and gratitude—declarations that they had never felt such religious emotions before—had never thought of such sweet, heavenly scenes in this world.

God only knows what permanent good may come of this meeting; but sure I am that those who were present will rejoice in the sweet influences that fell upon them, and will deem it a peculiar favor to have mingled in such heavenly converse. I must believe that lasting good will be the result. I foresee obstacles. We met with serious obstacles, which I could have anticipated. What new difficulties may rise on our side of the water, I will wait for time to disclose, though I might conjecture some with but too strong a feeling of certainty. Every thing may be lost by attempting too much. This became very apparent here. It was found that measures deemed harmless in England or useful in Scotland were likely to prove injurious or fatal in Prussia or France. It was this comparison of interests that gave so mild an aspect to the anti-popery side of the Alliance; so that all my wishes on that subject were satisfied in the absolute necessities of the case. Another very troublesome point arose out of the injudicious attempt forced upon the Alliance to make it an abolition movement. I am quite sure that nine tenths of the Convention deplored this effort as foreign to the objects of the Alliance. I believe every American but Mr. Himes, including many thorough-going abolitionists, strongly deprecated the introduction of the subject. They thought that any demonstration from England would offend our national prejudices, and so embarrass us, even in the Northern States, with all the dissensions and heart-burnings which former errors and strifes have bequeathed to the Churches. It was finally resolved, I think wisely, to leave this American question to American Christianity. The advocates of the measure acquiesced cheerfully, and Dr. Wardlaw, with others of his standing, expressed his satisfaction in the result. This,

if any thing, will be the rock on which we may split in the United States. May God endow us all with the spirit of wisdom and love. Whatever measures shall be taken, I am sure it will be well that they originate on our own soil, and not in a foreign and a rival nation.

I beg you to remember me to Mrs. Floy, and my many dear friends in Middletown. Happy shall I be to meet you, my dear friend and brother, at my own home.

Extract from Journal.

Friday, September 4th. Dined with Thomas Farmer, Esq., where Mrs. Olin and I spent the night. Drs. Bunting and Alder, with their ladies, were of the party.

Saturday, 5th. Went in Mrs. Farmer's carriage to the Theological Seminary at Richmond; thence to see Mrs. Ralston, at Barnes. Got to London ill, and was confined to my room till

Thursday, 10th, when I sailed to Ramsgate.

Friday, 11th. Went to Dover in company with Mr. Randall. Met Dr. Blackwell, of Dublin, just from Belgium, where he has been to witness a great religious movement. Many hundred Catholics are converted, chiefly through the agency of colporteurs. Dr. Blackwell attended a Bible meeting with two hundred of these converts, and a school of more than a hundred of them.

Saturday, 12th. Returned from Ramsgate to London.

Sunday, 13th. Went to Dr. Croly's Church, but heard his curate—a thoughtful, sound man, who preached rather philosophically on "Thou hast the words of eternal life." I am more and more impressed with the general inefficacy of the Church service. All seems formal and empty. The responses are parrot-like, the reading perfunctory, and all quite unlike spiritual worship.* I say only that so it *seems* to me. I am

* On May 1st, 1830, the Rev. Dr. Milnor writes: "Went to Saint Paul's Cathedral. The evening service was almost entirely chant-

sure I listen with a will to be edified and pleased ; but at the end of three months, in which I have attended the Episcopal Church more than during my whole life before, my opinion of the service is less favorable than ever. I doubt not it is better with those who have been educated in this way, but I must think the Liturgical service inferior to the freer worship of the Dissenters. Yet I can not sympathize with much I hear in this country against the Established Church. I think it no plain question whether a good man may not, on the whole, be more useful in it than any where else. The Church ministers to the masses, and has in the present, and in all probable states of public sentiment, very great advantages over the sects. A devoted, self-denying clergy might do much to revive the spirit of piety in the Church, and then it would become a noble instrument for good. I can not satisfy myself, however, that even the *tendency* is in the right direction. Bigotry and exclusiveness seem to have gained ground since my last visit to England. Yet so long as the Establishment has such men as Bickersteth, Noel, Ewbank, Stewart, &c., it must command respect. My own opinions on the Church are a little staggered by the confident hopes and filial devotion of such men. May God multiply them more and more !

Tuesday, 15th. We set off at 10 A.M. for Southampton, in company with our kind hostess, Mrs. Randall, and Mr. King.

Wednesday, 16th. We circumnavigated the Isle of Wight in a steamer. The weather was fine and the sea smooth, so that I believe not one of two hundred passengers was sea-

ed. Even the prayers were read in a tone resembling recitative. There was very little solemnity in the demeanor of the performers, and some positive levity on the part of the surpliced boys. The congregation appeared to be chiefly composed of persons who had come from curiosity, very few of them being provided with prayer-books, or appearing to take any interest in the service. I never attended the duties of public worship with less edification and comfort than in this magnificent temple."

sick. We had many interesting views of the island as well as the main land, near Southampton and Portsmouth. I formed a very agreeable acquaintance with the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, eminent as a man of science, and rector of a parish in Bradford, Yorkshire. Dr. Scoresby was attending the British Scientific Association in Southampton, before which he read a paper. He followed the seas in earlier life, and became one of the most scientific masters in the Arctic Sea. Late in life he entered the Church, and he is, I must presume, a serious and effective clergyman. He has lately been in the United States, and is rich in liberal and philosophical observations on the condition and prospects of that country. Only one of our faults, he thinks, has been exposed by English travelers without exaggeration—that of *spitting*. I agree with him in thinking that this defies exaggeration. Dr. Scoresby thinks the United States will never be what it ought without an established Church, though he augurs favorably, on the whole. Like most Englishmen, he prefers Boston to all our cities, and New England to all other portions of our country. Dr. Scoresby seems to me to unite in an uncommon degree the advantages of great practical and scientific attainments—much knowledge of the world, and true piety and philanthropy. I was delighted with our transient acquaintance. May he be a blessing to many in his high vocation!

Thursday, 17th. We visited the remains of Netley Abbey, three miles from Southampton, a noble monument of the Gothic style in the Middle Ages. The arches and walls are nearly entire, though the roof has long since fallen, and forest trees, two or three feet in diameter, grow within it. We afterward rode through the beautiful town of Southampton, and then went by steamer to Ryde.

Friday, 18th. We visited Brading, the parish of Legh Richmond. Saw the cottage and the grave of "Little Jane," and the cottage and grave, also, of "the Dairyman's Daugh-

ter." We had occasion to admire the wonderful truth of Richmond's descriptions of scenery. The Dairyman's cottage and little farm of five acres now belong to his grandson, who has a family of children. They still keep two cows, and are dairymen, like the older ones. They go to the church, though the daughter, Elizabeth Wallbridge, was a Wesleyan. A small Wesleyan chapel stands within thirty yards of the cottage, where, as I learned from Miss Wallbridge, most of the religious people worship, the clergyman of Arreton not being of the serious class. He is to hold the living for ten years only, till the son of the patron, Squire Fleming, now at school, shall be ready to take it.

Dr. Olin's last interview with his Wesleyan brethren was at Cowes, on the 20th of September, on an occasion of great interest—the launching of the John Wesley—the first ship *built* for the purpose of carrying the Gospel of peace to heathen lands, and of providing the means of intercommunication between missionary stations. Dr. Olin was present in the chapel, though not able to take any part in the public services, as he was requested to do. A sermon was preached, the vessel launched, and about two hundred and fifty invited guests of the missionary committee sat down to a lunch, where those whose hearty sympathies and active efforts had been enlisted in the enterprise rejoiced together over the happy results to which their labors had been brought. At the close of this feast, Dr. Olin received and responded to the kind wishes and prayers of his brethren for a safe and prosperous voyage.

The Rev. Dr. Beecham was present at this time. We quote again from his letter to Mrs. Olin :

"An occasion was, however, afforded for becoming better acquainted with Dr. Olin in the summer of 1846, when, in

company with yourself, he visited London again as one of a deputation to the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. On that visit, my former estimate of his worth was amply confirmed, and my affectionate regard for him was increased, while he considerably extended the sphere of his acquaintance in England, and became more extensively and advantageously known in our religious circles. He did not attract by showy pretensions or affected singularity, but the intrinsic excellences of his character won for him esteem. Several interesting occasions at that time occurred for Christian and social intercourse. One of these,* when citizens of different countries discoursed on topics of common interest, and interchanged expressions of friendly regard, is invested in my recollection with a mournful interest, by the fact that three of our American visitants then present—your own dear Olin, Emory (whom *I* also sincerely loved), and the estimable Caldwell—are all now numbered with the silent dead. Already are they gone to join in the more exalted converse of the skies!

“ In his public character, Dr. Olin on this visit fully sustained the favorable impression which he made in private intercourse. In the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, he distinguished himself by his ability and truly catholic spirit, and none of the deputies from the United States made a more advantageous representation of the American character than himself. His open, manly bearing, and the heartiness with which he appeared to throw himself into his subject, especially recommended him to his English auditors. In his pulpit ministrations, moreover, he showed himself to be the powerful preacher of the Gospel. I heard him once on a Sunday morning, at the City-road Chapel, when he delivered a discourse which displayed so much intellectual vigor, was so full of rich evangelical truth, and was pressed home upon the

* A public breakfast, given by the Wesleyan missionary secretaries at Centenary Hall.

conscience with so much fervor of spirit, and accompanied with such a gracious influence from above, that several were led afterward to express the hope that an opportunity might be providentially afforded for him to advocate the great cause of Christian missions, in connection with the anniversary of our own Missionary Society, which is one of the series of religious anniversaries known in England as our 'May meetings.' But this hope, with many others which had been indulged with reference to the important services which he might be permitted to render in future years, is now extinguished, and the faithful servant has been called to his eternal reward.

"Wesleyan Mission House, London, Oct. 28th, 1852."

A head wind of twenty days made the homeward voyage in the Prince Albert a boisterous one, and lengthened it out to thirty-five days. Dr. Olin probably felt the tedium less than any of the passengers. He spent his days on deck, which he paced for hours, drinking in the invigorating influences of sea air, while the monotony of sea-life was most agreeably enlivened by congenial society. Seven clergymen returning from the Evangelical Alliance were on board, and there was no lack of common objects of interest to give life and variety to the conversation. With these Christian brethren, among whom were the Rev. Dr. Erskine Mason, of New York; the Rev. Mr. Humphrey, of Louisville; the Rev. Drs. Green and Ryerson, of Canada; the Rev. Mr. Merwin, of New York; and Professor Caldwell, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Dr. Olin spent many pleasant and profitable hours. There was daily evening prayer in the cabin, each minister officiating in his turn, and a service and sermon on the Sabbath. Dr. Olin listened with a lively satisfaction to Dr. Mason's

discourse on "We are saved by hope," which, he said, was a model of style for the pulpit. The preacher and two of the little company to whom he spoke of immortality and eternal life have gone to prove the perfect blessedness of that salvation of which they retained the full assurance of hope unto the end.*

The few letters he wrote after his return home this year are principally on the subject of the Evangelical Alliance, in the formation of which he had embarked so much hope and expectation, and the failure of which in this country he much regretted.

Letters written in the Autumn of 1846.

CXLVIII. TO MR. J. R. OLIN.

Middletown, Nov. 12th, 1846.

. . . . I feel an habitual solicitude in regard to you—less intense, perhaps, but more constant—from the fact that I always accustom myself to look upon your life as especially precarious. Indeed, the instances of mortality in our family circle have of late been so frequent that our ears are open for bad tidings. How blessed the alleviation afforded by the presumed piety of those who have been removed, and those whose delicate state of health awakens so many and constant anxieties. . . . I trust that you have yet many years

* The words of Addison, "Come and see how a Christian can die!" could never have been uttered with greater significance than from the dying bed of Professor Caldwell. Tuesday, June 6th, he said to his mother, "Mother, I have no temptation to murmuring or impatience, but, on the contrary, I feel that heavenly breezes are passing over me." Afterward he said, "This is not death, it is the consummation of life; a little while, and it will be eternal life, everlasting life." Feebly grasping the hand of Mrs. Caldwell, he said, "Farewell! my dear wife. Glory to Jesus! Jesus, my life! Jesus, my trust! Jesus! Jesus!" Thus he fell asleep in Jesus, on the 6th of June, 1847, about 2 o'clock P.M., repeating that blessed name.

of life—years which are, indeed, likely to be wearisome, but which your habitual cheerfulness, your happy views of life, and, above all, your lively faith in the Gospel, may render very comfortable. It seems to me not a little remarkable that, with so many infirmities and so little sound health, our family prove so tenacious of life. For six or eight months previous to June last, my health was exceedingly precarious, or, rather, I was almost constantly prostrate, and contemplated the abandonment of my position here as near and all but unavoidable. As you know, I sailed for Europe on the first day of June, and spent four months on the Continent and in England. During this period I was not indisposed above four days, and I have returned to my post in health, *apparently* greatly improved. I dare not trust to the future, and yet, for aught that I am able to see, my prospect is decidedly favorable. I need to use the utmost care, especially in regard to preaching, which I fear I shall be compelled to give up. This is a great sacrifice, and very difficult to be made, as I have incessant calls from different and distant quarters. For the present, at least, I must decline them all, waiting to see how my health will bear a return to professional life.

You have no doubt followed the Evangelical Alliance in its progress with interest, lively in proportion to your large liberality. It was to me a deeply interesting season, though full of anxiety and labor. It was a noble gathering of able and godly men, such as, perhaps, has never been seen before, and may not occur again, if ever, for some generations. I entertain the most favorable anticipations, not, indeed, wholly unmixed with fear, in regard to its beneficial influences upon the Churches. I am sure Divine providence has indicated the way for securing large and permanent blessings, and it will be our own fault if they are permitted to slip out of our grasp. The ultra-abolitionists attempted to force their narrow, disorganizing views upon us, and would have ruined

every thing. The firmness of several of the American delegates, in spite of the infirmities of others not less conspicuous, triumphed over great difficulties and great dangers, and we have brought back with us for the Churches a truly catholic plan, which it will be their own fault if they mar or vitiate with any infusion of exclusiveness or intolerance. May the great Head of the Church direct the enterprise through all difficulties to a glorious consummation. We American Churches, and especially Methodists, greatly need some such healing influence as the Evangelical Alliance *ought* to exert.

CXLIX. TO THE REV. DR. M'CLINTOCK

(On the death of his child).

Middletown, Nov. 23d, 1846.

I can not tell you how happy I should have been to see you when you were so near me last week. Still, the grievous affliction under which you labored would have been a great drawback upon the pleasure of such a meeting. I sympathize with you very deeply, but I fear I have less wisdom in giving counsel and consolation to such sufferers than most other men have. I can find little to say to a Christian bereaved of near relatives. It is so distinctly God's hand that is upon him, that I can do little more than pray and keep silence. You know well where to go for consolation, and all attempts to intermeddle with this high prerogative are little better than mockery. It has always seemed to me that the loss of children—I mean infants—has many alleviations available as soon as we get over the shock which our selfishness feels so keenly. First, there is the philosophical view that, in a world of mixed elements, they are exposed to as much evil as good, and are not greatly the losers by an early removal. Then comes the Christian view, which teaches us to rejoice in their exemption from all the dangers of a long probation. They have their moral training, not among wicked men, but with the angels—not in a world of trial

and strife, but in the kingdom of glory, where they are secure against lapses and miscarriages, and where, for aught we can see, they have a very favorable soil for culture and expansion. Such considerations become available and powerful just in proportion to the strength of our faith, and they become sufficient for the exigency just as soon as we have submitted to the Christian lesson which God certainly intends to inculcate by such dispensations. May our compassionate Savior give to you and Mrs. M'Clintock in your sorrows all the supports in which His blessed system is so opulent. Sorrow for a season you will certainly have. May it be sanctified sorrow, which in the end, and in its own way, enriches with the peaceable fruits of righteousness. . . .

Have the kindness to remember me to your colleagues, and especially to my fellow-pilgrims, Dr. Emory and Professor Caldwell. I esteem myself to have been very fortunate in forming with them so intimate an acquaintance.

CL. TO THE REV. SEYMOUR LONDON.

Middletown, November 24th, 1846.

It was a high gratification, as well as unexpected, to meet you in New York the day after I landed. You will never know till you have been absent, not from your home merely, but from your *country*, how delightful it is to meet with those you have been accustomed to know and to love from youth onward. You soon form *attachments* of a certain kind, and to a certain extent, in a foreign land. You are compelled to do this, to counteract the loneliness of your sojourn, which else becomes a positive, intolerable burden; but these attachments are quite another thing from those which you form at home. You can not feel quite safe in bestowing confidence upon foreigners, *strange* in many of their habits, tastes, and perhaps in their language. You may imagine that you have fully let them into your sympathies and confidence, and that you are admitted into theirs—that you are *naturalized* in

foreign hearts ; but the illusion vanishes as soon as you step upon your native shores, and feel the grasp of some old, tried friend. You may think this no very sound philosophy if you please, but you need not try to convince me that my pulse did not beat quicker on the occasion referred to. Why, my dear sir, it is time for you to recollect that we are *old* friends—have grown *gray* together—that our friendship has withstood the cold of twenty odd winters, and the fervid heat of twenty odd summers—that children, born since it was commenced, are now fathers and mothers ; what is more than time, or white heads, or heat, or cold—that it has braved no slight discrepancies in opinion and action, and this on subjects that have proved exciting, even maddening to many good men. I flatter myself that there are some very strong affinities at bottom, which, having held us together so long, and through thick and thin, are destined to be enduring. May God grant this in his great mercy !

I find myself quite as well as I hoped when I landed. I had to pass through a crisis in getting seasoned to life on shore, and I came very near sinking, a day or two after reaching this place, but since that time I feel quite as well as I have done any time within the last few years. I am trying to fall into a course of exercise which I have formerly neglected too much. I *resolve* to ride on horseback an hour or more every fair day, and I mostly keep my purpose. In addition to this new piece of discretion, I decline preaching altogether, and this I hold myself pledged to do for a long time to come. I *hope*, with God's blessing upon these and other prudential means, to maintain sufficient health to do my duties here after a sort. Still, I feel that this is an experiment on which my future course must essentially depend. I *can not* hold my place through another such a season of infirmity and trial as were the eight months that preceded my voyage to Europe. I can not wholly divest myself of anxiety in regard to the future, but I *try* to cast the whole matter upon

God my Savior, who cares for me much above my deserts, and for the university much more than I can.

I have been able to go to church once each Sabbath since I saw you, and so have heard brother Floy three times. Why did you never tell me that he is one of our *best* preachers? Every body, I believe, is *highly pleased*. His sermons are *excellent* for manner, matter, and *spirit*. They are pervaded by a delightful tone of piety; they are eminently clear and practical. I think Floy is to be a great blessing to us all, and I esteem it a privilege to enjoy his preaching and his society.

CLL. TO THE REV. ABEL STEVENS

(On the Evangelical Alliance).


I take the opportunity offered by the Rev. Mr. Pierce to send you my fraternal salutations. I was truly glad to learn from him that your health is now better than for some years before, and that, in addition to your editorial labors, you are able to preach every Sunday. This is a great attainment, and more, I presume, than for many years you ventured to expect. May it prove but the beginning of good days—only a foretaste of the good fruit you are destined to bring forth to the glory of our glorious Master. I envy none but those who have strong health to consecrate to the service of Him who has purchased us with his precious blood. And yet He knows full well to take the will for the deed when He sees the will to be right.

I have come home, through the Divine mercy, improved in health—I hope decidedly and permanently improved. But this remains to be tested by time and experience, to which I hold myself pledged to advance with unusual caution. I may not indulge in too favorable anticipations. I will rather rejoice that you and so many other younger men have been raised up to serve the Church and its Lord better, far better, than I have been able to do. May God spare you long, and

make you a chosen instrument for good to many souls. I should be very glad to see you and your wife. Why not come and see us here? Julia would be truly happy to have you and her with us. We shall have leisure to see you this winter. You may send on your editorials by mail. I think you might show us that you care so much for your friends, of whom you have not many who care more for you than we do—meaning by you, *both* of you.

I have not seen the Zion's Herald, though I sent a note to brother Rand requesting that it may be sent here again, as before my absence. I am glad to know that you go for the Alliance *totis viribus*. I have feared that many of our Northern Methodists might be led away from the true ground of the Alliance through their anti-slavery sentiments, modified as that class of questions now is by our Church difficulties. Now, if I know my own heart, I would go as far as any body in the world to counterwork that detestable system, if some one could only show me how it may be done. I would gladly sacrifice the Evangelical Alliance, and a thousand alliances, for its removal; but I am frank to say that I do not see how this great object can be forwarded at all by attempting to complicate our plans for Christian union with it. We can easily thwart the Alliance, but not, that I can perceive, promote the cause of human liberty.

You occupy a highly influential position in regard to this question. I think you may, perhaps *must*, have more to do in the premises than any other man in our ranks. Allow me to inquire of you what are your views on this point? I really want information as to what is thought about you and by you; for on this depends very much what *can* be done, and what ought to be attempted. I freely state to *you* how the matter strikes me, assuring you, at the same time, that I need information which I now seek for maturing my opinions, and still more my purposes. My expectation is, that many will think it right to exclude slaveholders. So far as I can see



the ground at present, I incline to the opinion that no alliance can be had on this basis.

I. I mean no enlargement of Christian union is thus attainable. It would be quite easy to extend *greatly* abolition associations under the benefit of the Alliance movement, and I am a good deal inclined to anticipate this as the chief result, whether for good or evil; but my idea is, that on this basis no extension of Christian union is to be had. Think of the attitude of the Churches. As Methodists, our Discipline admits the right of slaveholders to our communion; and to contend for an alliance more stringent and pure than the Church, would be to stigmatize the Church as corrupt. Party heat may lead many into this suicidal position, but not, I think, the denomination. Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., with their slaveholding members, who just now demand especial sympathy, could not, I think, be of such an alliance. As *Methodists*, can we consistently go into such an alliance? Should we not thus admit all that Mr. Scott has charged upon us? I am unable to take any other view of this subject. We can not go for an alliance purer than our Church till we conform that to a higher morality.

II. The denominations represented in the American Board of Foreign Missions are committed, as you know, to the moderate view, and can not exclude slaveholders from the Alliance so long as they co-operate with them in missions. This embraces Congregationalists and New School Presbyterians. The Old School, as you know, is fully committed against ultra-abolitionism, and would certainly refuse such a coalition. I will add, that every member of these denominations in London concurred in the opinions I have expressed as likely to be the position of their Churches. They said there would be exceptions in New England, Western New York, and in Ohio, including, however, only small fractions of their people. The Baptists are not committed, I believe, but I am not aware that they have shown any strong affinities for this union

movement. The Free-will Baptists, too, and the Wesleyans, are likely to favor the exclusion; and these, with such Methodists as might go that way, together with the fragments of other sects above indicated, will constitute the only alliance that can be made on the proposed basis. I am ready to admit that all these may constitute a large body of excellent men, who, united, may become potent against slavery; but can they form an evangelical alliance competent to the ends sought in this enterprise? So far from it, just in proportion as this movement shall prosper, will it constitute a new party, against which the body of the great denominations, who sought to be united for Christ's glory, will become antagonists. Past experience has left no doubt on this subject. Under these circumstances, what shall be done? An alliance, to be any thing more than a by-word, must be general—must comprehend the body of the evangelical sects; else it will itself be only a sect—a divider and sword—not the harbinger of peace. If such an alliance can not be formed on the exclusive basis, can it on the conservative? If not, then the attempt ought not to be made here. It is an indication of Providence to forbear. Let as many of us as think we can promote the glory of God or the welfare of man, by entering into associations for other purposes, do so; but by no means engage in a work nominally for the promotion of union, but which can only result in dissension and discomfiture.

CLII. TO THE SAME.

Middletown, Dec. 5, 1846.

I am, as you may well suppose, deeply interested in the main topic of the letters which have passed between us recently. From the first mention of the Evangelical Alliance I hailed it enthusiastically as a movement likely, if well sustained, to be highly auspicious to the interests of Christ's kingdom. I was providentially led to take an active part in the enterprise, and to it I have made offerings of feeling

and money, which I shall certainly never regret, but which justify on my part a *special solicitude* that the opening prospect should not be blighted by any obstacles not insurmountable. Till my attendance on the great London meeting, I had no conception of the difficulties to be encountered, and of the amazing number and delicacy of the points involved in such an attempt. I was filled with admiration at the wisdom, patience, and perseverance with which British Christians had struggled against the hydra forms of opposition from Churchmen and Dissenters, Quakers and Unitarians, worldlings and infidels, politicians and Papists, and, most of all, from fearful, narrow-minded good men. Their triumph over all opposition was wonderful, and even miraculous, if the indisputable interference of God's providence is to be regarded such. After all that has occurred, much of which I have witnessed, I have strong feelings on the subject, and I think it *highly incumbent* on the Churches to carry out this enterprise in America. I think they will be guilty, in God's view, if they thwart it—if the bitterness or the littleness of our controversies shall spoil such sanctified beginnings. The question which has been started in connection with the movement does unquestionably bring into it the most serious obstacles. I am free to confess that I fear our imperfections will make them insuperable.


I see you placed in a position of peculiar difficulty in reference to this question, as you have often been in reference to others of vital importance to the Church. I do you the justice to say that I think you have, under all the circumstances, acquitted yourself very satisfactorily, and always, I am sure, conscientiously. I do not believe you have been called upon to meet a higher or a more difficult responsibility than the one which now impends over you. You are so kind as to allow me to express my opinions freely. I know you will not suspect me of wishing to embarrass your difficult course or to offer my sentiments in any but the most respect-

ful and conciliating spirit. I am *very anxious* that you should take your ground wisely and considerately, that you may be able to maintain it kindly and firmly. Let me begin by beseeching you not to allow any writers in the Herald to outrage charity and Christian propriety, as did the "New England Minister" in the last Herald but one. He accuses us delegates to London of bowing to "the shrines of Mammon and Fame." Now you think we acted right in this trying crisis: he, that we have shown ourselves the most corrupt of men. *Cui bono?* God is our judge. Are we to have repeated, on this holy subject, the terrible, unscrupulous violence of evil days that are past? God forbid. I am not personally sensitive; but, for the sake of the Church and of Christ, this must not be. Do, my dear brother, blot out every sentiment and word, no matter who writes it, that savors of this unhallowed temper.

Three ways have been spoken of as likely to be followed out in the organization of our Alliance. 1. We may adopt the basis of the London Alliance, which contains no reference to slavery. 2. We may adopt this with Mr. Hinton's amendment, which excludes all slaveholders. 3. We may adopt the London Alliance basis, with the addition of an article tantamount to that anti-slavery doctrine of the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The first method would have been preferred, I am sure, by a large majority of the London Alliance. Had *we* insisted on a direct vote, Hinton's amendment would have been rejected by the multitude of voices. It was disliked as an interference with civil and political questions, as imposing a test not doctrinal, which violated a first principle of the Alliance, and as pretending to greater strictness than the Churches had ever done, &c., &c. All the Continentals, all the Churchmen, most of the Wesleyans, and most of the Scotch delegates, I have good reason to believe, were hostile to Hinton's plan—hostile in principle as well as to its aspects upon us. To have rejected the

plan, however, would have been to insure a respectable secession and an active, influential, exciting opposition, which would soon have extended itself through the kingdom. This might have been met successfully, but it might have made the expansion of the Alliance impossible. It was thought best, therefore, to concede just as far as Americans thought could be done without ruin to the cause on this side of the Atlantic. I know your opinion on this basis in which slavery is not mentioned. A great many individuals, and perhaps some entire denominations, would not join the Alliance on such terms. This is a great practical objection. Another, of no little weight, is this : our American is to be reviewed by all the other branches, and British Christians would have the same difficulty in the case as that which the Alliance struggled with and postponed in another form.

Is the second suggestion less beset with objections ? I think not. *Nearly* every American in London held it to be *impossible* to form an alliance here on this basis. I stated in my last in what way Presbyterians of both schools, and the body of Congregationalists, have committed themselves on this point. The whole world knows *our* doctrine as a Church, and that we recognize the right of slaveholders to the Christian character on *specified conditions*. I will not affirm that a great alliance can not be had on this basis, but this can only be after much agitation. The Churches are not now prepared for this, and any alliance so formed would not be *for* Christian unity chiefly, but *against* a certain evil. This might do much good, but not the good which it is our avowed object to seek in this enterprise. In short, I do not believe we can move in this direction, and would, on the score of practicability alone, think it better far to allow the movement to stop where it is, than to attempt to prosecute it on such hopeless conditions. The inference is plain, that I think those who object to the simpler basis, which says nothing of slavery, and who still resolve to go on with the alli-




ance, are fairly shut up to some modification of the third proposition, which substantially adopts the doctrine of the Methodist Episcopal Church on this most unmanageable subject. I understand you to favor such a basis, and on this point I beg to offer a few suggestions. If the adoption of such a basis should, as you expect, shut out *our* slaveholding brethren, they could hardly complain of it as a grievance while they recognize the same condition in the discipline. Whatever course, therefore, this class of Methodists may adopt, this plan can not lead, one would hope, to alienation and bitterness, a result to be deprecated especially in an effort to extend the domain of Christian charity. I believe that few, probably none, would enter such an alliance who do not really disapprove of slavery, and sincerely desire its extirpation.

I think there are strong reasons why Methodists should not favor alliance tests more stringent than that of the Discipline. *You*, especially, are in a position to feel the necessity of this moderation, whatever temptations there may be to transcend it. Every good argument in favor of more exclusiveness is good for Mr. O. Scott against our Church, and it will be equally good for any new school of radicals that may arise among us. You have all along contended, against all the world, that our Church occupies the right ground, which is, that slaveholding is not *necessarily* sinful, and that all who hold slaves with the *animus* implied, in regarding slavery "a great evil," which we ought to "*extirpate*," how and when God permits, are, *quoad hoc*, fit for Church-membership. Much more, then, are they fit for the Alliance, which seeks to enlarge the sphere of charity, and can not proceed a step except by relaxing tests. Such a feature as I am here discussing, the American portion of the committee in London proposed, but Hinton and his party refused it as insufficient. I firmly believe that if *we* adopt such a basis, the English branch will recognize us. A few will refuse,

but the great body will be satisfied. All the articles of the basis are declaratory, and none propose any inquisition or discipline. The anti-slavery article now under discussion obeys this analogy, and plainly an alliance can go no further. It proposes tests, but can not detect hypocrites. It should not seek an impracticable result in regard to slaveholders, any more than in regard to other classes of persons whom it wishes to sift. Let me repeat distinctly, what I have intimated above, that it seems to *me, you* should be careful not to *insist on any test stricter or fuller than that of our Discipline*. You can advocate this with consistency, and I hope with safety to the enterprise. If Methodists want an alliance stricter than their Church, and I know some excellent men do, they can not complain of brethren who are more easily satisfied—at least, not reasonably

It is of the spirit of the Alliance to prefer such a basis as, not being anti-Christian, shall, in fact, hold the largest number of Christ's disciples. We do not the less love many who can not be embraced by any practicable plan. Many *must*, I fear, be excluded in the present state of opinions among Christians. *I* can go for any of the plans proposed, provided it fulfills this fundamental condition of embracing the largest practicable company of disciples. I am free to say, and I dare not, on fit occasions, *omit* to say, that I believe Southern Church members to be, to a hopeful extent, Christians in the best sense of the word. I can not withhold my charity from professing slaveholders, *in the gross*, for it would belie all my experience and deep convictions. I can, therefore, receive them on any *discriminating* basis. Still, if the largest union, and a larger far than we now have, can be had *without them*, then good men are free to such a connection.

As I understand your letter, you propose to advocate a restriction tantamount to that of our discipline. Your editorial seems to imply more, though easily susceptible of this interpretation. You only wish to exclude *guilty* slaveholders.



The declaration proposed will do this, as far as such tests can effect their object, as far even as the other adopted tests are likely to accomplish these ends, and this is all that you, as a Methodist, can aim at *consistently*. It will be easy, I fear, for ultra men, with some yielding on the part of the more conservative classes, to prevent the formation of any alliance. They can not form one on ultra principles that shall not counteract its own professed objects. May the great Head of the Church inspire his people with wisdom and moderation, with a strong sense of the importance of the *ends* proposed by the Evangelical Alliance !

CHAPTER IX.

HOME LIFE.

AN illumination of the college, with Dr. Olin's name traced in lines of light, gave expression to the pleasure of the students at the safe return of their president.*

* "His first hours of safe return among us," writes one of the students, "were those of gladness. The utterance of anxious prayers for his safety and health was changed to that of praise and gratitude to Infinite Beneficence for this great favor.

"Our joyous emotion could find no method of outward manifestation so appropriate as an illumination of the college buildings. The purpose, both to honor and please him, was unanimous, not only among the students, but also among the professors and their families, to make the demonstration on the first evening after his arrival. When the first hour after twilight had arrived, at a given signal the entire front of the buildings burst into a blaze of light.

"At this moment the doctor, attended by a company of friends who came out to enjoy with him the pleasures of the hour, appeared and walked slowly across the college grounds. He was evidently much pleased at this hearty expression of welcome from those under his care, for he often turned to behold and admire the divers figures of flame in the different rows of windows. Having walked down the gentle descent to the gate which fronts the college, here he paused, beholding it for a few moments in silence, when, by an ingenious rearrangement of the tapers in the upper range of windows, they were made to read DR. OLIN, while all the lights in the lower windows were instantly extinguished.

"All faces were radiant with joy, but none more so than the face of him for whose honor and gratification the illumination was planned and executed. More than one of our number stood near the great man to observe the effect of the demonstration. He could but understand that *his name* was on every tongue—that *himself* was the centre of this affection, and the occasion of this manifestation of joy. We stood near to study the composition of the man (for the great often

The benefit derived from his voyage, however, was but temporary. An illness which attacked him the last of January confined him to his room till the middle of April. These repeated illnesses were grievous trials to him. The physical inconveniences, the suffering, the privation from air and exercise, were slight in comparison with baffled plans, interrupted duties, and accumulated labors thrown on days of health. His responsibilities seemed, in his hours of weakness, a burden too heavy for him to bear. Cheerful, uncomplaining, he always was, and through grace he was enabled to rise above even these depressing thoughts and roll his burden upon the Lord. He seldom suffered acute pain, he required no nursing, and, though incapable of reading, of concentrated thought or exertion, his social sympathies were in full play, and the hours spent in his sick-room were brightened by converse, spontaneous and delightful.

The members of the Faculty and other friends who were accustomed to visit him will remember cordial greetings and playful remarks uttered by the invalid. Anxious thoughts of his cares and duties were laid away till the days of health came, and free entrance was given to thoughts of the varied past or the shifting scenes of the present, on which his eye was ever fixed with lively interest. Often, when he was scarcely able to sit up, he would rise from his bed and go off on a journey to facilitate the recovery which would be serve as a page of instruction or criticism when they little know it), and to hear what he said. No lineament or expression of extravagance was manifest in him. He was the same kind, calm, and humble man as ever, though he was evidently gratified at the sight afforded him of the deep affection borne to him by the students and Faculty."


more tardy at home. An old black woman at the South once said to him, " Massa, you have large resolution to wander about the world, and you so sick !"

He recovered his usual health in April, and during the spring and summer visited the Conferences as usual. He went to New York in May for the session of the New York Conference, and, while there, he attended the meetings of the American branch of the Evangelical Alliance. He writes to his wife, May 10th, 1847: "I got to the Alliance when it was engaged in the discussion of the slavery article—proceeding, as it seemed to me, to no very hopeful results. I proposed a substitute exactly conforming to the feature of our Discipline on this subject, which, after considerable discussion, prevailed. I fear little will be accomplished, however. It may be as well, perhaps, to cease from attempting to form a union which must probably encounter fierce opposition." A Lutheran minister, who had been a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance in London, and who was present on this occasion, said that the Convention was doubtful and undecided, when Dr. Olin rose, and in a few direct words, spoken in his clear, forcible manner, indicated the course which was subsequently adopted.

The August vacation he spent at Northampton, devoting himself to the details of the water-cure, from which he derived great benefit. For a year and a half he was not ill for a day. He was able to walk vigorously, and to spend hours in reading—a privilege which had long been denied him. Always a great lover of punctuality and system,* his days were now appor-

* A trivial fact may illustrate the love of order which he carried

tioned off with the greatest regularity. The college bell rang at five o'clock, awaking him in the darkness of a winter's morning, the thermometer "sometimes butting against zero," to take his cold shower-bath, the water frequently freezing as it fell. Then, in all weathers—snow, sleet, fog, or rain—or in the incense-breathing morn of a summer's day, he walked three or four miles. These walks were rendered more tolerable by the companionship of Professor Lindsay, who walked more than three thousand miles with him in these early morning hours. Between six and seven he went into the study (where, during his hours at home, he kept a bright wood-fire burning) for his season of devotional retirement. Family prayers were at seven o'clock, and then his simple breakfast. The hours from nine to twelve were spent in his room at the college. After dinner, as the college bell rang for two, his tall form was always seen in the little path leading from his own house through the campus. At half past four o'clock, when all the students repaired to their different recitation-rooms, he walked rapidly to and from the post-office; then he looked over his letters and papers before the bell rang at half past five o'clock for evening prayers, which he always attended. The fragments of his time were most carefully gathered up. In addition to most of the papers and periodicals of the Methodist Church, the four leading British Quarterlies, and the New Englander, which he was always in the out in little things. The Faculty meetings were held in his room in college, and, to furnish the requisite number of seats for the occasion, an extra chair was brought from an inner room. After the meeting was over, he could not go on with his writing till that chair was restored to its place.



habit of reading, he now, in these days of renewed health, went quietly through one large volume after another, replacing in the book-case, as he loved to do every thing in order, the volume he had read before the next was taken down. Arnold's History of Rome and of the Later Commonwealth, Thirlwall's Greece, Neander's History of the Church and Life of Christ, Upham's works, with those of Fuller and Robert Hall, the Memoirs of Cromwell, Campbell, Southey, and John Foster, of M'Cheyne, Milnor, and Griswold, gave a charm to his leisure hours of which they had long been deprived. In the Life of Dr. Arnold he was deeply interested. He first saw the account of his death in some periodical, when on his way to Washington, in December, 1844, and he said, musingly, "Forty-seven! I have just reached the age at which Dr. Arnold died." After the thorough knowledge obtained, through the memoir, of the living working man, the narrative of his death, taken away as he was in the midst of his days, was like hearing of the death of a valued friend. It affected Dr. Olin to tears.

The Life of Chalmers, which he loved to have read to him on Sunday evenings, afforded him great enjoyment. He discovered new elements of beauty and power in his character. His romantic and devoted attachment to his young friend, Mr. Thomas Smith, was a new page of great interest. How memorable were his family devotions the Sunday evening that these chapters in the history of Chalmers were read. What power and unction rested on them from above! With what solemnity did he consecrate himself and those most dear to him to God! Some forcible words of Dr.

Chalmers's he distinctly remembered having been struck with, nearly thirty years before, when he read them in a sermon published at that time on the death of the Princess Charlotte. They are italicized in the following passage: "On looking at the mighty mass of a city population, I state my apprehension that if something be not done to bring this enormous physical strength under the control of Christian humanized principle, the day may yet come when it may lift against the authorities of the land its *brawny vigor*, and discharge upon them all the turbulence of its rude and *volcanic energy*." Before the third volume of Dr. Chalmers's Life had issued from the press, Dr. Olin had gone where he needed no records to acquaint him with the illustrious dead.

He was always glad to see his friends and his brethren in his home. They will remember his hearty welcome, his "warm, kind smile," the playful salutations, so characteristic and peculiar, with which he greeted the members of the Faculty and their families, whom he was accustomed to meet so familiarly and so frequently. His conversation had point and vigor. Words unexpectedly applied seemed at once to have a peculiar fitness for the object they described. He was remarkably free from exaggeration. His thoughts were not crude nor one-sided, but calm and mature, showing that they emanated from a dweller on the serene heights of truth—from one accustomed to take large views of men and things. "It is a matter of vain regret to me now," says Dr. Wightman, "that I did not keep memoranda of many of the conversations I have had with Dr. Olin. The practical wisdom of

his remarks would entitle most of them to a place in the best books of table-talk ever published. I recollect to have been struck, on a journey with him once, in a stage-coach, over a very rough and somewhat dangerous road in Georgia, with the perfect composure he manifested during the various lurches of our land-ship in and out of deep mud-holes. Expressing my surprise at his command over his nerves, he said it was his custom, in traveling, to select the best and safest routes and vehicles, and then to commit himself, with perfect trust in Providence, to all the fortunes of the way, never troubling his mind for a moment with anticipations of disaster. We went with perfect safety; but a year or two afterward, on the same route, in company with my honored friend Bishop Janes, we were upset in the stage, with no serious damage, however, to any one."

He was never dictatorial. He had no hobbies; but there was in his large catholic spirit a power of adaptation to all the varieties of human character with which he was brought into contact. "Though I knew he had a great mind," said a young friend, "yet he never made me feel his superiority. He did not overpower me with argument, but he listened with gentle consideration to what I had to say, and then gave me his own views on the subject." Some of his friends thought that he had great power in discerning spirits, that he could read people as by intuition. His judgments, however, were genial and kindly, and the law of love governed his spirit as well as his conversation.

He rarely told anecdotes, though his memory might

have furnished many of interest. He said that, when a boy, he used to listen to the stories which his father told with so much effect, and, in the course of their repetition at distant intervals, he found that there were slight variations and additions, as the memory of the narrator failed with regard to certain points of the story. These observations of the boy habitually restrained the conscientious man from similar narrations, lest he might unconsciously swerve, even in the slightest degree, from the simple truth.

An incident may further illustrate his conscientious carefulness. He was requested to furnish a motto for a little work by Mr. Field, "Scripture Illustrated by Anecdotes," and he readily furnished one, but with the stipulation that it should not appear with his name. He thought that the idea or form of expression might be borrowed, he did not know from whom, nor that it was borrowed at all; but he was not sure that it was his own. The motto is as follows: "While the great events of history deserve to be studied as phenomena of the Divine administration, the facts and incidents of common life illustrate the ways of God's providence, and are often the best interpreters of His word."

The birth of a son in the spring of 1847 tended to enlarge and make more intense the circle of his sympathies. "I find," he says, "that he has hold of a string which none before him have pulled. May God spare the little fellow, and strengthen him with might and grace for a long life and a good fight." Most tenderly did he sustain the parental relation during the brief period in which God allowed him to taste its peculiar joy. He lavished an overflowing love upon the chil-

dren, who climbed his knee, and caressed and amused him with their childish prattle. He seldom spoke of his travels; but he delighted the little Henry with stories of the East—of the monk of the mountain, who swam after their boat on the Nile to ask for bucksheesh—of the Mohammedan boys who drove him out of the Mosque of St. Sophia—of the poor Christian beaten at the Gate of Bethlehem; or he told him of boyish expeditions to gather whortleberries amid the Green Mountains of Vermont. One day while driving out, he saw a group of children picking whortleberries by the roadside. He stopped the horse, lifted his three-year old boy out of the carriage, borrowed a tin cup from a little girl, and quietly waited till Henry should fill it with berries. He had his reward, when the little Henry, who had often imagined himself the hero of his father's boyish adventures, exclaimed, with great glee, on being replaced in the carriage, "Now it is fact, and not fiction, that I have gathered whortleberries." The children knelt at his knee and placed their little hands in his for their morning and their evening prayer. Dearly as they loved him, they learned from him, with the dawn of reason, the lesson of perfect obedience. It was easy to see that he had power to mould the character of a child—and the only infusion in this cup of joy was the thought, ever recurring to his mind, that these boys would probably grow up to be men without his forming hand. His warm affections were manifested in the daily loving charities of domestic life. On his return from a journey, his trunk generally contained some proof that the dear ones at home had been remembered in his absence; and the 18th of October, the anni-

versary of his marriage, never came without some beautiful and appropriate gift for his wife.

He had almost a trembling apprehensiveness about the children, which revealed itself more fully in his letters when away from home. In May, 1848, while attending the New York Conference in Brooklyn, he writes to his wife, "I am *anxious* to hear from home. I find the addition of little Henry to our stock in life has, with greatly increased pleasures, brought greater solitudes. At this season I think of his special liabilities from teething and other causes, among which I often find myself contemplating the probability of his walking bolt over the edge of our dangerous veranda, or retrogading from the top of the stairs, evils from which I can not regard him as secure for some time to come. All depends upon sleepless vigilance. Take a fresh caution for yourself, and administer one in my name to Mary Anne. It would be sad to hear that the little fellow had strided on into any serious difficulty. It takes no little philosophy to feel composed, in view of the endless smaller casualties to which he seems exposed and doomed, do what you can. His yielding head is inevitably to be brought into contact with every angle of mahogany furniture not above his reach. All very harmless, you think, provided the arnica be duly applied. Well, it is a training for the world before him, in which are falls and thumps not a few for even the most fortunate. May God be his shield of defense in all dangers, present and future, small and great, and bring out of these disciplinary processes the best results for body and soul—for time and eternity. Meantime, watch over all, for you occupy a position of high re-

sponsibility. You are, in the order of Providence, the appointed guardian of the interests of both worlds to this dear little boy. May you receive grace to accomplish well your delightful task."

Dr. Olin was so accustomed to express his deep conviction that his life was, to a great degree, an unproductive one, that it may be well to sum up some of the deeds done in his last ten years. One day when he had "talked with his past hours," he said he could not look back upon great things achieved—he had been denied the satisfaction of carrying forward large plans of usefulness, but that he had been enabled to accomplish two works of value. His *Travels in the East*, giving as they did a truthful picture of the Lands of the Bible, would aid the student of God's word; and the Wesleyan University, established on a permanent basis, would, with God's blessing, be a powerful agency in the Church. But he did more than this. He preached sermons in all the Methodist Churches of New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Boston; in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, at all of the Conferences of New York and New England, and at the dedication of a number of churches in different parts of the country. He answered upward of sixteen hundred letters; and with the exception of a few pages, he wrote the two volumes published since his death, besides a volume still in manuscript, containing his observations on Greece and Constantinople. The composition of five large volumes, replete with vigorous thought, in addition to an extensive correspondence, and the labor of governing and providing for the pecuniary wants of a college, entitle those ten years to be considered a productive period of his life.

He preached at Middletown shortly after the opening of the college term (February 6th, 1848), on Acts, iv., 20, "We can not but speak the things we have seen and heard." "Under that head which describes the elevated, disinterested Christian," writes Mrs. —, "he said, 'Paul could not backslide. Present ever in the likeness of Christ's death, he had divinity enough in him to save him. Attached to Christ's chariot, one in faith with Christ, as soon might we expect an angel to soil his white robe.' In another place, 'He is still our neighbor, though the Himalaya Mountains be piled upon the Alps between us.' Speaking of the effort made for Ireland a few years before, he said, 'But they heed not the starving for the bread of Life. Throbbing empires, masses of immortal souls, on one individual of which rests more than the consummated misery of Ireland, oh! where is the outburst of mercy for the heathen?' It was communion-day, and he said, 'As you go to the altar, think of the hosts who have not this privilege—no communion of saints—no Bible.'

"I think that some of the most characteristic expressions that I ever heard him use were in this sermon; but they are not printed. Those touches gave such indescribable power to what he said! I suppose they would not do for a coldly-judging public in a published sermon; but how they thrilled the heart of the ravished hearer!

"On the 29th of February, I heard him preach in the North Congregational Church, in Middletown, from John, xii., 35-36: 'Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you; for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not

whither he goeth. While ye have the light, believe in the light, that ye may be children of the light.' How grand and shadowy he looked in that dimly-lighted church when he so graphically depicted the state of those stumbling in a hazy, foggy, semi-dark state, trying to do like 'old Saul,' unconscious to the last of his desertion! I spent the next Friday evening with him, and he said he had just finished Merle D'Aubigné's *Life of Cromwell*; and, as he stood up by the mantelpiece in the library, he descanted so enthusiastically upon Cromwell's character. He thought him a great Christian. All Hume's aspersions were entirely removed. He had been deeply profited by Cromwell's 'earnest faith'—as much edified as by any record of spiritual experience that he had ever read. He spoke of Dr. Bushnell as a 'master-spirit,' and talked of his article on the Comprehensiveness of Christianity with unmixed admiration.

"June 4th, I heard him preach on the Lord's Supper. Those were my *marked* days when I heard *him* preach. I always noted them down."

In July, 1848, he delivered an address at the opening of the Missionary Hall of the Wesleyan University. This is a room, fitted up by the "liberality and enterprise of Christian friends as a depository for such specimens of art from unevangelized tribes, and for such symbols and implements connected with their religious ideas and worship, as shall aid the inquisitive student in acquiring the most ample information and the most vivid impressions in regard to the heathen world. Here was to be the place of congregation, and consultation, and sympathy, and prayer for pious students whose hearts

God may touch with a benevolent concern for the spiritual welfare of pagan nations.”* “They will meet here for pious converse, for fervent supplications—to imbibe and communicate holy aspirations and Christ-like ambitions—to learn to weep over perishing millions—to stir up each other’s swelling hearts to great enterprises and great sacrifices—to snatch coals of fire from an ever-blazing altar, and rush away, as God may speed them, to kindle an inextinguishable flame in dark, accursed regions which are now *anathema maranatha* because they love not the Lord Jesus Christ.”† Books, periodicals, maps, and charts were to lend their aid to awaken and rightly to direct Christian energies.

His theme, a most appropriate one for such an occasion, was the missionary spirit, the great characterizing spirit of scholarship and civilization. In discussing this topic, he showed that missionaries had, during the last forty years, done more than all other men to extend the boundaries of the most interesting branches of human knowledge. At the close of his address, he most solemnly dedicated the hall to its religious uses, after which a hymn, kindly written for the occasion by Mrs. Sigourney, was sung by the assembly to the grand melody of Old Hundred. A simple entertainment was followed by an address from the Rev. Dr. Turnbull, of Hartford, and thus ended an evening not soon to be forgotten by those who shared its hallowed pleasures.

* Four of the students who were at the Wesleyan University during Dr. Olin’s administration are now missionaries in distant lands : two in China, one in Oregon, and one in Africa.

† See Works, vol. ii., p. 338.

HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A MISSIONARY ROOM AT THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Not to the pomp and pride of life,
Not to the wealth that fleets away,
Not to ambition's noisy strife,
We consecrate these walls this day.

But to *their* self-devoted toil
Who chose the path their Savior trod,
Sow with Heaven's seed a sterile soil,
And point the pagan soul to God.

For deeds like these with fervent prayer,
We dedicate them, Lord, to thee ;
Arm them with strength thy yoke to bear,
And faithful in thy service be.

Grant power to break Guadama's chain,
Illume dark China's ancient night ;
Send streams o'er Afric's torrid plain,
And give our forest brethren light.

So, when their work on earth is o'er,
They, with the myriads of the blest,
Shall find on yon celestial shore
High plaudit and eternal rest.

And so this place where now we pray
Shall breathe thy praise without alloy,
And in the judgment's fearful day
Come up, with memories of joy.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

At the Commencement of this year he delivered a baccalaureate address to the graduating class on The Relations of Christian Principle to mental Culture, from the text, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he;" "a discourse," says the New Englander, "which, for massive richness of thought and dignified force of style, would not be unworthy of John Foster."

Letters written in 1847 and 1848.

CLIII. TO MR. JAMES STRONG.*

Middletown, April 20th, 1847.

It is now a long time since I received your letter, asking for information in regard to the pastoral customs existing at this time in the East. I fear that I shall not be able to satisfy your inquiry, but I must explain my long silence, for which I have but too good an apology. I was ill when your letter reached me, and to the present time have been unable to write. I will only add, that it will always give me pleasure to hear from you on any subject in which you may feel an interest.

I am unable to write more than a brief reply. The common custom is to gather the flocks into the villages at night, as I often had opportunity to observe. In tracts wholly devoted to pasturage, the shepherds pitch their tents in company, and the flocks are collected about them at night. Whether any other custom prevails in Palestine I know not, but suppose that when flocks are driven into mountain districts, and to the desert, as they often are, the shepherd and his dogs must lodge and watch near them. This I saw in Arabia, and perhaps within the limits of Judea.

My reason for this delay and for brevity, will, I am sure, appear sufficient to you.

CLIV. TO MRS. OLIN.

Lynn, May 2d, 1847.

. . . . I have had one meeting with the Education Committee. Little was done, and we are to meet again tomorrow afternoon. No action can be had in the Conference sooner than Tuesday, which renders it quite certain that I shall not be able to leave before Wednesday, probably not until Thursday. My presence is indispensable to a satisfac-

* Author of a "Harmony of the Gospels."

tory arrangement of our matters. Indeed, I greatly fear that I may not for some time be released from the necessity of these annual visitations, should my health unexpectedly allow me to continue in my office. This is the least agreeable of all my functions—the begging part, I mean. It would be pleasant enough to mingle with friends at the Conferences, if some pleasanter duty led me there. *Pleasant* duties, however, might not always be most salutary for us. I am yet glad that the Master chooses for me, and if he chooses I am willing to take my lot in the shape of crosses.

To write after the L—— type: On Friday, Bishops Hedding and Janes dined with me at my host's. Yesterday I took tea with Bishops Hedding and Morris, at the Rev. Mr. M'Reading's. All was very pleasant. Yesterday I made some report of my delegation to the Evangelical Alliance. I had no intention to say but a few words, and so began by apologizing about my inability to speak audibly, or more than a few minutes, if at all; then, with beautiful consistency, spoke on to within five or ten minutes of the end of an hour.*

* *Notes of an Address made in the New England Conference.*

1. Due to the Conference to make some report of the Evangelical Alliance, because I was its delegate, and because some errors have prevailed, growing, probably, out of the secrecy of the proceedings. I at first felt it my duty to decline going to London on account of home duties, &c., but finally consented on account of my health. I felt especially honored by *this* Conference.

2. My opinions of the Evangelical Alliance. The *attempt* to gain so great a boon as "a large Christian union," was most Christian, and should have been made if there were but slight prospects of success. Failure in trying to reach this noble position was not dishonorable. The Methodist Episcopal Church was more forward than other denominations; very suitably, as it is second to none in theoretical and actual catholicity—has no hobbies.

3. It can not prove a failure, for much has been attained. We have now a general admission of the *want* of union, and of the strong desire of all sects to attain it. This is most encouraging. Liberal men were apt to think that they and their sect were alone like Eli-

As the whole was pretty much unpremeditated, it gave me very little fatigue, and I slept as well last night and feel as well to-day as usual.

jah ; now they rejoice to find that they have the sympathies of multitudes. Ground has been gained in this way that can hardly be lost. *The idea* must live and grow, whatever befall organizations.

4. The meeting of so many such Christians—their harmony on all strictly religious questions—their delightful communings—their oneness of experience and of faith in essentials—was affecting, edifying, and must, I think, diffuse salutary influences over many Churches. Calvinists seemed utterly surprised and rejoiced to find Methodists as ready as themselves to give all glory to Christ, and stand up for salvation by grace alone.

5. The all but unanimous adoption of the doctrinal basis was an auspicious event, likely to exert great and permanent influence. It is a declaration before the world by leading ministers of all considerable evangelical denominations, that the doctrines set forth are fundamental—are sufficient guarantees of sound, theoretical Christianity ; still more, that, on comparing notes, the many sects do substantially agree in these. I must think this a great moral achievement, worth all the trouble of holding the Alliance.

II.

The question of slavery. The general ground taken by our delegates.

1. It was wrong to start so grave a question after we had been commissioned, and had left our homes to attend the Alliance.

2. They bore a united testimony as to the great evil, but could not consent that Christians who are not active abolitionists are therefore pro-slavery men. They affirmed that themselves and their Northern Churches were opposed to slavery, and that the difference is chiefly about means. They believed that no large union could be formed here on the basis proposed, and they wished to refer the subject to our Christian people at home, as alone competent to settle its basis.

My position : I concurred with the delegation, to which I was constrained, not only by my convictions, but the presumed will of my constituents.

1. I was shut up to the *object*—the larger union. I was sent for that, and in the divisions here I felt sure that the object could not be reached by the exclusion.

The Rev. E. T. Taylor is my co-lodger, and I never found him so interesting and original. I never before thought so highly of his genius or piety. His unique, figurative, powerful language is laden with strange, strong thoughts. His imagination is, indeed, wonderful in its fertility and power. You would have laughed and wept to hear his prayer this morning, in our family devotions, in behalf of yourself and the baby, so strongly original, figurative, fervent, appropriate, and touching. I thought I should hardly forget it, but I am unable to recall a single sentence. My mind will not receive and retain his forms of thought and speech.

CLV. TO THE REV. —.

Middletown, June 24th, 1847.

I have been for some time *just about* to write to you. I have been very busy. My long illness during the winter and early spring led to a great accumulation of urgent duties, which I have been laboring with such diligence as I could to perform. This has been the true cause of tardiness in my correspondence. I suppose that I am above suspicion in regard to any reasons incompatible with great and undiminished affection for you, and with a very high appreciation of the worth of your correspondence. If I am not, at least I ought to be, which is a home source of consolation little liable to failure. How sad it is that so many pages of the little space we are able to give to our friends must be overrun with apologies. Does not an apology usually imply some consciousness or half consciousness of delinquency? and yet it commonly accuses fate, and exculpates self! This is to be said in favor of such perorations that they render protestations and professions less intolerable than they are without

2. I was shut up to the course as a *Methodist*. The Discipline was my letter of instructions as delegate of two Conferences. I had no other, and I should have deserved your censure had I transcended its doctrines.

some special provocation of the sort. I endeavor to keep up with the claims of correspondents, and so to keep myself in a position to give to these stealthy declarations of affection, which, after all, it is very pleasant to reiterate, the form of reproaches for the negligence and inferior punctuality of my friends. I like this way the better of the two, but fear its morality may be questionable. Better to confess our own faults than remind our friends of theirs. Still, the last is the more natural, and what charm is equal to *naturalness* in epistolary correspondence? But I must rescue myself from this deepening depth of metaphysical ethics, and pass *per saltum* to the practical.

. . . . Allow me to add that I hope you will not look with increase of favor on any of the embryo projects which would lead you away from your present position. I should deprecate this as a serious misfortune in its probable operation upon yourself and upon the good cause in which you labor. You are just now in a situation to exert a considerable and, I am persuaded, a rapidly increasing influence. You are just beginning to be known as a literary man, and every year of diligent, steady work will double your resources as well as their efficiency. Abide in your calling. You need its help in giving character to your efforts, and weight and stability to your character. In your present office, your Methodism will prove a powerful auxiliary to your literary labors. Out of it, I fear it may do you very little good in the open field of literature, to which, I suppose, you would devote yourself. Again, where you now are, your literary efforts redound to the advancement of our Church in influence and respectability. Remove and you lose this advantage, of which I greatly question your right to disfurnish yourself.

You talk of going to Germany, &c. Twenty years ago this might have been well. Now Germany is here for all the ends of improved scholarship; its books—its ways and notions of teaching—its criticism—its doctrines, good, and bad,

and indifferent. *Your* time is too valuable for this fancy, not to speak of money. We have too few men capable of doing what you can do, to spare three or four of your best years for this pilgrimage to a shrine before which, if you would think so, you worship daily and intelligently. Allow me to add, that it is hardly probable that you will, on your return from Europe, enter so intimately as now into denominational work, where you are most wanted, and where, above all, you are really needed.

Had you felt the need of advice, you would no doubt have asked for it. Is it proof of my friendship, or the reverse, that you have it even on easier terms?

CLVL. TO MR. AND MRS. ———

(On the death of a child).

Middletown, June 28th, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I have heard with a very deep sympathy of the removal of your lovely babe. If we may judge of the strength and tenderness of the ties so suddenly and unexpectedly torn asunder by the sentiments which the possession for only two months of our own precious boy has awakened in the parental bosom, *we* more readily than some others may appreciate the poignancy of your sorrows. You had enjoyed the society of the little cherub for nearly a year. It had, meantime, attained a measure of development and maturity in those bewitching, infantine acts and accomplishments by which nature endows the helplessness of that early age with the means of lightening and rewarding all the cares which it imposes on its guardians. You will have the recollection of its smiles, its playfulness, and of its growing intelligence to dwell upon, and to add to the bitterness of the bereavement. Yours is precisely a case of sorrow, in which friends from without can administer the least consolation. I know, too, you are surrounded by many friends who weep and suffer with you, and who will have it in their power to

afford all the alleviation of which such afflictions are susceptible. Were we present with you, we could not aid them much in attempts which, whoever makes them, must, I fear, for some time at least, prove nearly vain. We shall not fail to invoke the blessing of God upon you in this your first serious trouble.

My thoughts have taken one special direction ever since the sad tidings reached us. I follow the darling babe to his new sphere of being. He has gone to fulfill the designs of God, under conditions very different from those which beset him here, and no doubt far more favorable to his happiness for the next sixty or seventy years, than could have been his longer stay upon earth. His immortal powers will open and grow into manhood in the absence of sin and temptation.

You have given one pure, undying spirit to the innumerable multitude who encircle the Savior in his glory. This is a sublime, consolatory, though hardly comprehensible thought, which becomes available and mighty to soothe the wounded spirit just in proportion as it is embraced with a clear and lively faith. The babe has the full benefit of the translation beyond all doubt or contingency. Whether you shall, in this time of your trial, find support in such considerations must depend upon yourselves. Is it not a time when your friends may, without any fear of giving offense, beseech you to turn for consolation to the heaven which is henceforth the home of your departed, lovely boy? You have, perhaps, neglected hitherto to "lay up treasure" there, but God has, without your agency or consent, deposited what was most precious to you, "where moth and rust doth not corrupt!" How does this thought strike you? Will you not allow your hearts to be drawn toward this region of blessedness, now that it has become impossible to keep away from Christ without insuring your perpetual separation from the precious babe which he has seized and will ever keep as his own? It is my deliberate conviction that God intends this sore visitation in

mercy. He has conferred many blessings upon you, but they have failed in awakening your religious convictions into any valuable activity. Your Christian friends rejoice to witness your sober views in regard to the world, and what are called its pleasures; but they painfully fear that, in the harmony, and peace, and enjoyments of your delightful domestic situation and prospects, you are not unlikely to enter fully into life without God. What a thought! To establish and rear a family without religion! God has taken charge of your first-born! It will no doubt have good nurture in heaven; and its removal so early may be the means of introducing Christ to the parents—of making Him who claims you, no less than your boy for his own, the basis of your future arrangements for happiness. While you feel deeply, go to the great Comforter for relief. Do not allow this sorrow to pass away without finding peace and hope in God. A louder call—a more touching appeal—even God can not make in his ordinary providences. I pray that his Spirit may aid, and that you, my dear friends, may *even now* give your hearts to the Savior.

CLVII. TO MRS. OLIN.

Binghampton, July 22d, 1847.

Having just got seated at my lodgings, I proceed to give you some account of the fortunes of the last four days. Professor —— was my very agreeable companion as far as New Haven, where he stopped. I knew no one at first in the steamer, but by-and-by found Captain S——, with whom I had good discourse of things nautical or other. We were too late for the Albany boat by some five minutes, which decided my doubts, and I went to your father's. . . . On getting to the Erie Rail-road boat in the morning, I found, to my sorrow, that I must lose an entire day somewhere in New York or at Otisville, whence the stage proceeds, at 11 P.M., on the arrival of the *second* boat from New York. It was

just too late for the Albany boat, and, after balancing the matter five minutes, till I felt quite foolish and looked so to the people around, I desperately resolved to go on with a huge odoriferous company of milkmen, women, and cars, from Orange county, and take what might befall at Otisville. It is a very poor region all the way nearly, including what I saw of Orange. Even Goshen, so renowned and venerable for good butter, which comes through it from Pennsylvania, Delaware, Broome, &c., ranks only with Upper Houses, and such like places. Otisville contains Mr. Otis's store, besides a very dirty tavern, &c., where I intended after dinner to beguile the tedious moments, as I am doing these, by writing of my grievances to the only person in the world who will sympathize so far as to laugh at them, to which height of sorrow I wish to exalt you at this present. Luckily, there were just nine of us in this predicament waiting to go on at night. The proprietor, therefore, agreed to forward us twenty miles to Milford by daylight, and we slept beautifully till 4 A.M., when the night stage came on and took us in. This was a great boon, as it left us only twenty-seven hours of continuous motion over a succession of mountain ridges, which make up the way, a hundred miles or more, to this beautiful town. The route was unspeakably fatiguing; the drivers drunken, profane, and cross; the taverns dirty, and reeking with whiskey and topers. I made inquiries about temperance, church-going, &c., with but little satisfaction. It was no slight aggravation to find that these beastly publicans are mostly Connecticut people. These Yankees are like the figs of Jeremiah.

We passed mile upon mile without meeting with man or his works—a great comfort, as the biped, two chances to one, must prove a drunkard. For forty miles the land is clothed with brushwood and scrubby trees, the timber having been cut for lumber. For fifteen or twenty miles the forest is dense and heavy, almost to sublimity. The immense hem-

locks, and sugar maples, and elms positively inspire a kind of respect, the more so as they seem to be clean, and not to drink whisky. We crossed the Delaware at a little village about a mile from a point where New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania come in contact, each *pouting* out a sharp corner for the frowning salutation. The funny, rubicund innkeeper on the other side of the river calls his little, rough hen-house and lot *Metamoras*. So Rome enriched her language by her conquests. But there is little use of reasoning against the prejudices of a confirmed Whig, who can not or will not see the advantages of annexation. We reached Honesdale at 3½ P.M., in a deep ravine—very sickly—flourishing—the terminus of the Hudson and Delaware Canal, through which pass this year four hundred thousand tons of coal. Following the Susquehanna much of the way, we arrived here at eight this morning. The preacher soon called for me at the hotel. Between nine and ten, I went to the well-filled Conference, and found brother Dempster in the midst of a two hours' speech, and a good one at that, for the Biblical Institute. This man gets up early, and must prosper. He is ever a little ahead of me. . . .

CLVIII. TO MRS. OLIN.

Northampton, August 12th, 1847.

. . . . I am devoting myself to the details of the water-cure with all industry and fidelity. What with taking the baths and the walks—a no less essential thing—I have little time left for any thing else. Reading is, indeed, pretty much prohibited. I write about one letter in the day, which is as much as I can venture upon. Yesterday I would have gone to Amherst College, only eight miles distance, to hear an address from Charles Sumner, as I would gladly be present at their Commencement to-day, but that prudence rather demands the practice of self-denial in this and all other indulgences. I have seen Dr. Woodward, and I met

with President Hopkins at his house, with whom I felt myself quite fortunate in forming a brief acquaintance. I see a good deal of the Rev. Dr. Allen, former president of Bowdoin College, but now resident here. He called first to see me with Professor Tappan, who, with his lady, is here for some days.

The Rev. Mr. Baker is the Methodist preacher here, under, I should think, not very flattering auspices. He is, I think, an excellent man, and I trust that his field of labor may prove fruitful. Congregationalism is very strong here. The population is very stationary, and below the most fashionable class, which has undergone and undergoes changes, the mass is not moved or modified by the introduction of new employments or populations. It seems to me no hopeful place for getting up new congregations, least of all a Methodist congregation. Yet the Divine blessing may make us to prosper even here. There is a small but improving Episcopal congregation, which, I am told, has had its prosperity, partly at least, at the expense of Unitarianism. Orthodox Congregationalism is high in the ascendant. I might be glad to see our Church thrive here, but where Congregationalism reigns, religion prospers in one of its soundest forms. This noble missionary denomination deserves all commendation and confidence, and it will certainly enjoy the Divine blessing.

. . . . The dear little Henry! He, too, is happy, for God cares for these precious lambs, with whom His own heavenly kingdom is peopled. I think of the little fellow with the most lively interest and delight. May the blessing of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost be his evermore; and upon you may the same heavenly benediction rest continually. Are you prayerful, watchful, zealous, and useful? Be so more and more, remembering that we must soon go to the judgment. In that day may we be acquitted, in and through the infinite mercy, by Christ Jesus.

CLIX. TO MRS. MARY ANN HOWARD WILLIAMS

(On her marriage).

Northampton, Mass., August 13th, 1847.

It is now more than three weeks since I received your very welcome letter. As you proposed leaving home immediately after the interesting event which was so near, I knew not where I might direct a letter with the hope of its reaching you. This, I fear, may wait for some weeks in Columbus; but I will not postpone my reply any longer. And now, my dear friend, allow me to congratulate you on the event of your marriage, which I do with an earnestness of good wishes and affection which the formal words appropriated to such occasions can not express. There are not many persons in the world in whose happiness I could possibly feel the interest I do, and have long done in yours, and I especially sympathize with your joyful anticipations on a change necessarily fraught with momentous and permanent consequences. I will not doubt that your marriage will contribute greatly to your happiness. It is, I am well persuaded, on the whole, the happiest condition for either sex. I am sure, too, that you possess many qualifications to meet the responsibilities and appreciate the satisfactions of the new relation into which you have entered. I do not doubt for a moment that you will prove an *excellent* wife, and that you will richly deserve the love and confidence of the man into whose hands you have surrendered your hopes for the present world. I feel, too, the utmost assurance that you have chosen discreetly—that Mr. Williams is a gentleman of fine talents and high character. No other was worthy of you. I should grudge you to a commonplace, unintellectual man of low aims. Of such a husband as your friends could desire for you—of such an one as I hear you have, I doubt not you will prove yourself most worthy. You will beautify and cheer his home by the constant exercise of those virtues which make a good

wife—in the emphatic language of Solomon, “a good thing”—the evidence of “the favor of the Lord.”

And now, my dear Mary Ann, you will not be startled at the seriousness with which I invoke the Divine blessing upon you in your new estate, for I am of a long time accustomed to commend those I love to the care and benediction of my heavenly Father. To Him I have very often committed you in earnest supplications, but never more earnestly than I now pray that His richest gifts and grace may be yours—that the blessing of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost may ever rest upon you and yours. I should truly rejoice to know, at this momentous crisis of your life, you had consecrated yourself to the Savior. How unspeakably important is it, in organizing a new family, to introduce religion into its foundations—to invite Christ to the feast of pure enjoyments which is spread before you. May this felicity, this true wisdom be granted to you and your chosen friend: “As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.” May this become the law of your lives—your motto in all places—your solace and hope through all changes. Forgive me if this strain seems inappropriate to the occasion. I but give vent to my deepest feelings. God is my witness how unfeignedly I speak from strong emotion. May he guard you and bless you, now and forever.

Why could you not have made your bridal tour to New England as well as to the mountains? You *must* come and see us. Mrs. Olin joins in this injunction. Come and spend the warm season with us, or as much of it as you can. I want to know Mr. Williams. Do not allow him to think that I am ascetic or gloomy. I will receive him joyfully, and probably say far less than I ought in the serious strain which *would* characterize this letter.

Remember me to your mother and father, and to the *children*, including now a veteran from the wars, two graduates from the state college, and at least one young lady tending


rapidly to the destiny you have just fulfilled. What changes a few years accomplish! May all changes bring increasing happiness to my dear niece.

CLX. TO MRS. OLIN.

Northampton, Saturday, August 14th, 1847.

. . . . So far I had proceeded when I was called out to see the Rev. Mr. Swift, pastor of the First Congregational Church, and in the regular succession from Jonathan Edwards. He came to invite me to preach to-morrow, the first time, no doubt, that a Methodist was ever so honored. I regret exceedingly not feeling at liberty to comply. It is delightful to think that such instances of liberality are on the increase. How bright will be the day when pious men shall cease to magnify the differences, and harmonize in the infinitely more important points in which they agree! In Christ, our common adorable Savior, all pious people find their all. Having faith in Him, none are or can be in any essential error. How pitiful, how hateful in his sight must appear our miserable bickerings and alienations! This bigotry is, in my deliberate opinion, one of the chief obstacles in the way of the Gospel—one of the devil's main engines to carry forward his warfare against the kingdom of God. How gladly would I worship with Baptist, Presbyterian, or Churchman! How from the depths of my soul do I loathe the miserable sectarianism, by whatever name called, which keeps Christ's disciples at variance! I would abandon my own denomination without hesitation, if it refused to recognize others as true Churches and true ministers of Christ.

. . . . I am as well as usual, though I had a sick and nearly sleepless night, having taken cold yesterday. The wet sheet seemed quite to expel it this morning, beyond all my hopes. I hardly feel any effect from it to-day. I gain confidence in the remedy from what I see here, and should hope for decided help, had I four months, instead of less than



four weeks, to stay. I have not yet ascended Mount Holyoke, but intend it; and of all the men and women in the universe, you are precisely the person whose rather exaggerated exclamations I should prefer to hear on that far-famed pinnacle. But so it may not be.

The dear little boy. I would walk miles to see him. He will have changed not a little before I return. God preserve him and his mother! My happiness and hopes are but too dependent upon these two frail mortals. I am satisfied, as I can commit them to God, which I now do, in all earnestness.

CLXI. TO MRS. OLIN.

Northampton, August 19th, 1847.

The most observable incident which has transpired since I last wrote, is the ascent of Mount Holyoke, achieved this morning in company with a party formed among the *hard drinkers** of our establishment. The top of the mountain is just three miles from the centre of the village of Northampton, and about four from Round Hill. We rode through the beautiful meadows that half encompass the village, and constitute its pride and the basis of all its prosperity. Crossing the river and proceeding about half a mile beyond it, we left our horse and carriage just where the ascent becomes too abrupt for any but pedestrians. From this point to the summit of the mountain it is very steep, and the walking, for want of a better road, is as difficult as that up the Flégère from the vale of Chamouni. The elevation is not, therefore, to be confounded with that of Mont Blanc, being only eight hundred feet above the glassy, or, rather, silvery surface of the most tortuous Connecticut, which winds every way, and nearly cuts up the extensive, beautiful bottom into islands. You have heard many descriptions of the view, I suppose, from ladies, and even from gentlemen, more imaginative than

* Of pure cold water.

I am, and I will not run the risk of degrading the noble subject by my flat sayings. I do not remember to have seen any thing more charming in all my travels.

The mountain features which support the horizon on all sides, at the apparent distance of from fifteen to thirty miles, are less bold than the Katskills, which so ennoble the views enjoyed at Rhinebeck and Red Hook ; but the filling up is exquisitely rich as well as various. I know not how many steeples you may count, for I did not count them, but the eye takes in many sweet villages, and a vast area of meadows and corn-fields. Toward the edges of the plain, or, rather, toward the circumference of the basin, the slopes of the hills are much wooded, which has a fine effect, and forms a beautiful frame-work for the gorgeous picture. The eye commanded a great distance to the North, and the river, winding across and across the green meadows, seems to divide the whole region into distinct sections. The air was invigorating, and at that elevation inconveniently cool.

After remaining about an hour, we descended at a quick step, and got home in time to sit twenty-five minutes in a tub of cold water, and make a rapid visit to the springs, from which it is the doctor's request that I imbibe about a dozen large cups of very cool water in the course of each day.

I forget if, in the progress of this voluminous correspondence, I have stated to you the order of my most monotonous life here at Round Hill. At half past three o'clock A.M., I am packed. At half past five comes the boy, and rolls away the superincumbent drapery. I rise to my feet by his help, he having also put on my slippers, and a blanket over my head. He also opens the wrappings a little at the feet, going half bent, with the trail of corners in his hand, as I descend by steps, which can not exceed the length of my foot, to the bath-room. I take the half-bath, and am first sprinkled, and then have some pailsfull of cold water poured over my head and shoulders. I am then rubbed dry, walk back to my

room and dress, and then walk four miles and drink four or five cups of water before breakfast, at which I drink nothing, and eat Graham bread and hominy. Then comes some leisure, though I must walk a mile and drink again before the sitz-bath, at ten A.M. Half an hour in the tub is again followed by a walk and some cooling draught. I am now ready for dinner, and it is ready for me at half past twelve o'clock—some mutton or beef, or both, some potatoes, hominy, and rice. Dessert, rice or bread pudding, nearly cold, so that it will not melt butter. It is against the rule to sleep after dinner, so I read a little, or talk most uninterestingly to some one in the parlor (forty-four by forty). I must walk and drink, and write an affectionate letter to my dear wife, in time for another sitz-bath at half-past three o'clock, for the mail is open at half past four, when by far the most delightful of the day's incidents is liable to occur, in the coming of a piece of folded paper signed "J. M. O.," and redolent of affection, and of intimations concerning the progress in all sorts of winning ways and pride-inspiring perfections, of the hope of my house, my son and heir, Master S. Henry Olin, together with such items of autobiography, historical notices, &c., as the checkered career of the writer, of the coterie around her, of Mrs. S——, and such other dribblets of the Faculty of the Wesleyan University now extant thereabouts may furnish. I may then call on some friends in need at the hotel or in the village, or I may read the Tribune, the Post, &c. I must see, and sip the springs again in time for *not* tea, at six P.M.—I must walk again before I bathe my feet, and go to bed at half past eight P.M. Here, then, you have a skeleton of my daily history. Does it strike you as particularly pleasant? Do you perceive no odd interstices, in which you could imagine it would be particularly agreeable to me to have snatched interviews with you and the baby? Busy as I may seem, I assure you, in all good faith, there are such. I even find no little time to think of you both. Of


you I thought to day, as I came down the mountain. What do you suppose I thought? That I wished it had been you instead of me who had had the view and the pleasure.

CLXII. TO THE SAME.

Northampton, Wednesday, Aug. 25th, 1847.

. . . . It is a pleasant anticipation, being with you in a few days, though I can but deeply regret my inability to carry out this experiment to more satisfactory issues. It requires time, and with six months for a fair trial I should expect valuable and permanent results. I am persuaded that home practice can do but little beyond a palliation of existing difficulties. In order to reach a cure, the mind, the true source of disease, must be free. It can not be free in the midst of my official duties under any possible arrangement; and it seems to me a most questionable course, that of working against so many infirmities, and in the face of so many liabilities. I greatly fear that I shall see ground to repent of my departure from the resolution so firmly made during my illness last spring. I have a strong desire to work on; I am deeply solicitous to see the university placed on a permanent basis. I do not see who, under all the circumstances, can succeed me with a fair prospect of completing the work now hopefully begun. I need more faith to commit the whole enterprise, to commit you and myself to the care of our covenant-keeping God. Oh! may He direct and guide for it and for us!

It is my intention to be at home by the beginning of the term. I heartily desire to see you and the cherub boy. It is a grievous loss to be so much separated from you. I seem to myself to possess ample means of happiness without the power of enjoying them—a good home, kind friends, and respectable position, then the precious babe, who really has come most unexpectedly to be an essential element of satisfaction. I could hardly do without him, though I look



with solicitude to his future, destined, as I think, to grow up, if he lives, without my instruction and watchfulness. May God endow you with strength for double duty. Above all, may He work with his sanctifying Spirit, and then the work will be made easy.

CLXIII. TO THE REV. DR. M'CLINTOCK

Northampton, August 26th, 1847.

I am just now reminded that I am indebted to you for a letter unanswered. Is it so? I had begun to indulge inward complainings that you were so long silent. Aware that I am accustomed to reply to the letters of my friends, indeed, to all letters, without procrastination, I had concluded that you were too busy to write for the present, and that I should soon hear from you. . . . I have been at this place three weeks to make some experiment of the water-cure. I expect to go home after a few days, as our term will begin next Thursday. I intend to carry on the practice to some extent at home, and, if practicable, to devote my next vacation to it. Three weeks have not afforded time to do more than test my ability to bear the treatment, and to afford some opportunity for observing its *modus operandi*, and something of its effects on others. I think more and more favorably of the system, and have an increasing desire to try it thoroughly in my own case. I can hardly expect perfect relief of ailments of so long standing, and so complicated withal, by the unmistakable symptoms of coming old age. It is, no doubt, my duty to refit the crazy tabernacle, so far as may be done, reserving, at the same time, my chief solicitude for the imperishable tenant that must ere long, in spite of all carefulness, desert it for a house not made with hands. Never, in any part of my life, have I been able to look forward to such a change with so much satisfaction. I had never more nor stronger reasons for wishing to live. My powers of enjoyment are unimpaired, and my sources of enjoyment

never more affluent; but I find myself of late looking forward with a complacency of which I have not had experience before. It will be a glorious deliverance for me to escape from responsibilities and labors, for which perpetual bodily infirmities so completely disqualify me, into the rest that remains for God's people. Nobody can think more meanly of my capacity for usefulness than I do—nobody less of what I have done in the world, and yet I have all along seemed to myself shut up to a course of life demanding both high talents and sound health. I would gladly avoid such posts, but I am tied up by conscience and a sense of duty, beset ever, at the same time, with something near to a conviction that I am injuring the very interests for which I suffer so much, by keeping others, more fit to occupy it, out of a position for which I deeply feel my utter unfitness. How delightful a refuge is heaven from such perplexity, and from a world of sin! My wife and her little boy have something for me to do in the world. They constitute the chief reason, so far as I can see, why I should choose a longer stay. Delightful thought, that our changes are with God!

CLXIV. TO MRS. OLIN.

Northampton, August 27th, 1847.

This, I suppose, is the last letter I shall send you during my present absence, as I hope to be with you early next week. . . .

. . . . It is a great comfort to feel, under all circumstances, that progress is constantly made toward a better country, into which no annoyance will find admission. I feel that I am trying to do right, and I think I enjoy the Divine favor. This is my sheet-anchor: If God be for us, who can be against us? All things work together for good, and we *may* be his children—we are so.

What have I gained by coming here? 1. Increased con-

II. Q

fidence in the treatment. I see, and, to some extent, perceive its beneficial influence. 2. I have more knowledge on the subject, and shall be better qualified to practice on myself. 3. I have strong purposes in regard to exercise and diet, which I ought to carry out conscientiously, and which, carried out, will, I think, be useful to me.

Have you seen the statement about Dr. Emory's health? I could not refrain from tears at the thought of losing him. How ill can we spare him? I must hope for the best. May our God spare him.

CLXV. TO MR. J. R. OLIN.

Middletown, August 31st, 1847.

I have been absent from home ever since Commencement, at Northampton, Massachusetts. My health is, upon the whole, as good as it has been at any time for several years past. I mean to apply myself faithfully to the water-cure, together with the diet and exercise it enjoins, and then, if I have another such winter as the last, I may feel compelled to resort to retirement, and possibly to a change of climate. I do not intend to press so hard upon my constitution as I have done formerly; indeed, I might not venture to do so with impunity. I have yet some hope of finding improvement on my present plan. Confined as you are to the house, and often to the bed, you could hardly realize the propriety of my complaints while I am able to walk, as I have several times of late, three or four miles before breakfast, and eight or ten during the day. I, indeed, have much more of general strength than I have of power of the nerves and brain. I can do much more of work than of study. My protracted infirmities—so much strife against so much weakness—have given me a strong desire for repose and exemption from responsibility. Yet I do not desire to shun any burden which I may be able to bear. I would gladly persevere to the end of life, and “cease at once to work and live.” I should probably

soon grow weary of retirement should even a small measure of health return. Upon the whole, I wait to see what the Master shall ordain, crying in spirit, I trust, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I infer from your letter that your health is not materially worse than formerly. This is a great mercy, especially as you are yet able to enjoy life. Your cheerful, trustful temperament and habit is, in your situation, of more value than a fortune, and they call for more gratitude. May we have hearts to render unto God according to all his loving kindnesses. How many blessings are compatible with a state of health which never leaves us a moment of freedom from pain! How much can grace do toward making tolerable the least desirable conditions in life! I rejoice to hear that sister Lucy is in good health. It seems that, contrary to her wont, she has been ill. It was perhaps well that you should have this opportunity of ascertaining anew how important she is to you.

CLXVI. TO MRS. J. R. OLIN.

Middletown, Oct. 19th, 1847.

I received your letter (joint letter) in due season. . . . I think brother's nice little farm will do him good in more ways than one. It will draw him out when unable to visit any more distant place, and so, besides giving him a *little* exercise, will bring him into the open air frequently, which is the next best thing, and for him it may be the very best. So far as I can gather, he is not materially worse than he was a few years since. Add to this, that his cheerfulness refuses to desert him, that he is placed above want, and so above the necessity of exertion, and, above all, that he has faith in God, and I am unable to perceive what material ingredient of happiness is denied him. Review God's mercies to this inveterate, hopeless invalid. "Food and raiment convenient"—"a place where to lay his head" (better off than the Master)—a farm about as large as that of Cincinnatus—a happy home,

and a good wife—power to interest himself in all matters of public or social moment—love of conversation and of society—good society to enjoy—glorious hopes—heaven near at hand, with the assurance that, if the worst comes to the worst, it can only force him away from the world, where he enjoys much, in spite of reverses, into the world where he will enjoy infinite good eternally. Not so bad, after all. I am too often anxious about this man. I fear his becoming worse, or that he will soon be taken from us. All this may happen, but what then? Let us look often to the luminous side of things. We shall be better as well as happier for it. After all, a true, intelligent Christian can not very easily be made wretched. I am glad to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Mason are a comfort to you. I have a high regard for them, and rejoice in their welfare.

My family is well. Little Henry is an uncommonly fair, fine boy, as good as possible, and as huge in his day as his father. Mrs. Olin would rejoice to bring him to see you. We send much love to you both.

CLXVII. TO MR. J. R. OLIN.

Middletown, Dec. 1st, 1847.

I will try, amid the bustle and pressure of the last day of the term, to write you a few lines, which Mr. Johnson offers to bear to you. My health has been better for some months past than for any similar period since I have been in my present position, and better than it was for several years previous to my coming here. I think myself much indebted to the cold water system and regimen. I began last spring to take the shower-bath on rising in the morning. In the month of August, I went to the establishment in Northampton, where I attended to the process with all diligence during the vacation. Since the first of September, I have, for the most part, omitted the "packing," which, though a very essential part of the practice, I could not attend to sat-

isfactorily. I have still taken three baths per day. I have followed up the dietetic regimen also, and have taken vigorous exercise daily, chiefly by walking four miles between half past five and half past six o'clock every morning—a transaction which is nearly completed at break of day. It requires some resolution and self-denial to carry this system through, especially in the winter; but the reward is sufficient to encourage perseverance in the face of many difficulties. I expect to go to New York in a day or two, and devote my vacation of eight weeks to the water-cure in a regular establishment, where I may have the advice of a physician skilled in this practice. Mrs. Olin, of course, will accompany me, and spend the time at her father's. She is in good health, as also our little boy. He has grown to be very interesting, and has become a chief personage in our household. He is very large of his age, and uncommonly developed—one of the finest, noblest little fellows in all babydom. Mrs. Olin desires very much to bring him to visit his kindred in Vermont, but when will this be possible? When I left Poultney, five years ago last July, I little thought that so long a period would elapse before I should revisit it. All my time, however, has been occupied—much of it, indeed, with sickness, but this only laid an additional burden on the seasons of comparative health. My vacations have been especially busy, and I can not foresee when they will be otherwise. Still, I hope and expect to visit you, God permitting, within the next year or so. I feel the strongest desire to do so, and will try to shape my affairs to such an issue. I feel not a little inclined to make the journey this winter, but it seems to be my duty to prosecute this water-cure to better effect than it can be done at home, and the vacation is my only time for it. Then I could not possibly bring Mrs. Olin and the baby at this season—the navigation closed, &c.—and without them my visit would lose much of its interest. I must postpone, trusting to the propitious future for a more convenient time.

Formerly I had but too much of unwelcome leisure ; now I must use my little but unexpected health to some serious purpose. I am, after all, chiefly careful on this point. Eternity will give scope for repose, unless something better than rest is in reserve for us beyond the grave. Time never seemed so fleeting to me. It is, indeed, *a part of eternity*, and in that light I habitually contemplate it. Thus regarded, it no longer seems short, nor can its rapid flight awaken any regret except for misimprovement. After all, are we likely to do any better in this respect ? We seem to me to be thrown wholly upon the mercy of God in Christ, and, trusting heartily in that, it boots little whether our days be few or many. We have lived long enough for all truly valuable ends when we have fully believed in Christ. God has other designs in our stay, but we may be quite satisfied to dismiss all anxieties so long as we keep ourselves in the faith. A good doctrine this, worthy of all acceptance, but how especially adapted to minister consolation to you in your long confinement. I trust that you are free from all anxiety about results or times, and that you are patiently and *cheerfully* waiting for the winding up of this enigmatical drama of your life.

CLXVIII. TO THE REV. DR. OLIN.


Twiggs County, Georgia, Dec. 31st, 1847.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since a letter has passed between us. As I was looking over some of my papers to-day, I stumbled upon some dozen of your old letters, written at different periods between 1819 and 1828, the re-perusal of which has awakened in my bosom many pleasing remembrances, and I feel irresistibly compelled to sit down and write you a few hasty lines. Were I to know that the perusal of them would afford no particular satisfaction to yourself, I could not still deny myself the pleasure of giving vent to the feelings of the present moment. There is something pleasant

in calling to mind the friendships of our younger days, and something melancholy also, as age advances, in casting our eye over the long interval which lies between the present and the period of our youthful associations. But why should I say, *the long interval*? Though, as to ourselves, we may speak of a quarter of a century, yet how soon have the years glided by!—a hand's-breadth—a tale that is told—a hurried dream—this is all! It was but yesterday that we formed our academic acquaintance, and shortly after renewed our friendly associations in a Southern clime. Another day and we shall have done with the noise, and bustle, and change of earth. Thank God that it is so! We would not live away. Why should the haste of time awaken melancholy emotions, so that, by the grace of God, life's great end is achieved—some good done for our day and generation, and a preparation made for rest in heaven?

Your history, for many years past, has not been altogether unknown, and certainly not uninteresting to me. I have known something of your travels, your afflictions, your labors and successes. I feel truly thankful that your life (at one time so seriously threatened by disease) has been prolonged, and that your improved health has allowed you to move on in useful labors. I trust your spiritual health has become more and more established, and that much of "the joy of the Lord," which is His people's "strength," has been your daily possession.

It might seem hardly worth while to trouble you with the items of my little history. The last time we met was in Augusta. From that time till the present I have been variously employed, sometimes in itinerant, sometimes in pastoral labors, as the calls of Zion seemed to demand. My health has continued uniformly feeble, yet I have never been entirely laid aside from my labors. Preaching has been my business and my delight, and though I have not enjoyed that measure of success which I could have desired, yet I trust



my labors have not been altogether in vain. In 1835 my first wife, whom you knew, left me for a better world. In December, 1840, I was married the second time, and to one whose excellences, if you knew her, you would not fail to appreciate. I wish you were sitting with us to-night at our quiet fireside. I have been residing in Twiggs county for the last seven years, but, yielding to the earnest solicitations of the Baptist Church in La Grange, Troup county, and the advice of many brethren, I expect to remove to that place in a few days. I fear the increased labors that will fall upon my hands, but in the strength of the Lord I have resolved to go forward.

I have two sons living. One is now in his twenty-second year. He is now able to manage my farm. The other is in his twentieth year. Well, if the sprouts are so large, the tree must be getting old. Just so. In less than a month I shall be forty-seven ; just such a person as, when a boy, I was wont to call an old man. But enough of all this. Are you not ready to vow vengeance for this intrusion ? If you will take revenge by giving me some items of your own history, or of any thing else you may choose to communicate, I shall be satisfied ; and if your many and important engagements should deny this, I shall still be satisfied, knowing that silence is not always forgetfulness, and that the indulgence of our private feelings must often give place to public duties. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

As ever, your sincere friend,

C. D. MALLORY.

CLXIX. TO THE REV. CHARLES MALLORY.

Middletown, January 22d, 1848.

It was an unexpected pleasure to hear from you after an interruption in our correspondence of nearly or quite twenty years. Whose was the fault of breaking off our epistolary intercourse? If it was mine, I can be at no loss for an apology. It is satisfactory to know that there never was any difference between us—never any *reason*, therefore, for this long suspension of salutations. I was compelled, as early as 1828, to leave Georgia, on account of my health, and though I returned for two years, I never regained any vigor to encourage me to resume correspondence with my friends, which had been quite interrupted. My stay of three years and a half in Virginia was a perpetual struggle with disease; and when I went to Europe in 1837, I had not a single correspondent on my list. I think it was nearly three years before I presumed to write a letter, except to my own family or on business. This, of course, put an end to all my intimacies which depended on letters; and I have never, except in one or two instances, regained them. With feeble and interrupted health at best, I have always found my hands filled with work. In self-vindication I will say, that I feel the most lively interest in my old friends—that I rejoice to hear of their well-doing, and that it would give me peculiar happiness to return, as far as may be, to former habits of epistolary sociability. I have nearly lost all my college acquaintances. None of them are near me, nor have I any correspondence with any of them. This is lamentable, and what I thought would never happen. My long apology has nearly told you all that you will care to know of my history since I left the South. I returned to the United States at the end of 1840, not much better in health than I was in 1837. I had, however, so far recovered as to be able to come to my present situation in 1842, and I have continued to labor on

with many interruptions to the present time. Until the present winter, I have had attacks of ague and fever every year. I have been able to study but little, and am any thing but a literary man. I preach occasionally, but have been compelled to give my strength to the duties of my office. The institution has continued to struggle with great pecuniary embarrassments, now but partially relieved. My health for the last half year has been better than for a long time before. I ascribe this change to cold water, which I use freely on hydropathic principles. You are probably aware that I lost my wife in Naples, in 1839. I married again, four years since, in a way to promote my happiness, as far as such a connection can. To add to my domestic satisfactions, we have a fine boy, nine months old.

Last year I visited Europe the second time, on account of my health and to attend the Evangelical Alliance: an attempt to do good, which, so far as this country is concerned, was defeated by an absurd attempt to make it an engine to act against slavery. This was in opposition to the wishes of the great majority of the Convention, both European and American; but there was a certain amount of fervent, blind philanthropy, which would be consulted, and which, unheeded, might have been able to thwart all our plans. They were, in fact, thwarted by our attempt to conciliate. In this country the enterprise had become strictly impracticable by this alliance with anti-slavery. What is to be the end of this great plague? *Opposition* to it ruins every thing, and friendship for it is impossible. I sometimes think God intends to make us feel the curse in every way till some end be found. Does public sentiment remain nearly as it was in Georgia? I fear that imprudent interference from this quarter has done much evil, and perhaps still does. The Methodists have been made the chief sufferers so far. No one has individually suffered more than I have, and yet I could not conscientiously act otherwise than I did in the case of Bish-

op Andrew. I love that excellent man, but I thought his conduct a violation of the spirit of the compact between Northern and Southern Methodists, the true intent of which was protection to the South against interference with their rights, and to the North against the ministry of slaveholders among them. This business has cost me most of my dearest friends, for my strongest attachments were formed at the South. I trust, however, that time may modify the feelings of good men, and that some return of old sympathies may be expected from the lapse of years. Is not our old friend, the Rev. C. P. Beman, in La Grange? If so, be so kind as to offer to him my salutations. I have a high respect for him.

What a delightful anticipation is that which assures us of the meeting of all Christian friends in heaven! The course of events makes sad havoc with the interests of friendship here in this world. It scatters to the four winds those with whom we should rejoice to spend our days, and with whom it would seem we might cultivate piety most successfully. Accidents, and misunderstandings, and alienations come to imbitter the intimacies that distance and separation spare. Well, Heaven and its light will explain as well as restore all things. Now is our salvation *nearer* than when we began. It seems only a short time since we parted. In all probability, it will be a shorter till we meet again. I accustom myself to think of life not as a period by itself, but as the beginning of eternity, a part of my whole existence. The past has had its changes and modifications. The future will not have greater. The transition from infancy to manhood, and that from impenitence to faith, was greater than will be the change from earth to heaven. Death is merged by such views. Yet Christ *has* abolished death, which is a more solid basis of confidence. With affectionate salutations to your wife and your sons, and with assurances of undiminished regard to yourself, I remain, as ever, yours,

S. OLIN.

CLXX. TO THE REV. CHARLES POMEROY.

Rhinebeck, May 11th, 1848.

I received your letter in March, I believe, or early in April, with much pleasure—a pleasure I always feel on hearing of your welfare. The kind sentiments you are pleased to express were very grateful to me. I do not want compliments or commendations. I am deeply conscious of not deserving them; but credit for upright intentions—for a zealous devotion of heart to the interests of Christ's kingdom and for the Church, I am just as clearly conscious of deserving. I consent to the favorable opinions of my friends on this score, but I am able to do but little in giving to these good aspirations any fit expression in action. The state of my health is and has been an insuperable obstacle in the way of any considerable usefulness. It is now above twenty-seven years since I left college and entered on active life. More than half of that long period has been wholly lost, unless, perhaps, so far as its moral influence is concerned. For so much time I have been wholly laid aside, while the other half of my life has been perpetually interrupted with sickness and marred by infirmity. So much of suffering, and infirmity, and disappointment can but have modified very materially my intellectual capabilities. I have been unable to be a student, though strongly inclined to be so. As a minister, I have done almost nothing—not having preached so many as half a dozen sermons in the year from the time I entered on the ministry in 1824. You can readily infer from this statement why and to how great an extent I am destitute of any proper qualifications for the position I occupy. This abridges my influence, and incapacitates me for exertions to which I am always inclined to the full extent of my powers. I have to move at a moderate, measured step. I must omit many things which I would most gladly do. I do at the halves much of what I attempt. I doubt not that I fail in doing

good, which more watchfulness, wisdom, and faith would enable me to accomplish ; but not, I think, through any lack of zeal for the well-being of the interests intrusted to me. I have hitherto lived in hope of health somewhat improved. I have made some progress in this respect during the last year. Another year of similar improvement would enable me to engage somewhat effectively in the discharge of my duties, so far as my other qualifications would permit. What I am to expect time alone can reveal. I have made a very frank confession. How, under my circumstances, can I do much to forward the great interests to which you so forcibly advert? That much more *ought to be done*, I am so deeply sensible that I would willingly give place to a more competent man. *Gladly*, could I see it compatible with my duty, would I seek, in obscure, humble retirement, a sphere more adapted to my state of health and to my qualifications. Hitherto I have not seen the way open. Nobody presents such distinct claims to do my public work that I *dare* to give it up. I would do it to-day with all my heart if I thought I could do so innocently. I feel the whole mortification of doing my duties as I am compelled to do them. The place I occupy wants *a man* in body, mind, and spirit. I feel that I am a man in the last respect only. I thank you in all sincerity for your kind exhortation. I long to comply with all the claims of duty. I am not *insensible*, you may be sure, but, without providential changes in my behalf, I have the heart-sickening prospect of going on in the old way. I may promise improvement if improved ability shall be conceded to me. I love my work—I would gladly follow it for life if God so will, but, with my manifold unfitness for so great responsibility, my prevalent desire is for release, if it may please Him.

Your son has just returned from his school. I am sorry to know that his health, though now improved, has embarrassed him during the winter. He is a fine scholar, however, and will find little difficulty in accomplishing his studies.

You have good reason to be satisfied with his character and prospects. I trust that you will yet have much comfort in him. I am spending a few days with the venerable Mrs. Garrettson, a relation of Mrs. Olin's, who is with me. You are no doubt well informed in regard to the doings and prospects of the General Conference. Few men are in a position to grieve more deeply than I do over our Church difficulties. I am unfortunate, perhaps, in not being able to approve of the policy that we are likely to pursue, though I concede fully the purity and good intentions of those who shape our course. God will, I trust, bring good out of so much apparent evil. This is my only hope. I have no *party* spirit. I had no hand in the measures which the General Conference is, as I think, so unwisely about to abrogate. I am far from wishing myself a member of the responsible body on whom this business devolves, when I must be in a hopeless minority, incapable of preventing evil or of doing good. May God overrule all to his own glory. Let Christ's cause prosper. Let the right be done, and I shall rejoice.

CLXXI. TO THE REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK


(On the death of President Emory.)

Middletown, May 25th, 1848.

In your last letter to me you intimated an intention to attend the General Conference, and I have been looking for some notice of your presence in Pittsburgh, to direct a letter to you there. The melancholy event which has led me to know that you are at home renders it improbable, I suppose, that you will be able to go to Pittsburgh at all. I therefore forward this to Carlisle, a place the mention of which fills me with sadness so deep as to disqualify me for writing. The death of our friend Emory has afflicted me beyond what I am able to express, and I am thrown back to first principles as the only refuge from a sorrow intense to a very inconvenient degree. I have for some years looked upon him with

peculiar interest and high hopes; and though his delicate health had, perhaps, prepared you and his nearest friends for his early dissolution, I had indulged a strong expectation that these ominous symptoms would pass away, and leave him, if not a healthy, at least a living, working man; for many years to come. When I heard of his sudden illness last autumn, I was utterly unprepared for it, and I now seem to myself as having been in a dream, from which the last shock has only awakened me.

My personal intercourse with him has been rather inconsiderable. We were not what may be called intimate. Whether from a measure of constitutional caution on his part, or from his not finding me quite congenial, I know not how it happened that our relations fell short of *confidential* and *friendly*, in the highest import of these terms. I can, nevertheless, truly say that I *loved* him, and I always desired some nearer communion with him. I still hoped for it to the last, though I now, perhaps, enjoy a special satisfaction in knowing that my affection for him was wholly unselfish, and very much on public grounds. His parentage, his precocious wisdom and manliness, gave him almost unexampled advantages for usefulness to the Church, and his piety and singleness of heart prompted him to make the most of his providential facilities. In this point of view I was accustomed to look upon him with peculiar interest. I think his power consisted very much in the high development of the qualities I have spoken of. His freedom from egotism made him unconsciously self-relying. His faith in truth and goodness, the simplicity of his aims, and the elevation of his motives, armed him with a might to be coveted by many, his equals, at least, in all merely intellectual attributes. You will think me rash in pretending to speak on a subject with which I am necessarily but imperfectly acquainted. Recollect, I only give out these as my *impressions*, and that to *you*. How mysterious is this dispensation! to use a commonplace expression,



which almost passes for cant. The father's decease provoked the same reflection; how much more the son's! How can the Church spare Robert Emory? Very well, no doubt, because God is her provider and chief Shepherd; but the difficulty is not easy to dispose of on other grounds. . . .

CLXXIII. TO MR. J. R. OLIN.

Middletown, May 26th, 1848.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is now several months since I received a letter from you, and I have become quite anxious to hear of your welfare. From the latest accounts that I have had, verbal and indirect, I was led to conclude that you were not more unwell than usual this spring, perhaps a little less infirm. This is about the best I may expect to hear from you. Any advancement toward good, or even tolerable health, must be very slow. I am always thankful to hear that you hold your own. Even this indicates the presence of considerable powers of resistance, and, consequently, of vital energy. I feel a desire that you should live on to old age, as strong as I could, were you in a situation to enjoy life with the highest relish. This is, perhaps, somewhat unreasonable, and may even seem unkind, if our desires were allowed to have some influence over the issue of the infirmities of our friends; for what can be more cruel than to desire to detain some time longer in this anxious world those who are appointed to suffering here, but who have, through grace, good title to an inheritance with the saints above, where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick." Life, however, is always valuable, and the afflictions which, to a hasty observer, might seem to detract from its claims, are susceptible of being turned to so good account, that it is not plain that we should regard them as detracting from, but rather as enhancing the value of our earthly being. Certainly there is enough in this view to silence all complaints, and quell impatience. It is, at any

rate, enough for us that we are as our Master, and that all our changes are in his merciful, mighty hands.

My health is not quite so vigorous this spring as it was through the autumn and winter, though I have to be thankful that, for a year or more, I have not been confined to my bed a single day—a statement that I could not have made in more than ten years before. Little Stephen Henry, now thirteen months old, has been perfectly healthy, and is a very fat, fair-skinned, lovely boy. He has generally been pronounced handsome, though this declaration is usually accompanied by another that impairs its credibility not a little, viz., that he looks much like his father. Both declarations are, perhaps, true; but if so, certainly not independent of this truth, that a handsome child may strongly resemble a man that is not so.

CLXXIII. TO THE REV. DR. OLIN.

Carlisle, May 27th, 1848.

Your most kind letter was received last night, and affected me sensibly with rejoicing that *you* are still alive. Let me say, also, how deeply penetrated we all are with the spontaneous offerings of your Faculty in the resolutions sent to us. As no usage demanded such an utterance, it is the more grateful to us all. The resolutions have been communicated to the family, to whom, also, I took the liberty of reading your letter. It soothed and softened their hearts.

Your estimate of my dear friend is a very just one, indeed. On one point you need correction: he not only found you "congenial," but admired and loved you fervently; indeed, I am sure that I have never known him speak in terms of higher esteem or warmer affection for *any* man than for yourself. Count him, then, among the *loving* friends that you are to meet in heaven. *O præclarum diem, quam ad illud, divinum animarum conciliium cæterum que proficiscamur!*

You will hardly think that I exaggerate when I assure



you that Robert was the *best and purest* man that I have ever known. His aim was so entirely single, that his whole life was clarified by it. His religious experience, since the memorable manifestation of the Spirit which he received in 1835, after days of solitary wrestling with God, has been always of the most satisfactory tenor. On the question of his acceptance with Christ there has never been any doubt or darkness; and so it continued to the very last. I reached Baltimore on the day of his arrival there, Thursday, 11th of May, but he was so weak that I could not see him until the Friday morning. On that day and the two following I had various conversations with him, but all very brief, as he was utterly prostrated. "My peace is abounding, clear," said he; "it has been great during all my sickness, and is still so great, and so unbroken, that I wonder at it myself." There was no false confidence—no want of self-scrutiny; but he had Christ in his heart—his life had been hid with Christ in God, and Christ was with him in his dying hours. On Wednesday he made his will (*i. e.*; a new one, some changes being necessary), and afterward, as if loth that his last strength should be devoted to worldly matters, he bore testimony to all that were present of the love of God, and of his sure hope in Christ. On Thursday he was still more feeble; and on Thursday night, at half past eight, he quietly went to sleep in Jesus. So may *we* rest in Christ.

It is, indeed, mysterious that God should thus call away those who seem fitted to be his most available instruments. "His way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters." Yet he told his disciples, "What I do ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter;" and, perhaps, one day we shall see *light in his light*, even upon this the darkest of his dealings with us. . . . One of Emory's last anxieties was in regard to the division of the Church property. I told him that I thought some equitable plan would certainly be adopted, and he thanked God most fervently for the prospect. It

looks ill now for the realization of his hopes and mine ;—but I hope still for the best.

You say nothing about your health. I infer that it is mended, but should like to hear some definite information from you on the subject. . . . I wish I could see you more. Emory was my closest friend—heart to heart. I trusted him far more than I did myself. Dear Professor Caldwell, too, is near his end. How bravely he writes, looking death in the face daily without fear. He, too, lives in Christ, and Christ lives in him. His sky is clear. He has no expectation of living until Commencement, and, indeed, I should not be at all surprised to hear of his death any day.

. . . . *Please write.*

Affectionately,

J. R. M'CLINTOCK.

CLXXIV. TO MRS. OLIN.

Sachem's Head, Friday, August 25th, 1848.

. . . . I went out in a sail-boat yesterday to Falkner's Island, five miles distant, where there is a light-house and a house for the keeper. It contains about four acres and a half, rises forty feet abruptly above the sea, and is very fertile, though no culture will make trees grow in so windy an exposure. The keeper is spoken of in the highest terms. He is a Methodist—has been there twenty-nine years—has raised a family, and recently married a wife from the shore. Was it love of the man or of matrimony that induced her to choose so solitary a residence in preference to the solitude of maidenhood? There is, after all the denials of coy spinsters, a strong preclivity to marriage, and no wonder, for it is a very good thing, as I can testify. I came near agreeing for rooms on the island for next year. I propose to take you and Henry over there next summer, if we live so long—to forbid all letters, papers, &c.—fairly to *cut* the world for a fortnight or so. It would be worth while to look on from a distance and see the planet spin in its solitude—to see how it would get

on without us. Should it do well, we might get a good lesson of humility with the experiment. Should our presence on the main be found indispensable, we might be sent for by a boat, or signalized from the Head or the Point. I merely throw out the suggestion in a general way. We may have time to mature it in the coming twelve months.

This morning a party of four of us went seven miles in another direction, to Thimble Islands, three hundred and sixty-five in number, a fishing. I speak of our intention. We caught no fish. The wind rose, and we were fain to dodge in among the islands for shelter, and I got both wet and seasick at that. We came home to a late, mean dinner, not a little trying to one's philosophy. This brings down the autobiography to Friday, 6 P.M. . . .

CLXXV. TO MR. J. R. OLIN.

Middletown, September 8th, 1848.

I had the pleasure of hearing from you by Mr. Pomeroy, whose account induces me to think that you are quite as well as you usually have been for the last year or two. . . . I trust that you may long be spared to those who love you, so long as life continues to be an enjoyment to you, if so long it may please the all-wise Disposer of events to spare you from your better inheritance. . . .

My family are well. They are always so, which is a great mercy. Our little boy, now sixteen months old, has become an athletic, dread-naught fellow, chiefly intent on using his limbs, and on turning every thing upside down. He is, of course, a great pet, and occupies a large space in our house and hearts. I am full of solicitude that he shall be trained aright—that he become a good and wise man, and a true Christian. There is little probability that I shall live to see him one or the other. God, however, hears prayer, and remembers it of a long time. Will you not help me to lay up guarantees in heaven in behalf of the welfare of this little immortal?

My health has been very indifferent during the past summer. I became enfeebled in May, and though I was never kept away from my little curriculum of official duties, I found the performance of them a struggle. It is so with all I do, and so it must be. I can not pretend to do half work; what I attempt costs me dear. Active official life becomes, under such circumstances, not a little burdensome. I often sigh for liberty to retreat from so many cares and labors. I am unfit for them. I do nothing well. I am always dissatisfied with my own attempts. Could I see a better man to take my place I would gladly renounce it, and fly away to some nook where I might eat cheap bread in quietness. But, so far as I see, I must work on. I can not achieve much, but must do what I can—must be humble, and content to win no honors, for honors come not to one whose infirmities enter into and mar every effort. "Not my will!" is my cry. If I may know that I am in the path of duty, I will be content. All the rest is as nothing. God can overrule all to His glory, the weak as well as the strong.

We get on quietly here. We have even moderate prosperity. I think we educate as well as any other college in the land. Our students are, as a body, better than others, better every way. This is an unspeakable comfort to me. Do not imagine that I am tired of doing. I am only weary of half doing. Yet even this shall be welcome, if God so will.

CLXXVI. TO THE REV. DR. LEE

(On the Life and Times of the Rev. Jesse Lee).

Middletown, Sept. 11th, 1848.

I assure you I felt very much obliged by the receipt of your "Life and Times of the Rev. Jesse Lee," which I received in the month of June by the hands of Dr. Holdich. I was highly gratified by such a proof of your kind recollection of me through a season so long and tempestuous, and also by

the possession of a book, from which I felt sure of deriving both pleasure and profit. I was unable, under the joint pressure of many avocations and many infirmities, to do more than glance over a few of its pages here and there, which was, however, enough to satisfy me that the work was well done. About a week ago I began the book *in order*, and, partly by the help of Mrs. Olin, have gone over the most of it. I feel that I need not wait to complete the reading before thanking you for having added a work of solid worth to our Methodist literature. I regard it as one of the *three* best biographies that American Methodism has produced. I refer to Professor Holdich's Life of Fisk, and Robert Emory's Life of his father, besides which I have read nothing to compare with your new work—I mean in this line of writing. I trust it will have a wide circulation. It will, I am quite confident, in the Church South. It *would* throughout the whole Methodist family, especially in New England, but for the calamitous state of things among us. This may turn out better than my fears, and a liberality may be manifested hardly to be expected in these days of strong prejudice and excitement. At any rate, we may trust that these days will ere long be followed by those more propitious to candor and the return of brotherly sentiments. Then, I am confident, your Life of the venerated introducer of Methodism into New England will be read and appreciated. If the time shall come when I can promote its circulation and reputation, it will certainly afford me great pleasure to do so. My appreciation of the book, and my unfeigned regard for the author, will make this at once a duty and a pleasure.

I hardly dare trust myself to speak of the distressing condition of our mutual Church relations. My feelings upon this subject are deep and unappeasable. I do not allow myself to doubt that the chief actors in this sad business have been actuated by upright intentions, but that there has been a great want of prudence, intelligence, and moderation, I also

can not doubt. It is a calamity—a reproach to our common Christianity, for Northern and Southern Methodism to assume and maintain hostile attitudes. They are so unquestionably and essentially one in history, character, and objects—in all but that one feature, which neither of them can do much to remove or even modify—that, with a moderate share of charity and forbearance, the parties might have kept far from our present deplorable position. This controversy and schism has cost me more than any other man—has cost me bitter tears and heartfelt anguish—has cost me my earliest, oldest, dearest Christian friends—all but a good conscience and the inward consolations of the Gospel. I do not find, however, that the vote of my brethren in the last General Conference has checked the flow of my affections. I will fraternize with Southern Methodists, if they will allow me—whether they allow it or not—for I can not refrain from so doing. I feel the same interest in their prosperity that I ever did. I do not recognize the *line*, though I wished to maintain the *plan*. I thank you for your paper, with which you have so long favored me. It gives me great pleasure to hold such intimate and frequent intercourse with the scenes of many interesting labors and attachments.

I am about to publish a sermon, of which I shall forward you a copy. It is not much worth your attention, but it will afford me the means of expressing to an old friend my abiding and affectionate sense of his merits and of his various attentions to me.

CLXXVII. TO THE SAME.

Middletown, September 13th, 1848.

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—I wrote to you on Monday last, to thank you for your interesting “Life and Times of Jesse Lee,” which you forwarded to me from Pittsburgh, but which feeble health and manifold engagements did not allow me to read till within the last ten days. I will not

add any thing here to what I said in that letter in regard to the impressions made upon me by that valuable contribution to American Methodist biography. I learned, just after the departure of my letter for Richmond, that you are absent, or, what is better, that you are to proceed northward, "as far as Boston." This letter is to invite you to pay me a visit in Middletown. You can reach this place in one day from Boston. Come to Hartford by the rail-road; then take a stage, fourteen miles, to my door, which will gladly open to you as one of my old cherished friends, with whom I hope to *fraternize* throughout the pilgrimage appointed to us in this world, and throughout the long, long ages of that better world, where ecclesiastical difficulties, and the untoward events that so abound in our present dwelling-place, will not obtrude to separate chief friends. I am *very desirous* of your compliance with this invitation. Recent events have created within me a *want*, which some communion with my old Southern friends would tend more directly to satisfy than any thing else. My fraternal relations with my earliest Christian associates have received many rude shocks, but they can bear them and more. I think they will survive to the end, whatever befalls the outward ecclesiastical bonds that formerly united us. I can only regard and pray for both parties, as in God's favor as well as in my affection essentially one. Will you come and see me for a few days at my quiet home? Mrs. Olin, as well as myself, will be *glad* to see you and greet you here. Dr. Holdich will also be glad to renew his acquaintance with you. There may be some here and elsewhere who would open their eyes to see in Dr. Bond's famous antagonist "a man clothed and in his right mind," and even amiable and well-conformed to the humanities of civilized, Christian life. Come, my dear sir, and gratify all parties by a sight of you, and some refreshing converse with you. *

* Dr. and Mrs. Lee came and spent several days at Middletown, much to Dr. Olin's gratification.

CLXXVIII. TO THE REV. ABEL STEVENS.

Middletown, October 9th, 1848.

. . . . I perhaps feel less objection than some others may to the "no philosophy of Methodism." In an important sense this is true, that is, it is true as a negation, of our having set much value upon philosophical preaching or upon dogmas as terms of church membership. Beyond this, the statement and argument are baseless. Wesley and his compeers were eminently doctrinal—if you please, were *philosophical*, using that term, as — seems to do, as about the same as doctrinal. They have this distinction as compared with others. They derived their doctrines or philosophy from the Bible, not from the schools, and they inculcated several of the points most in controversy with a frequency and urgency in these days quite unknown among us. It was so in this country thirty years since. The change is a characteristic of our times. . . . The open opposers of education have had their day; but I have for some time suspected that the battle must be fought again with men who use the power given them by intellectual culture to marshal anew the scattered hosts who come in disguise to battle for the spirit of the past. Honest I presume them to be, but they do not comprehend the want of our day. They do not perceive that men who run to and fro in a wilderness, to arouse and evangelize its scattered, half-tamed inhabitants, may fulfill their mission by the earnest inculcation of two or three fundamental ideas, while a *pastor*, in the existing state of society and of Methodism, must bring to his task another sort of intellectual furniture. These men feel, as we do, a pressing want, but they unwisely *look back* in quest of help which is ready for them, but only on condition of *pressing forward*. The preachers who passed along once in four weeks, setting the woods of Maine and Vermont on fire, would speedily burn out and set in darkness in the very different state of things which

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now exists. God provided for the times. He will for these, if we will consent to be obedient, and co-workers with Him.

I fear what is said of the relaxation of the preachers is too true. They are, I fear, less laborious, strict, and conscientious than the fathers. Why? Their work allows them more leisure, which they waste instead of improving in study. If they had either the full work of an old-fashioned circuit, or hearts to be studious, I think the lack would be supplied. I have appended to a sermon about to be issued by the book-agents, an out-speaking note on the subject of study, which I hope you will like. It may be thought imprudent, but it speaks my cherished sentiments.

CLXXIX. TO MRS. GARRETTSON*

(On her 96th birth-day).

Middletown, October 12th, 1848.

MY DEAR AUNT,—Allow me to congratulate you on another return of your birth-day, accompanied as, through the Divine mercy, it is with the full possession and use of those faculties of body and mind which minister to the enjoyment, the usefulness, and the dignity of life. I am in doubt whether you are likely to prize very highly this boon of protracted years. With your deep experience of Divine things, your thoughts have long been familiarized with the scenes so near to us all, and so intimately near to the aged. I can not doubt that

* This letter reached Mrs. Garrettson on the morning of her 96th and last birth-day—the 14th of October—a day on which her relatives and friends were wont to gather together at her house, where the evening was spent in social converse and religious exercises, which brought before the mind a past and a future of “satisfying blessedness.” In the second week of July following, Dr. Olin was summoned by telegraph to the dying bed of this venerable Christian, and the thoughts suggested by this anniversary of her birth found place and expansion in the truthful portraiture of character drawn in her funeral sermon.

death has lost its terrors in your estimation. This world, too, has few charms for one so long accustomed to meditate on the glories of a better, while your practiced faith must have gone far toward a substitution of heavenly contemplations and prospects for earthly. I almost feel rebuked away from this tender of congratulations. Your desires for heaven have long since outnumbered and outweighed those that attract you to the earth, and you rather need the offices of those friends who can suggest motives for resignation and patience under so long a detention from your rest with the glorified Savior, than greetings on the continuance of a state of trial which longs to be merged in a glorious consummation. Your friends may probably feel the strength of God's reasons for your being continued in the Church militant more deeply and satisfactorily than you can. To many of them—to all who enjoy the pleasure of occasional personal intercourse with you—your society is a great privilege and a great blessing, and their self-love would detain you as long as possible in this lower world. The higher motives of piety tend to strengthen this feeling. Not only are your counsels and examples operating upon us with the fullest force—with an ever-increasing efficiency with your advance in age and experience—but they derive *peculiar* power from God's peculiar dealings with you. You have long since passed the usual term of human life, and we must look upon you as *lent* us by Heaven—as properly representing among us the world from which you are so strangely detained. God seems to speak to us in your stay. It is *monumental*, and arrests the attention of the careless, while it embodies and exhibits the excellency and power of grace somewhat like a miracle. God seems to me to have made use of such an instrumentality in the ancient Church. It was not without a most significant reason that the history of Anna was recorded in the New Testament; and old Joshua in the promised land, ever reiterating the story of God's judgments, miracles, and mercies in Egypt

and the wilderness, was worth more to Israel than the strong arms of a thousand youthful warriors.

May we not hope, also, that the prayers of one so long dear to the Savior, and the leadings of one so long familiar with the road to heaven, may be *especially* instrumental in calling down blessings upon the Church and upon your friends, as well as in accelerating and facilitating their heavenward journey? It is my belief that our departed friends pray for us in their new abode, but I *know* they pray for us so long as they are our fellow-pilgrims; and allow me to say that I have peculiar satisfaction in thinking that, from your relation to my family, they are likely to be remembered in your prayers, and I can but be the more hopeful on that account that my dear wife and babe will be blessed of my heavenly Father. You are no doubt most unconscious of any such power with God, and my suggestions may even fall painfully upon your deep sense of unworthiness; but all this only renders it not the less, but far more likely that you may be subserving these and other high ends of the Divine mercy.

Is it not also highly probable that your felicity hereafter may bear some intelligible proportion to the duration and thoroughness of your probation here? We know that the present life has, in the Divine economy, the most important and essential relation to our qualifications for God's service in heaven. It seems likely that we could in no other way be so well fitted for the world of glory. The rewards of eternity are to bear a gracious proportion to what we experience, do, and attain in *this world*, and not to the achievements of the future. We do not imagine, I think, that the infant of days or the youthful Christian enters heaven as well furnished and fitted for the same work and joy as the veteran of many trials and labors, the apostle, or the martyr. You no doubt feel that the days of your activity are over, but you do not forget that great things have been achieved by "wait-

ing," by "being still," by looking for "the salvation of God." Your strength fails—your voice is tremulous. Even so; but the Master now asks of you not bodily exercise, which "profiteth little," but the homage of a chastened, grateful spirit, which can *ripen* its fruits to His glory, though the day for green foliage and gay flowers has passed away.

I beg of you, pardon the seeming presumption of such a letter. It has been dictated by much affection, and by a respect which amounts to reverence.

We would gladly be with you and *speak* our congratulations, but it may not be so. We shall think of the day the more from its near connection with an event which has for the last five years added unspeakably to my happiness. May God still spare you to your friends and the Church. I send my love to cousin Mary, and am very truly yours,

STEPHEN OLIN.

CLXXX. TO THE REV. DR. M'CLINTOCK.

Middletown, October 18th, 1848.

I was much shocked and grieved to hear that you had been ill in Carlisle. Was your illness of a serious character? May God avert from you all serious, dangerous illness. I trust He has a good work for you to do, and that you may live to see good, laborious, fruitful old age. I always think with sadness, though not without resignation, of the early removal of Emory and Caldwell. How heavily does the loss of such men press upon us! So far as I can perceive, we have reached a point where a large supply of intelligent, cultivated ministers is indispensable, and the removal of such as we have looks like an intimation of the Divine displeasure. Oh, may you be spared, and that for some good purpose. Especially may you be enabled, through the Review, to impress upon our preachers the duty of being more intelligent and more godly. "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" it does not get fairly within, but sticks

awkwardly to the surface ; it comes forth in crude masses, not being well assimilated to the mind's fluids. . . . The error of conservatives among us consists in their attempts to stay and *reverse*, instead of accelerating progress. We must advance or perish. You are to have an opportunity of speaking to probably a majority of our preachers four times in the year. It is a glorious chance for doing good. Preach knowledge and holiness. We are fearfully in the background in both. I therefore put knowledge first, as expressing by the order the most urgent of our wants. I hope you will give large space to these and kindred topics.

Am I to understand your abjuration of conservatism as a promise that you mean to expose the faults, weaknesses, wants, and errors of our sect, like a brave, loving Christian brother, or only that the naughtiness of slaveholders will be freely commented upon ? Should we be made to feel the enormity of our own delinquencies, which we may correct, or of our brother's, which he will probably persevere in, despite of our advice and indignation ? I should say, give us something of both, as a random shot sometimes does execution, but chiefly show up home sins. I but follow out my curiously associated trains of thought by congratulating you upon one of the perquisites of your position. You get a great deal of good advice without so much as asking for it. Others are often fain to pay for it. In judging me for this seeming impertinence, do not forget my apology. It is better than most of these croakers can offer. First, with a perhaps overweening confidence in my own opinions, I feel the most intense interest in the Church. Her griefs and her joys are mine—more so than are my own. Then, besides my love for the “king,” I cherish a very cordial affection for “Alexander.” Both the Church and the editor are concerned in such a wise, faithful, and earnest conduct of the Review as will quadruple its influence for good. I like the tone of your manifesto. *Olim juvabit meminisse.*

CLXXXI. TO THE SAME.

Middletown, November 22d, 1848.

I have a habit of feeling uneasy when I have an unanswered letter on hand. This is a slight discomfort, but it has induced another *active* habit, which insures the speedy dispatch of this sort of business. If I do not reply to a letter by the next day after I receive it, it is because that day is Sunday, or I am ill, or uncommonly busy, or that no reply is specially called for. Your last has been postponed on the last account; it is now about three weeks. I have been tempted to answer it from day to day, but took thought that you are now a public functionary, not a little burdened with duties, and might be thankful for a little indulgence. I write now, because I think a *decent* time has elapsed, and I feel myself at liberty to draw again upon your patience.

When may we consider friendship so mature that we may speak of an "old" friend? I was counting up the years of our acquaintance, which I find to be five and more, and I think I may say we have been *friends* so long. We began friends, and if good intensity may be reckoned for time, or instead of time, then I may hold myself your "old" friend, an epithet I like to apply to my friends. I want *old* friends, which are like old wine. My frequent changes of residence have grievously interfered with my taste in this respect; our calamitous Church difficulties still more. The Conference of 1844 has lost me friends in several ways. First, in the South, where I was opulent in this way, where my religious affections were first awakened, where I loved many, and was more liked than I can be again or elsewhere. I have still a *few* old friends there, who do not wholly cast me out. Secondly, in the North, where my moderate course, and my open opposition to the flagrant injustice which I saw preparing, awakened active and earnest hostility against me. I *tend* to confidence and charity; I contend against all bitter-

ness and resentment. Indeed, I feel none, and may hope to outgrow the shock which has been so rude upon my moral sensibilities. Meantime, I have, no doubt, lost "old" friends, and have additional reasons for appreciating those who remain. The drift of all this gossip is to find ground for inferring that you and I are beginning to be "old" friends. You see in this that I do not require any unreasonable harmony of opinions as the basis of such a relation, for I believe you are as ultra on the questions under which I have suffered so much as almost any. It is in your favor that you have occupied a different *stand-point* from theirs. I am only intolerant toward interested inconsistency.

. You ask my opinion of Dr. Bushnell's book on "Christian Nurture." Most favorable, I assure you. The book ought to create a sensation. Bushnell is one of the first men of our day—simple-hearted, original, fearless, and powerful. I might not concur with each of his opinions or statements, but I now think of no exceptions, and I regard his work with high admiration. I can truly say that I have been of his opinion in regard to this subject for twenty years, though I, of course, was incompetent to state or argue it as he has done. Such doctrines need to be proclaimed from the housetops. No part of the world needs them as do the American Churches. We are the worst off, excepting always the Baptists, who are principled to the wrong. The Episcopalians are, perhaps, the best. They would unquestionably be, but for baptismal regeneration, which pledges them to the opposite pole of error, the Baptists having the other. I trust you will do us great good in the promotion of this and other vital interests. May God give you strength and wisdom equal to your day! May He restore you to *perfect health*!

CHAPTER X.

ILLNESS IN NEW YORK—REMINISCENCES OF HIS SOCIAL CHARACTER.

In the beginning of June, 1849, the New York East Conference had its session in Middletown, and Dr. Olin had the pleasure of entertaining a number of his brethren at his house. He enjoyed their Christian converse, and their morning and evening prayers. He said, with great satisfaction, that while there was no lack of cheerfulness, and free, unrestrained conversation, he had not heard, during the week they spent together, a word uttered unbecoming the dignity of a Christian minister. Five of the guests at his table have, in the short space of three years, been summoned to the heavenly banquet, where they may eat bread together in the kingdom of God.

In the autumn, Dr. Olin had an attack of illness, and he spent several weeks at the house of his kind friend and physician, Dr. Palmer, enjoying the benefit of his watchful care and attention. "Once," writes the lady, to whose memoranda we have so often referred, to Mrs. Olin, "I went to see him at Dr. Palmer's. He lay in the back parlor, on the sofa, alone, and was so glad to see me. He made me sit by him, and said delightful and profitable things. It was a privilege to know him.

"A few happy interviews we all had together in his sick-room. He never seemed greater, nor half so lovable to me as he did when he was so ill at your father's."

The illness here referred to prostrated him after he had been convalescent for three months. After spending most of the winter vacation in New York, he was taken ill on the eve of his departure for home and home duties. For three months he was confined to his bed—patient, cheerful, but with a deeper shade of thought than was wont to rest on his brow—a more fixed contemplation of possible results—a looking forward to the end. He was comforted by the frequent visits and prayers of his brethren in the ministry. The venerable Bishop Hedding, and the Rev. Mr. Creagh, whose serene goodness and saintly aspect marked him as a beloved disciple, had memorable interviews with him. They may look back upon them from those heavenly mansions where they now rest from their labors.

Dr. Olin one day asked his wife to take her pencil and write a few words intended to serve as his dying testimony, should he die and make no sign. They breathe the same spirit of humility and unfaltering confidence which had for some years characterized his utterances when he spoke of his religious experience. In 1843, he wrote: "My feelings in matters of religion were always ardent and strong, but they have undergone great changes within this last year or two. I am as far as possible from all austerity, or any tendency to it, but I am greatly conscious of an engrossing wish and purpose to consecrate myself *wholly* to God. I greatly distrust myself and my good resolutions, but not the grace of Christ. He will help. He will accept and bless." Again: "God knows I am a very poor, though, surely, a very sincere disciple. I have small attainments, but great aspirations, great

confidence. And I can trust Christ. That is the sum of all."

My long illnesses have modified my religious experience. I formerly eagerly sought for high religious enjoyment; now I shrink from it. "My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath for God at all times," does not express my feelings. "My heart is fixed;" "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him;" "Thy will be done:" those texts suit me. In past years I was filled with desire, an intense desire for health to do God's work—to preach, to study, to be *felt*—that desire remained with me through years of feeble health. But God did not need me. Now I am brought to entire resignation. The Lord will do what is best.

I may die without any other testimony than this. I may die just as I am, trusting, believing, but with no rapturous expressions—though I think I should have a glad feeling to find myself on the borders of endless life, with infirmities, disappointments, sorrows forever at an end. I feel that it can not be that I should be cast out—from the heaven where are gathered the people whom I love, with whose spirits and tastes I sympathize—from the society I relish, to that which I loathe; to the hell where the worldly, the unbelieving, for whose society I have a distaste, with whom I have nothing in common, find their portion. It is unphilosophical to think so—it can not be in God's economy to separate me from what I have so long trusted in. He sends to hell those who will not submit to his will; but my will is in harmony with his. The law of affinities will find place.

S. OLIN.

New York, May, 1850.

On the 18th of January, he was surprised at the announcement made in the public papers of his election to the presidency of Genesee College. He at once referred to a letter which had been forwarded to him from Middletown about the 15th or 20th of December.

It was from a gentleman appointed by the trustees as one of a committee to prepare a course of study for the college, and it contained a copy of the course, with a request that Dr. Olin would look it over, and suggest any alterations or amendments which might occur to him. Not feeling well enough to give his attention to the subject, he had, after reading the first few lines, laid the letter aside till circumstances should allow him to give it a satisfactory answer. He now found, on reading the entire letter, the following intimation, to which his silence had given consent: "The trustees meet in January, and will with unanimous consent call you to the presidency, unless you positively refuse, which I hope you may not do, for the sake of the interests of education and Methodism."* He regretted that this oversight should have led to the tender of an office which he felt compelled to decline.

About this time he was requested by Dr. Wainwright to make a contribution to the beautiful work then in preparation, "Our Savior, with Prophets and Apostles." He said to his wife, who regretted his inability to comply with this request, that he had a train of thought in his mind that would readily expand into an article on the character of the Apostle Peter. He would have imagined the tone given to the thoughts and feelings of the apostle by the assured conviction that he was advancing toward a violent death—that through the gate of martyrdom he was to pass to the excellent glory. How would the earthly life look to a man with this shadow thrown across it? "Verily, verily, I say unto

* This was the seventh or eighth time that he had been invited to a similar post of responsibility.

thee," were the words of his blessed Lord, "when thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." The disciple was to tread a path like unto that his Master trod—with a death like his in physical suffering ever in view.

He returned to Middletown in May, and during the summer enjoyed his usual health, and attended to his duties without interruption. The semi-centennial celebration of Middlebury College was to take place in August, 1850, and Dr. Olin had been honored with an invitation to preach the sermon on this festive occasion. He did not deem it prudent to comply with this request immediately after the fatigues of Commencement at home; but he repaired to Middlebury to revive old associations, and, amid the scenes of the olden time, to mingle with the friends of his youth. At the next Commencement at Middlebury College his death was announced, and his life reviewed in eloquent words—almost prophetic ones too—for in a little more than a year the speaker received his own summons to the spirit-land.

"Dr. Olin," said the Honorable Myron Lawrence, in the eulogy he then pronounced, "always felt a strong attachment to his Alma Mater. The last time I met him, he attended a meeting in Boston* in her behalf, and opened his mouth most eloquently in her praise. At the last year's anniversary he was present, aiding the college by both his voice and his purse. He is here to-day as the subject of eulogy. Sollemn contrast! Awful change!

* In January, 1851.

"We are hereby admonished of the brevity of life, and the certainty of death. Who of us, sir, will be the subject of eulogy another anniversary? It may be you—it may be I. Let us see to it that we are found girded laborers in our Master's service.

"Olin, our friend, is gone! We shall never again hear those silver tones admonishing us of duty, or those startling appeals calling us to self-examination, or those urgent exhortations to prepare to meet our God. True, he is gone; but his virtues are enshrined in the affections and hallowed in the memories of all who knew him."

On his return from Middlebury, Dr. Olin paid his last visit to his brother at Poultney, where he spent some days in company with his uncle Walker, his and his father's friend, who had met him at President Labaree's levee, in Middlebury, for the first time in fifteen years. He then rejoined his family at Rhinebeck, at the lovely place of Miss Garrettson, the daughter of the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson. On one of the days he passed here, a missionary festival was given in Miss Garrettson's woods; and, after the religious exercises and the social pleasures of the day were over, there was a family gathering at the house, and Dr. Olin dedicated James Lynch, his youngest child, to God in holy baptism. It was an impressive scene—the quiet parlor, lighted up with the radiance of a summer sunset; and the solemn bearing of the father, as with heart and voice he offered that precious child to God. It was the boy's birth-day, the only one his parents were permitted to rejoice in. On the next anniversary of that day, father and child were where the pure in heart behold their God.

Miss Garrettson alludes to this visit of Dr. Olin's in a letter to Mrs. Olin, in which she records some of her remembrances of him :

"I think Dr. Olin must have been paying his earliest ministerial visit to his native state when I first heard of him. A clerical friend* of mine (not a Methodist) said to me one day, 'What an astonishing man this Olin of yours is ; do you know him ?' I replied, that I had never before heard of him, and, in my turn, inquired who this astonishing man was, and where he was to be found ; to which my friend answered, 'He is a Vermonter, and his eloquence, I am told, is wonderful ! It is like a torrent which bears down all before it.'

"When I next heard of Dr. Olin, he was again in Vermont, prostrated by the disease which followed him through life. It was our venerable Bishop Hedding who spoke of him ; and though I can not remember his precise language, the picture which he drew still lives in my heart. He spoke of Dr. Olin's great intellectual superiority, of his rich endowments, and unsurpassed eloquence ; but, more than all, of his deep piety and unquestioning submission. He said that with these great capabilities he was laid aside—unable even to make a prayer in the family—but that leaning on his Father's arm, like a loving, trustful child, he bore, not only with resignation, but cheerfulness, the hardest trial such a mind could know.

"So many first impressions of Dr. Olin have been written, that I will not add mine to the number, though sufficiently vivid even now. I will only say that the blended expression of benignity and power struck me most forcibly. I well remember the first afternoon I spent with him at Mr. Landon's, and the admiration we felt for him.

"Several years later, I think in 1836, he spent a week or two at my mother's and it was then I learned not only to

* The Right Rev. Bishop Potter.

admire, but to revere him. His conversation, always interesting, was, when he spoke on religious subjects, intensely so. I think I can see him now (as I once saw him during that visit), pacing the floor, his figure drawn up to its utmost elevation, his head slightly thrown back as in an upward gaze, and the unheeded tears rolling down his face as he descanted on the love of God. A beloved friend and brother, now with him in heaven, had been conversing with him on the evil tendency of some heretical views, and ended by saying, with great solemnity, 'I do not see how God can save those who die in such a faith.' How well I remember Dr. Olin's manner, as with deep emotion he replied, 'And I, sir, think it very difficult for God to leave a soul to perdition;' and it was then he descanted on the love of God, and on the mighty influences put forth for man's salvation, in a manner which showed that the depths of that great heart were stirred.

"After his return from Europe, I saw still more of Dr. Olin, and I need not say to you, my dear friend, that at every interview my respect for him was heightened. Others have endeavored to describe his inimitable manner of fulfilling public duties; I would speak of his social character—of that rare union of qualities which made him so perfect in the relations of friend and companion. His colloquial powers were remarkable. To the most felicitous choice of language, he added a chastened humor and a spontaneous wit, which came welling up, while his expressive features anticipated all that his lips might utter; and, when serious, how deeply serious were his tones, how ponderously his words and arguments fell upon the heart! And yet it was the qualities of his heart rather than of his intellect that rendered his companionship so delightful; his great mental superiority might have overawed but for the whole-hearted sympathy he so freely gave. His conversation was surrendered on such equal terms, that the observations of his feeblest friend were sure to meet full consideration. It was not condescension, but con-

fraternity—even by his sitting posture was this con-fraternity shown—no matter how low might be the stature of the friend with whom he was intimately conversing, Dr. Olin's head was brought down to the same level, though by what mode a change was so easily effected was a marvel.

“I can not close this slight sketch of Dr. Olin's social character without noticing the candor and forbearance which he showed to those who placed themselves in a hostile attitude to himself. I came into the room one day, just as he finished reading an article in which his controversy with Dr. Robinson had been severely satirized. On my making some remark about it, he looked up with a face so fully expressive of the mortification he felt *for* the writer, that I plainly saw the missile which would have wounded had turned aside, and the only sorrow was that a friend's hand could have aimed the blow. Alluding to the controversy with Dr. Robinson, he said he cared nothing for ‘the bit of old wall,’ but he did for his moral character, which had been assailed in a manner that compelled a defense.

“With a broad foundation of integrity, his character could not but possess a oneness and consistency which insured him the confidence of others. Show him ever so politic a scheme to advance some cherished object, and did the slightest shadow of dissimulation cross it, that scheme was rejected with disdain. He needed no window in his heart, for both lip and countenance revealed what was passing there.

“In fulfilling your request, my dear cousin, I have omitted much, very much, on which I suppose others would dilate. Two traits, however, belonging to his social character, remain untouched—his deep humility and his deep affection. The first was sometimes expressed in language that startled me; the last was like the flow of a living fountain, whose source was inexhaustible. I shall never forget the scene of purest bliss which transpired here during his last visit. He had returned from a Northern tour, and found all his house-

hold treasures here. With one child, laughing with delight, in his arms, another at his knee, whose transport could only find expression in vigorous leaps, and you, his beloved wife, at his side—as he surveyed first one, then another object of love, I thought I had never seen a more complete picture of earthly felicity.”

In the calm tenor of Middletown life, one day in this autumn deserves a passing notice. It was a beautiful day, in September, 1850, when about two thousand of the inhabitants of Middletown were gathered together to hallow with prayer, and solemn speech, and holy hymn the Indian Hill, “a glorious mount, made solemn, majestic, and monumental by Nature herself,” for a resting-place for the dead. The Rev. Mr. Goodwin, of the Episcopal Church, having dwelt upon the religious aspects of the occasion, Dr. Olin presented some of the social and economic considerations connected with the movement, and his remarks were thought by many to be in his happiest vein. They may be found in the second volume of his works.

Letters from January, 1849, to April, 1851.

CLXXXII. TO MRS. OLIN.

Baltimore, January 9th, 1849.

. I did not reach Philadelphia till about sunset last Friday. The wind carried the snow upon the rails, and so retarded the train. This put us out of our proper relations with the coming trains, for which we had to wait, go back, &c., so that the day was consumed in the journey to Philadelphia. Bishop Janes was with me, which mitigated the tedium of this unexpected delay. I had a brief but very pleasant interview with Mr. Montgomery.

I reached Baltimore on Saturday, and stopped with my

kind old friends, the Wilkins', whom I found in good health. I preached on Sunday morning in Charles Street Church. Last evening I made a missionary address in Light Street to a good audience, and with usual liberty.* I pray that it may be useful in inciting the slumbering zeal of these Churches in that good cause. I am always made melancholy when any event or duty brings vividly before me the wretched condition of the heathen. How little is done to relieve them of unutterable evils. How little do the most awakened of us care for their hapless condition! I feel a lively wish that I may be able to be in some small degree useful in arousing the Church on this subject, and I am conscious of leading a useless life in all respects. When shall I begin to be really alive to my duties? Not, I fear, till it is too late to accomplish any thing valuable. I am heartily ashamed of myself and my conduct, but this is not repentance nor reformation.

I may stay here for a day or two more. I shall hardly proceed to Washington, though nothing hinders but a decided inclination. I expect to go to Philadelphia on Friday, if not earlier. If I can gain my own consent, I may stay there a day or two after Monday, when I have some service to perform. I am anxious to hear from you and Henry. I find satisfaction in commending you to the Divine protection. My strong desire for him is, that he may grow up to be a true child of God. How worthless are all other distinctions! How sufficient this to satisfy all the reasonable wishes of pious parents! May God bless, and comfort, and preserve you and Henry.

* On a previous visit to Baltimore, he said to three ladies in Mrs. Wilkins' parlor, "You ought to do something for missions. Form a Ladies' Missionary Society, and I will come on and plead for you at your anniversary." The society was formed, a large amount of money was raised through their exertions, and it was to redeem his pledge that Dr. Olin was called on to take this journey. The address delivered on this occasion is to be found in his works, vol. ii., p. 344.

CLXXXIII. TO MRS. J. R. OLIN.

Middletown, February 1st, 1849.

Your letter, written early in December, was forwarded to me in New York, where, with my family, I spent the most of the long winter vacation, and whence I have just now returned. My health has been much better during the last year and a half than formerly. I have not once been confined by serious indisposition, and but in a single instance been detained from my post of duty. I have yet to struggle, however, with a broken and unmendable constitution. I can not do much, and that little must be attempted cautiously. In term time I seldom preach, being barely equal to an abbreviated scale of duties. In my vacations, however, relieved from the weight of official responsibility, I work in this most delightful of my avocations frequently, and without any appreciable injury. I have preached rather more than once a week during the vacation now closed, and I think my health is better than it was during the autumn. To-day our labors begin again.


I do not begin my letter with this treatise upon my own health because I am positively or comparatively indifferent in regard to yours or brother's, who have recently been called to suffer so much more than I, but rather, I suspect, to dispatch a disagreeable subject as soon as possible. When I heard of your serious and, as I feared, dangerous illness, I grieved for your sake, and hardly less for my brother's. I felt very deeply that his happiness and comfort, and perhaps life, were very dependent upon you. I thought as I had never done before, of the goodness of God in giving him such a friend in his long, wearisome way—one so adapted to his wants in disposition, habits, and sympathies; and I too easily imagined the dreary solitude with which your removal would surround him. I thank God that you are again in health, with, I trust, as fair a prospect as before of many good

days. I can easily hope that, with the comfort of your society and the guardianship of your presence, brother may continue to enjoy life for years to come. May our merciful Father make them happy, peaceful years—happy, if not in the enjoyment of ease and sound health, yet in a higher relish for Divine things as he approaches nearer to their full fruition.

CLXXXIV. TO THE REV. DR. FLOY.

Middletown, February 6th, 1849.

It is long since I have heard directly from you. The fault is mine, and yet I seem to myself not to have been guilty—certainly not in the *intention*, where both demerit and its opposite are held to reside. Had you been a hundred or a thousand miles away, I can not doubt that all my feelings would have demanded frequent epistolary intimations that you were well, and well employed. Now you seem to be almost within speaking distance; and one somehow feels a sort of qualm, as at doing something a little affected and *professing*, in writing long letters to friends only just beyond the reach of his vision. I can not account for this feeling, but it, or something else that operates on a theory more occult, has withholden me from writing to brother Landon as well, though I formerly interchanged letters frequently with him, and I certainly can detect no abatement in my affection for him, or for a dear friend of his and mine, resident just now in New Haven. Let it be said, then, that the impulse to letter-writing operates not *inversely*, like gravitation, but *directly*, as the distance between friends. Whatever you may think of this hypothesis, you will admit that wiser men than I am have extricated themselves from greater difficulties by methods not more plausible than this. I will add, that I passed through New Haven on my way to New York and on my return, but had a large family with me, that is to say, my wife, child, and nurse, so that we should have made rather an unwieldy party to visit a friend. I hope to see



you under circumstances more favorable to agility and comfort in a few weeks ; that is to say, I expect to come and preach in your new church when it is ready, if you still desire it. . . .

CLXXXV. TO THE REV. DR. OLIN.

Bolivar, Tennessee, March 2d, 1849.

Many years have passed away, and various have been the scenes and circumstances through which we have passed, since we were last permitted to see each other and take sweet counsel together. My mind often looks back to by-gone days with mingled feelings of pleasure and of pain. Permit me to say, that I shall always remember, with heart-felt gratitude, my obligations to *you*. I love to think of old Tabernacle Academy, and of the valuable instructions I received there, laying a sure foundation on which I have since been trying to erect a noble building—of the sermon preached by you when God broke my flinty heart, and brought me humbly to the foot of the cross—of the day when I gave you my hand and attached myself to the Church of Christ—and of the tender and affectionate advice which so often came from your lips in those happy days when I was warm in my “first love,” and my worthy preceptor and spiritual father seemed to feel so deep a solicitude for the present and future happiness of “Ben.” When I do not remember these things, “my right hand will forget its cunning.”

God has blessed me with a large and healthy family. The three eldest profess religion and are members of the Church, and the rest we are bringing up in the fear of the Lord. I have dedicated them all to God, and I believe He will in due time make them all His children through faith in the Redeemer. *Olin* says he wishes to finish his education at the Wesleyan University.

My brother William has spent two weeks at my house, and Bishop Andrew one ; and, with this exception, I have seen

none of my old Carolina friends since I moved to Tennessee. The Methodist Church in this country is advancing rapidly in wealth, influence, and numbers, but not so fast, I fear, in spirituality and practical piety. I see no such times now as we often witnessed in Abbeville District, South Carolina. The official organs of the Church bring us no such joyful news of "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." And why not? Our fathers, where are they? The simplicity and power of the Gospel, as once so clearly exemplified in Methodism, are they departing from us? God forbid!

. . . . Shall we ever meet again in time? Should you ever visit Tennessee, you will find a cordial welcome at the house of one of your first pupils and sons in the Gospel. Could I see you once more, and hear you preach as you once preached, when the words, coming warm from your lips, brought tears to my eyes and joy to my heart, I would forget the painful occurrences which have drawn a line between the North and the South, and I would enjoy all the first days of my happy conversion over again. You will pardon me for referring to this unpleasant subject when I tell you it is done with a *full heart*. I do not like the idea that you and I belong to different organizations of the Church. But still *the two* are branches of the great Methodist family, with the same doctrines and usages, and with the same glorious object in view. Should we never see each other again, I will still think of you, and love you to the end of my earthly pilgrimage, hoping to meet you at last, on the shores of immortality and eternal life.

Yours, very affectionately,

B. H. CAPERS.

CLXXXVI. TO THE REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK.

Middletown, March 14th, 1849.

. . . . I have been applied to from several quarters to publish my sermon on the Early Training of Children, and I promised to supply any quantity of it, when published in

pamphlet form, on the first of April. These applications have induced me to think the thing might find a respectable circulation if put forth in the right time. The *subject* itself seems to interest every body. There is something hopeful in this general solicitude, and even this very rough tract might be instrumental of good if it should take the tide. One individual has asked for two hundred copies, and him, as well as others, I promised to supply on the first of April. . . .

I have been decidedly unwell since I saw you. My cold clung to me on my way to Boston, where I at once called a physician, who laid out all his skill to get my mouth open for the dedication.* He, of course, shut me in, and nearly prohibited conversation, so that I came away from Boston little wiser than I went in all the matters of special interest thereabout. Through God's mercy, I was able to preach after a sort, of which I have ever since been paying the penalty. I feel some little relief yesterday and to-day. My spirits are not a little affected by these ailments, while my solicitude connected with Professor Holdich's probable departure aggravates the evil not a little. My comfort, and with it my health, is not a little concerned in getting a proper man—an able, working, godly, gentlemanly man. Oh! for more good men! Pray ye the Lord of the harvest! I feel that it is a burning shame for such a man as I am to be president of a college. I would not be such a day, could I see my way clear. . . . This keeps me *rectus in curia*. I must wait my time; but I have a consciousness in the matter that will allow me to be little better than unhappy. My trust and hope are in God, whom I seek to obey with a sincere heart, and I daily look forward to the world, where there can be neither doubt nor error in my allotment and vocation. I ought to have a faith in the arrangements of Providence equally assuring and satisfactory, but I sometimes think our

* This is the sermon alluded to in the *Recollections of the Rev. Abel Stevens*, in one of the last chapters in this volume.

Arminianism may be a little unfriendly to high attainments in this special Christian virtue. Still, my whole trust is in God for time and for eternity. I should be wretched but for this light and support. Yet do I long for something more perfect—far in advance of my actual position.

I beg to be remembered to Mrs. M^cClintock, whom I congratulate upon dwelling in her own house, in the place where her early life was passed. I think there must be something very delightful in this. It is a feeling for which I sometimes sigh, though I am, on the whole, content never to know it.

CLXXXVII. TO THE REV. DR. FLOY.

Wesleyan University, March 20th, 1849.

I write at this special time at the suggestion of Mrs. Olin, and to invite you to stay with us at the ensuing Conference. I trust that nobody has been in advance of us, and that we may secure the pleasure and profit of your company. It will hardly fail of being refreshing to us to join again, with an old pastor and brother, in prayer at our family altar, as we were wont in pleasant days that are gone to return no more. I place our joint supplication first, not, however, because I forget or undervalue the agreeable, unreserved converse in which I was wont to indulge with you on all topics and interests of the Church and the world. These quiet, kindly enjoyments I often recall with satisfaction, not without some painful convictions that I ought to have contributed far more to give them a religious, edifying character. May we have grace hereafter to do all things to the glory of God. . . .

You have no doubt noticed the public announcement of Dr. Holdich's election to a secretaryship in the Bible Society. He will, I doubt not, accept it, and so leave a vacant chair in the university, difficult to fill on more accounts than are likely to strike the uninitiated spectator. . . . It is now comparatively easy to fill the chair of ancient languages, or even of mathematics, out of the considerable number of

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our graduates, many of whom are engaged in teaching in these branches. With the department now about to be vacated the case is somewhat different. Some maturity of intellect, joined with a good deal of special culture, is requisite—some adaptation to this particular department, and withal a tendency to elegance and finish in all mental habits and manifestations. If, in addition to these qualifications, we look for the industry, the enthusiasm, the good tempers and manners, needful in every department, the business of selection becomes one of delicacy and difficulty. . . .

I am very anxious to see the new hymn-book, of which I feel the want perpetually. Mrs. Olin feels much gratified by your proposal to send her a copy early. I do not heed your back-handed compliment about my poetic taste, having never thought you infallible. I am glad they lay the burden on you.

CLXXXVIII. TO THE REV. B. H. CAPERS.

Wesleyan University, March 22d, 1849.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter, which I received two days since, afforded me special satisfaction. It carried me back to a part of my life to which I always revert with gratitude and joy. In September, 1821, I was converted. In November, 1821, I was authorized to preach the Gospel. In 1823, I rejoiced in blessed seasons at the Tabernacle and elsewhere in Abbeville District, South Carolina, in which you had a memorable and happy participation. I have often thought that these were among my most useful days. The school was made a blessing to many, as well as to you and me. My Saturdays and Sundays were commonly and frequently employed in holding meetings in the region round about, within ten or twenty miles of home, in which James C. Glenn, that good, quaint, eccentric, able man, was my companion and mentor. If he preached, I exhorted, and then the contrary. The people crowded into their little meeting-

houses, or about a stand in the woods, to hear us, and, better than all, God manifested His presence in bringing souls to Jesus. I expect to see the fruits of these early efforts in the world to come.

I have always remembered you, my dear Ben, and the beginning of your Christian hopes, with lively interest. What changes have since occurred! You have become a band. Your children are growing up around you, and those of them who have passed the line of accountability have chosen Christ for their portion. You yourself, my worthy son in the Gospel, are still in the good way, laboring, as you have opportunity, to glorify the adorable Savior. I would ask no more for my dearest friends. May God adopt all of your children. Give my love to them all, and to him who honors me by bearing my name I send my most affectionate salutations and blessing. I prayed, on reading his name in your letter, that God would give him a new name that shall be read and admired of saints and angels in the book of Life. . . .

I am perfectly happy in my domestic relations. My life has been one of manifold afflictions, and yet mostly made up of blessings. My health is now more comfortable than for many years in earlier life, but I have a thoroughly broken constitution, which can not endure a great deal of labor. I only preach occasionally, though it constitutes my highest enjoyment. I have reason to thank God that religion is still my great source of happiness. I have an unshaken trust in God, who has been my portion through untold sufferings, infusing into the darkest scenes of my being a most consolatory influence. In religion I have usually been happy, no matter what my sorrows. I should still delight in an entire devotion to the work of the ministry, above every thing else, if Providence allowed me to follow my inclination.

Your reference to our Church difficulties was natural enough. It gives me occasion to say that I know no difference between Churches North and South, both of which I

esteem equally sound branches of Christ. I have suffered deeply by these dissensions. I have lost many dear and valued friends, with whom I could not quite agree on the subject. I do not cast all the blame on either side. A sort of necessity has pressed, to a certain extent, on both sides, and bad passions have also operated on both sides of the line. Nothing has occurred, however, to impair my confidence in the real, substantial piety of the great body individually.

I wish to be remembered very kindly to Mrs. Capers. It would afford me unspeakable pleasure to see you at my house; but if we are not permitted to see each other again on earth, I trust we shall meet in heaven.

I am, my dear Ben, very affectionately yours,

STEPHEN OLIN.

CLXXXIX. TO THE REV. ABEL STEVENS.

New York, April 3d, 1849.

. . . . The Philadelphia Conference has followed the Baltimore in voting, one hundred and four to one, for arbitration. Can you do so in New England? I do not know your views, but I am so fully persuaded of the right and the desirableness of such a course, that hardly any thing could give me more pleasure than its general adoption by the Conferences. We could lose nothing by it that we ought to wish to retain. It would go far to put us *right*, and *intelligibly* so before the world, which, without some such positive manifestation, will never be at the trouble of understanding our position. Can you, my dear brother, promote such a result? I feel how little influence I can exert on this subject—less than on any other, with my known sentiments of strong disapprobation of the policy adopted by the Pittsburgh General Conference in regard to the “line,” fraternization, &c. On the property question they seem to me to have done what they could. I only trust that the Annual Conferences will carry out the peaceful overtures. It will do good, and will

do no harm, that I see. History will applaud it. God will bless the peace-maker.

CXC. TO THE REV. W. S. STUDLEY.*

April 14th, 1849.

I received your letter from Lowell just as I was leaving home for New York, where I was detained on the business of the college above a week. I returned home for three or four days, but was unable to devote a moment to other than professional engagements. This is the first opportunity I have had for writing to you.

Your letter was called out, I suppose, by my message sent to you by Rev. D. S. King, urging your early return to college. I, of course, had no knowledge of the special circumstances mentioned, which seem to render your longer absence necessary. I regret the necessity, and think those who proposed, as conditions of your coming to Lowell, opportunities for the prosecution of your studies should have seen to it that your time might be in some measure your own. Our friends do not yet feel, as they ought, the paramount importance of liberal education for ministers; and whenever a young preacher gets beyond the walls of the college, he is in some danger of being drawn away from his proper work as a student by the urgent demand of the Church for his services. It requires both some self-denial and some comprehensiveness of view to prefer study to the pulpit, especially for a young man who possesses warm feelings and some popular speaking talents. It hence often occurs that our most promising young

* This letter was written to a student who had gone to Lowell by the advice of Dr. Olin, to supply the pulpit of a disabled clergyman for the space of three months. At the expiration of that period circumstances rendered it necessary for him to remain there until the place could be supplied by the Annual Conference, which would detain him from Middletown three months longer than was originally contemplated. This letter was a reply to one in which he had apologized for and lamented his absence from college.

men are diverted from their collegiate course by the importunities of sincere but injudicious friends. I have seen a great deal of this kind of evil. I have had occasion to mourn over it, and I have become very jealous of any arrangement which brings our students into responsible situations in the ministry during the collegiate course. You know how much I have wished *you* to persevere, and graduate in spite of ill health and every other discouragement. You are more liable to be drawn away than many others, because your services may be in higher request, and still more, by the success of your labors. Not many zealous young men can resist the argument which a revival offers for preferring an early entrance upon the work to protracted study. And yet the real interest of our Church does imperatively require that you, and others in your position, remain in college and complete your mental training—though Churches be left, meantime, without pastors—though you abandon a revival to return to college. It is in opposition to such influences as these that I have feared you might find yourself unable to act. To guard you against them, I here express my opinion that you would do *serious and permanent injury* by suffering yourself to be drawn away from college. Gird up your mind to the struggle with poverty, or interrupted health, or with the more seductive solicitations of success in your present efforts to save souls. Were you with us now in the revival spirit, you might do more good, probably, by leading one soul to Christ from among your fellow-students, than scores elsewhere. You will be likely to be many fold a more useful preacher, in the *long run*, with than without finishing your education. I hope you will be able to come back by the commencement of the next term, if not earlier; and if, as you hope, you shall then be able to remain in college without interruption, to the end of the course, you will, I trust, be able to get on with satisfaction. At any rate and in any event, I hope you will not tolerate one thought or temptation which would divert you from a set-

tled purpose to complete your course. God, I trust, has something in store for you, of which the best mental training will be highly promotive.

CXCL TO MRS. OLIN.

Utica, June 20th, 1849.

. . . . We reached this place at 8 P.M., and I must have traveled till 1 P.M. to reach Syracuse in time to be in Fulton for the session of to-day, which I much desired. I, however, thought such a ride *imprudent*, and so reluctantly wait to go between two and three this afternoon. It is very warm, and hardly any kind of effort is just now less pleasant than traveling—always preferring rail-road speed and mode to stage, of which the trial we had to Hartford last Monday was memorable.

I heard yesterday that the cholera is at Saratoga Springs, and that Mr. Moriarty has fallen a victim. I used to lodge with him. He was a good man, and, no doubt, ready for his change; but no instance has brought such a sense of the terribleness of the scourge to me as this death of one I knew so well. May God preserve you and all my loved ones, and yet may you and they all feel the importance of being ready. I think it impossible to travel over the country now without some stronger feeling of insecurity than one usually feels. Yet all are safe every where, in life or death, whom God keeps. None are in a tolerable condition; all should quake with terror whom he does not recognize as in covenant with him. This is *now* the only reliable support. It is always so.

Give my love and many kisses to dear little Henry. His lovely image is often before me. How happy I should be in some less responsible situation, where I might serve God and my generation in quietness and at home. "Not, however, as I will." My inmost soul subscribes to this sentiment. . . .

CXCH. TO J. O. WALKER, ESQ.

Middletown, Nov. 19th, 1849.

I was much gratified by the receipt of your letter of June 11th, though it gently rebuked me for my faults. A grievous fault it would be should I be guilty of even *apparent* neglect to one of my best and oldest friends. Please to recollect that I live under the habitual pressure of great responsibilities, which perpetual infirmity disqualifies me to discharge. I do not half perform my duties. I can not; and this deters me from laying out my strength upon any private, personal object. I feel as if I were *robbing* the college, if I use my little ability for other than public duties. Now I act from year to year under this feeling, and, as a natural result, I have dropped nearly all *friendly* correspondence. I seldom make a visit, except in connection with my public duties or for the promotion of my health. This has now become *habit* with me, but a habit founded, as it seems to me, on good reasons. I love my friends as well as ever, but my providential position, for which I am wholly unfit, absorbs me, though I do not half satisfy its claims. This want of health is the great drawback upon the comfort of my life. I desire to *work* effectively, though I could be content to do nothing. I am doomed to toil on, achieving little, yet sustaining the burden of painful responsibilities. Do not imagine that I complain of my lot. I rejoice in being able to do *any thing*; but I deem it right to state to you why I *seem* to be less attentive than I ought to the claims of friendship.

I am just now recovered so far from an illness of three months and a half as to be able to write a few lines. This must be my apology for the brevity of this letter. I have, of course, been wholly unable to perform duty since our last Commencement. The fall term will close in some eighteen days more, and I hope to recruit during the winter vacation. My family is well. Indeed, this boon is granted me, that my

wife and children are never ill. *Children* I say, having now a second boy, nearly three months old. Henry is one of the most promising children I have known. *James Lynch* we call the youngster, after his grandfather.

I am glad to know that you and aunt Eunice are enjoying a comfortable old age in the midst of your children and grandchildren—the best arrangement for happiness. I rejoice to hear that Olin has regained his health and is happily married. I hope they all are living for eternity, the only worthy end. I trust we shall renew our acquaintance in heaven, if not in this world.

CXCIII. TO THE REV. S. LANDON.

Middletown, Nov. 26th, 1849.

I was very glad to know that you were at my house, and regretted to be deprived of the pleasure of your society. . . . I remember that for twenty-five years I have been in the habit of going to see you, far off and near, whenever I visited the region north of Mason and Dixon's line, and was on this side of the ocean. I can truly say that such visits have been very pleasant to me, and that I always look back upon them as bright places in the track of the past. Now the time has come when your journeys bring you near my door. I expect you will let me see as much of you as I may. I hope, too, that you will bring with you Mrs. Landon, and one or both of your daughters, so that I may have the pleasure of a *family* intimacy. . . .

You are aware of my long indisposition. I am now, and have been for three or four weeks, free from the intermittent, but I regain my strength slowly beyond any thing in my former experience. I spend two or three hours daily in college, and shall, I think, be as well as my usual inveterate infirmities will allow. I think this sore visitation has not been lost upon me. Strange that I should still have lessons to learn from affliction. But so it is. I found myself a prey

to unreasonable solicitudes, chiefly for the interests of the institution, to which my illness forbade my attention. I have been enabled, I trust more fully than ever before, "to cast all my cares upon God." More nearly than before, I think I can now say that I am "careful for nothing." I am enabled in some degree to surrender my will to *His*, and to walk by faith. During the latter part of my illness especially, I have had great repose of spirit, coming upon me through the exercise of strenuous, unwavering faith. I am trying to walk by faith in some higher sense than before. I must try to use the vast resources of religion more skillfully. Pray for me.

CXCIV. TO MR. W. W. RUNYAN.

Philadelphia, Jan. 2d, 1850.

Yours of the 12th ult. was forwarded to me at New York, just before I left that city for this, last Saturday. I take the earliest moment at my command to reply. I am compelled to be as brief as possible by the state of my health. You have perhaps heard that I have been prostrate ever since August. I am now better, but must spare myself as far as I can. I was *happy* to learn that you had devoted yourself to the ministry—the best of all vocations, in whatever view regarded, unless, indeed, mere material good be held the chief good. I congratulate you on your heaven-directed choice. May God abundantly prosper you in the work. Having settled the great question, you now hesitate only about the time of entering on the work, and the preparation you should regard indispensable or best. I do not esteem this a very plain question. Could I feel perfectly sure that you would cultivate studious habits, as I think you would, not for a brief period but for life, I should advise you to enter the field *at once*. The Church needs educated men *now*, and knows not how to postpone its claims for a theological course. By-and-by it will be better supplied, and may postpone its demands. In this view I would say, spend the months before Conference in

learning the rudiments of Hebrew. Never relax your efforts to become master of this language. Study it or the Greek Scriptures, if practicable, *daily*, and become thoroughly master of both, which you may do in connection with an active ministry, if you will only continue to *try*. Your love of reading will soon supply you with the requisite theological knowledge. I rather prefer this course. Should you prefer a seminary, then I can not doubt that the New York School (Presbyterian) might be as good as any for a year or so. There, or at New Haven, or at Andover, you would study with educated young men and learned teachers. I trust that the progress of the hopeful school at Concord will, in a few years, enable it to meet the wants of our graduates, as well as of young men less advanced in literature. I think well of it, and take a lively interest in its prosperity. I regret that I am unable to write more at large, though I perhaps could not add any thing valuable to these brief suggestions. I may not close without assuring you that I shall *ever* be glad to hear from you on any thing that interests you. You need no apology, I assure you. Let me know what you resolve to do, and of your welfare generally. I have great satisfaction in believing that you are entering on a career of much usefulness.

CXCV. TO DR. W. C. PALMER.

Middletown, June 8th, 1850.

Mrs. Olin wrote to you in regard to my health, some ten days after we left New York. I have delayed to report progress until the present time, partly to be able to speak more to the purpose, and partly to obtain additional strength to write, which is really the most trying of any thing I attempt to do. The weather has, until within a few days, been cold and damp, and, as I have thought, unfavorable to my convalescence. Still, through the Divine goodness, I have gradually improved to the present time. I have continued to attend prayers daily in the chapel, except a brief absence

at the Conference, and I daily spend from two to five hours in college, giving some attendance to my duties. I walk early in the morning a mile or more without weariness. . . .

I do not allow myself to anticipate the future, but only to commend it to God, who has made me *willing* to submit to *all* the events of his providence. My long illness has not been useless to me in regard to the highest end of life. I look back upon my ninety or a hundred days' confinement not as altogether or chiefly a painful scene, but rather as a pleasant period, in which God made manifest to me the riches of His grace in an unusual manner. His support made my sick-bed a very, very tolerable place. These religious remiscences are accompanied by a grateful recollection of your untiring kindness, and watchful, strenuous exercise of skill in my behalf. I hope my homeopathic treatment may prove permanently useful to me, and I am thankful at having had a favorable opportunity to try the new remedies, under auspices of the most satisfactory kind.

CXCVI. TO MISS CALDWELL

(On the death of her father).

Middletown, June 19th, 1850.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—It is long since I received your very interesting letter of January. I laid it by, with many others, to await my restoration to health. It will remind you of the tediousness of my illness when I tell you that it is only within two or three weeks that I have thought it prudent to use my pen beyond the claims of some business and official correspondence. I have, however, been up since about the 10th of May, and have daily bestowed several hours upon my official duties. I was ill, for the most part violently, and, as I suppose, dangerously, from about January 20th to May. Through the mercy of God, I am nearly in my usual health at the present. You, perhaps, know that I am always an invalid.

I can not well express how much sympathy I felt with your mother and you in the loss of your little sister. The recent overwhelming affliction through which you had been called to pass seems to have prepared you for this fresh visitation; so wisely does our merciful Father discipline His children in the school of deep sorrow—so wonderfully does He proportion our strength to our day. I rejoice to believe that you and your mother have been and will be supported in every trial by the Divine grace. It is delightful to see one so young as yourself supplied with the blessed resources of religion. You have learned the true secret of life and its object. May you “grow in grace!” May the high principles of Christianity be your panoply, amid all the dangers of the exposed period upon which you are about to enter, and through which every young lady, in our imperfect state of even Christian society, must pass! A close walk with God—a strict adherence to Christian precepts and maxims, prayer—the daily, diligent, devout reading of the Scriptures—a constant preference for what may be called *strict* views in all doubtful matters—these will never fail to secure you from all the dangers of youth and society. May your father’s God and Savior be yours in life and in death!

Give my love to your mother. Tell her that I, and also Mrs. Olin, will be *glad* to see her and you at our house. You *must* come, if ever you travel thus far South. May I ask you to write to me again? I much desire to hear from your mother, and in regard to Dr. Clark’s health. I feel the deepest interest in his recovery. I trust that he is much better. Mrs. Olin joins me in love to your mother and you.

CXCVII. TO MRS. OLIN.

Burlington, August 18th, 1850.

I reached this place last evening, and stop over Sunday, not knowing, however, what I am to do, or where I am next to go. I am already weary of wandering and of visiting, and,

only for the *mental* dissipation which all this motion and confusion *necessitate*, I would prefer to pay a substitute to make excursions while I remain at home or somewhere else with my dear family. I have no longer much taste for sight-seeing. I hate promiscuous company, and detest strange tables and beds. I would rather have just now the company of Henry or Lynch than a confabulation with scholars and divines. Still, it seems needful to travel, and so I must even travel on.

I stopped at Saratoga till Thursday evening, when, in company with Messrs. Drew and Foster, I went to Montreal, reaching our hotel on Saturday at two P.M. There is not much to see in this city. The great cathedral—rather a poor show in comparison with those we saw in Europe—and a ride around the mountain—as a high hill rising back of the town is called, and which really affords a noble view of the city and of a vast expanse of country—constitute all the traveler need care much about. The really beautiful church, which I was invited to dedicate three or four years since, has also a good deal of interest for a Methodist. The city is much changed; the old French huts are mostly replaced by good store-houses, all or nearly all having at least the front of solid blocks of hewn limestone. I was glad to meet our ubiquitous friends, the H——s, sitting by a good fire in the hotel. They went to Quebec yesterday, and we, after some misgivings about going there too, came to this beautiful place, which, on inspection, I find not so handsome as Middletown. The site is noble. To-day I have been to church *twice*. How could I avoid the imprudence in a hotel, alone, nervous, restless, unfit to read, and yet compelled by a sort of furor which will not be reasoned with nor controlled? You are the only performer that can allay this troublesome spirit, and you are far away. . . . I heard a good sermon from Mr. Janes, and a very good one from Mr. Foster.

Commencement at Middlebury comes on Wednesday, but

I fear to go, and am yet doubtful. Whatever good reasons I may find for going elsewhere, you and the children, to say nothing of others, constitute *three* strong reasons for taking the shortest road to Rhinebeck. I shall, *Deo volente*, be in Poultney in a few days, and there I shall expect a letter from you. Tell me if Henry is a good boy and wants to see me. Kiss him and dear little Lynch, whom may God preserve and bless. I feel more and more the need of your society, and the company of the children. How much I should enjoy home and irresponsible retirement. Not that I would shun work or crosses, if able to meet and bear them. How needful is faith in God to such a broken reed. . . .

CXCVIII. TO THE REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK

(On his return from Europe).

Middletown, Sept. 19th, 1850.

I learned last night that you arrived in the Canada. I congratulate you most sincerely on your safe return to your country, and not less on the improved health which is also reported of you. With many of your friends, and of the friends of the Church, which is interested that you should live long, I have often prayed for your preservation and your restoration to health. I now offer thanksgiving to God, our Savior, that he has shown to you and to us his great mercy in the good providence which has kept you in your wanderings, and brought you back to us refreshed, and, I trust, commissioned anew for a long, long campaign in the holy warfare to which you are pledged.

You will not write to me, I, of course, presume, till you have a fight with the accumulation of matter and care that welcome you at No. 200. When you do write, be mindful that, in addition to every thing your kindness may prompt you to say of yourself and your own welfare, the topic of chief interest to me, I shall wish to hear what you think of the difficulties among our Wesleyan brethren. Is it subsiding or


increasing in violence? To what does it tend? The statements we get in the papers are all rankly partisan. You may have got nearer to the truth. How is Dr. Bunting? Is he likely to remain for some time, or soon to depart? I have a feeling toward him quite peculiar, such as no other man in England awakened. How are Drs. Beaumont and Dickson likely to come out of this business?—crippled and without influence, the real leaders of the movement party, or still strong in the confidence, or love, or both of the “Body?”

Allow me to say that I am glad you gave up your intention to remain abroad. In such health as you carried with you, I must think a German university, with its temptations to *you* irresistible, would have been about the last place on earth where you could safely take up your quarters. If, on the contrary, you have such health as would justify a winter's campaign upon the Rhine or the Neckar, then we could not spare you. The Church *needs* you at home. I think you may, at some future time, go again to Germany with less likelihood of damaging home interests. May God so mend you that you will never again need journey or voyage on account of your health. I will flatter myself that you have passed your *crises*, and will now proceed on quietly a saved, sane working man.

CXCIX. TO THE SAME.

Middletown, October 2d, 1850.

. . . . I am much pleased with the prospect of becoming acquainted with Mr. — through you. I have wished to know him, as most men like to know men of distinction. I have been much interested in his career since he came from the West, as an able, bold, unconventional man—qualities for which we should forgive *some* radicalism and recklessness, trusting that age will in these respects give wisdom. I beg you say to Mr. — that I shall be highly gratified by a visit from him *with* you, if he can come then—at any other time,



if not then. Let me add, that, if Mr. — should fail you, I am one of many, including Mrs. Olin, who would like much to see our old friend and pastor (beloved), Dr. Floy, if he will oblige us and you by bearing you company. Again, if both should fail you, think what advantages for conversation on the thousand and one reserved topics your coming alone would give. I am anxious, you see, to remove all excuses, and to insure your coming soon.

. . . . It is an unspeakable comfort to me to believe most religiously that not only the great body of preachers, and people, and Conferences, on both sides of this sad controversy, but, for the most part, the leaders—it may be, I think, all of them—are or have been perfectly honest in the matter. They have not always been scrupulous in their measures. Too many good men err in this. They *passionately* and practically “do evil that good may come,” not perceiving their error in the superabundance and the blindness of their zeal. I know many, I think most of my friends, deem this facile charity of mine weak and unwise—some call it artful and designing. God knoweth; and I find in this position a convenient margin for the exercise of Christian love and confidence, while, with all my heart, I disapprove a great deal said and done by both sides. It allows me to hold on upon my friends, if they will let me, of either party. . . .

I hope you are better and better in health, and that God has many days and much work for you.

CC. TO MR. J. V. BRADSHAW

(On the death of his son).

Middletown, October 7th, 1850.

Your communication by telegraph did not reach me till *yesterday* (Sunday) afternoon. It was misdirected, and only found me by accident. The address, intended, I suppose, to be Dr. Olin, was *D. Rollin, Esq.*, and the note was carried on Saturday to the store of Mr. Trench, who has a son-in-law

of the name of Rollins, not residing here. It was handed to me after the sacrament in the church yesterday.

I was not wholly unprepared for the sad intelligence conveyed in your message. The Rev. Mr. Hitchcock spoke very discouragingly when I passed through your town a few weeks since. You seemed to hope more favorably, but I dreaded the result. Few persons will be able to sympathize more deeply with you in this deep trial than the Faculty of the college, to whom your son always endeared himself by his excellent conduct. I do not remember that I ever had occasion to feel dissatisfied with him on any occasion during the entire period of his connection with this institution. He was uniformly upright, gentlemanly, and affectionate. I think that he had never an enemy here, while I am confident that few young men made so many friends. Every one expresses deep sorrow at his early removal, and gives utterance to some pleasant recollection of his amiable, winning deportment while a student here. Your son's religious character was remarkable for its consistency and unobtrusiveness. He was a very humble Christian. He thought unfavorably of himself, but was yet steadfast, relying on God's goodness with great assurance, while he spoke very disparagingly of his own attainments and faithfulness. I doubt not he has found an end of all his doubts and fears in the blessed light of heaven. I should be glad to hear something in regard to his last days, and to his experiences in view of eternity, and under the chastenings to which he was subjected.

I pray, as many here will, that you may be supported under this great affliction by the Almighty hand, which has taken from your domestic circle one so lovely and so dear.

CCL TO MRS. DWINNELL

(On the death of her husband).

Middletown, October 21st, 1850.

I learned through Mrs. Smith, who had just received a letter from her friends in Cazenovia, that Mr. Dwinnell has at length yielded to the pressure of his protracted infirmities, and has been removed from this world of care and sorrows. In the absence of any more precise information, I was happy to see it intimated in your village newspaper that his last days were cheered with the consolations of religion. It gives me the highest satisfaction that I could feel, in writing to you on such a subject, to know that your sorrow is alleviated by such an infusion of mercy. To mourn *with hope* is no doubt deeply afflictive, but we have an antidote from *overwhelming* sorrow, in the vista opened before us into a better world, by the passage thither of one who has been to us an object of tender regard here. The feeling that such a friend is not lost to us, but that our pleasant intercourse is only suspended—a feeling that comes to our relief precisely when it is most needed—that is, when all earthly resources fail us—is, it seems to me, one of the most precious of the boons which the Gospel offers us in this world.

We hear of the death of a friend who departs in the hope of immortal life. We know that the chief sufferers have access to the rich consolations offered in such a hope. I feel in every such case that nothing remains to be desired. God has done all that is needful. He has taken a soul to himself, and he has prepared the survivors for the shock by the richest consolations known to his grace. In this view it is that I look upon your bereavement. I know that you will bear it as a visitation from your heavenly Father, and this filial, trustful spirit will surely sanctify the dispensation to the promotion of your highest interests. May it be attended with a great increase of gracious manifestation to you. May it be made

eminently instrumental in leading your children to piety. If God shall so overrule this great affliction, you will yet find in it causes of gratitude. How poor the world is without Christ! Each of us has a number of loved ones, the removal of any one of whom would be quite sufficient to darken our entire horizon. We are, by the inexorable law of our being, destined to a succession of such bereavements, each wringing the heart with an intensity of misery many times greater than that of our highest enjoyment. Our latter days, if we do not die young, are to be a growing desolation. This single fact in the common history of men demonstrates better than a thousand arguments a future state of compensations. We must take refuge here, or, as it seems to me, in atheism.

I beg to be remembered to your children in this season of their affliction. I have not neglected to pray for them and for you, that God may overrule your temporary affliction to your eternal good.

I have just sent to the press a sermon on death—its consolations and import, of which I intend to send you a copy when it comes out. It may interest you, perhaps, at this time.

My family are quite well, as, indeed, they always are. They have not been ill a day for several years. Henry is now three and a half years old—a large, boisterous, bright boy. Lynch is fourteen months old, smaller, and so far quieter. Mrs. Olin joins me in assurances of regard.

CCII. TO MR. J. R. OLIN.

Middletown, October 24th, 1850.

My health has been somewhat better than it was when I was at your house. Indeed, I was just then disturbed by the excitement of being at Commencement, which I was a week or more in getting over. I have been able to attend to my business without interruption since my return home, as I have, indeed, ever since my long illness in

New York, which ended on the 8th of May last. The least excess, however, the slightest additional effort or excitement, overpowers me, and brings me quite to the verge of serious illness. I have, perhaps, no right to expect any greater exemption from this ever-pressing weakness, and ever impending liability to absolute prostration. These are the conditions under which I have held my office here for eight years, which have thus been made burdensome and unsatisfactory, in spite of the domestic and other blessings I have enjoyed. What an unspeakable boon would it be to be able *to work*. How gladly would you and I exchange our comparative repose for labor, for toil, if the Master should permit! And how little qualified am I to determine what would be best for me! How should I? I may say, I trust, how do I rejoice that my changes are in the hands of God, who is of an infinite wisdom as well as compassion! Were my convictions of duty as decided as my inclinations, I should certainly free myself from the responsibilities of a public situation, and retire to some quiet retreat, where I might do, whether in writing or preaching, what my health would permit. I should hope to get clear of a painful suspicion, now always hanging over me, of being out of my proper sphere. As it is, I am conscious of not being actuated by ambition or lucre, but solely by a desire to do my duty. I am kept in a place which my health does not allow me to fill properly, solely by the opinions and urgent advice of friends of the Church, and by a consequent dread of deserting my providential position, and thus doing harm. With good health I should like my actual position, and should not despair of being somewhat useful in it.

My family are in good health, as, indeed, they always are—a mercy from Heaven for which such an invalid as I am can not be sufficiently thankful. Henry is now just three years and a half old, and he is an endlessly talkative, boisterous, restless boy, as bright as a seraph, though not always

as mild and gentle. Lynch is not quite fourteen months old. He has lately learned the use of his feet, which carry him, with singular velocity, to every point where mischief can be done. We have given him credit, undeserved, I begin to fear, for being of a temperament rather less mercurial than his brother. Between them they keep up the most satisfactory evidence of life and motion within doors. I often look upon them with prayerful solicitude, in view of my own advancing years, and of their need of a strong hand to guide them on to manhood. God, I know, can do for them better than their father. To Him I can only commend them, from whom I receive them as signal mercies, lent us to promote both our comfort and piety. . . .

CCIII. TO THE REV. DR. FLOY.

Middletown, October 31st, 1850.

I felt exceedingly pained, as well as disappointed, at hearing this afternoon that Mrs. Floy is still far from having recovered her health—that she is hardly better than when I saw her last June in New Haven. We had heard, for several months past, that her health was decidedly improved—that it was daily improving, and I have thought of her with much satisfaction, as being able to walk and ride out at pleasure. I now learn that she has not been able to leave the house since you got into your present dwelling. . . . What a comfort it is to know that our friends, in their times of trial, have access to the highest sources of consolation—to feel assured that God is dealing graciously with them, under all the sorrowful aspects which He permits their affairs to assume. You and Mrs. Floy, I am sure, feel the supporting hand to which you have directed so many afflicted ones, who have felt soothed and profited by your counsels, prayers, and sympathy. It is, probably, because I have had a good deal of communion with you in my hours of weakness, that I feel in reference to your family affliction as I seldom feel for my

fellow-Christians. My thoughts revert to your prayers and genial converse, which cheered many an hour of dim prospects. To me and my dear wife these recollections are very pleasant. I might truly say, they are *affecting*, and I hope you will not suspect me of departing from a sober style in saying that I remember them thankfully, and that I feel specially led to sympathize with you and yours in your time of trial. I pray that God may cause the cloud to pass away, and that our dear friend may again rejoice in sound health. And may you both be graciously sustained through this and all other trials of your faith and patience! . . .

I had hoped that we might have the pleasure of a visit from you. I wrote to Dr. M'Clintock three weeks since, to ask you to accompany him in a trip he had promised to make to see us. I fear that you would hardly be able to leave home, but if that should become practicable, and you could afford yourself the indulgence of so much recreation, I can not tell you how *glad* we shall be to see you.

My health has rallied since my long illness, and settled down at about the point I attained to after I had adopted the hydropathic practice. But for the painful conviction which I *always* feel, that I am responsible for duties which I can not perform, I might enjoy life tolerably well, since the most of my unpleasant sensations are occasioned either by this humiliating sense of unprofitableness, or from attempts to do something in the way of study or official work to which I am not equal. I have always the consolation of feeling that I *am willing* to do or suffer God's will. I hardly know whether to apologize for the tone of this letter. I did not intend it, but my feelings prompted it.

CCIV. TO MRS. J. R. OLIN.

Middletown, Dec. 23d, 1850.

I received your note of the 18th instant last Saturday.
. . . I hardly expect to hear more favorable accounts of

my brother's health than your letter contains, though nothing could have given me greater pleasure than to be informed that he was better, and had some good prospect of being restored to health. For this, however, I no longer look ; and if he is not worse, and remains tolerably free from pain, and retains his blessed cheerfulness and his strong faith in God, his friends have cause for gratitude ; and I trust that we shall and do give thanks to the Author of all good for so many alleviations of such protracted, deep afflictions. How sweet the hope of heaven to one so far excluded from participation in worldly pursuits and excitements. Freedom from sickness, and repose from cares and responsibilities, to which I am wholly unequal, through the feebleness of my health, usually form no slight portion of the staple of my anticipated heaven. I mean, that such exemptions from the physical ills which press upon me ever rise to my view as specially desirable, and as good compensation for *all that I should lose* by exchanging worlds ; not that freedom from sin and temptation, and communion with Christ and with the glorious things to be revealed to us, are not *chief* ingredients in my anticipated paradise. I think my brother must share with me in such hopes of the future. It will, indeed, be a wonderful contrast with his present condition to be able to put forth the untiring energies of a disembodied spirit in that world where the inhabitants never say "I am sick"—where he who never sees the inside of a church, and scarce the expanse of earth and sky, may rival the halleluiahs of angels and apostles. I am wont to slide away into such comfortable musings when I think of my dear brother, stretched upon his bed month after month, with, I fear, little prospect of restoration. For a mere worldling, how cheerless is such a prospect ! Yet for a child of God it is not desolate. It is infinitely more desirable than to have health, and prosperity, and honor, and not to have Christ. I am sure it yields more of even present enjoyment than many of fortune's favorites attain. Blessed assurance

that "*all things* work together for good" to them who "walk after the Spirit"—"work out for them a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." I think I may truly say that in spirit I am daily with you, sympathizing in your sorrows, and praying for you; and I not unfrequently rise from this converse to the higher thoughts and hopes to which I have adverted. If I can in any way lighten your cares or minister comfort, I need not say how gladly I would do it. Do not make a stranger of me. I often wish that I were nearer to you, where I could see you frequently, and contribute something, at least, to my brother's cheerfulness and social comfort. And yet it is probably better as it is. I am, perhaps, doing some good, though I am accustomed to doubt even this. I am at least doing something for my family—for my excellent, affectionate wife and my two babes, who admonish me daily that they are likely to need my guiding hand much longer than, with my gray hairs and broken health, I am likely to be able to extend it to them. Here, however, as in all else, I can only throw myself upon God's mercy in Christ the Mediator, unto whom be glory forever.

Mrs. Olin and the boys are in perfect health, as, indeed, they always are. It is our winter vacation. We go to New York to-morrow, whence I expect to visit Boston. . . .

CCV. TO MRS. OLIN.

Boston, January 5th, 1851.

. . . . I had a long and very interesting visit from Dr. Upham on Saturday. He is about to publish another work on the subject of Union with God, similar, I suppose, in character and interest to his other works. What a noble work has this man accomplished in behalf of religion and man! Thousands of minds have been brought under the influence of his saintly teachings and spirit, and he has ministered influences for good that can never be exhausted while the world stands. He is exceedingly simple in his conversa-

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tion, and childlike in his manners and spirit—"an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." I hope I shall be better for my intercourse with him.

I preached this morning in the Hanover Street Church, on the Lord's Supper, with tolerable ease and freedom, and with a strong desire to be useful. I was not violent, and I spoke seventy minutes. I hope you will not think this bad.

We had a small snow-storm yesterday, and, though clear to-day, the mercury stood at eight degrees below zero this morning a little out of the city, and, I suppose, in it. I take a shower-bath and a walk every morning. This, I am sure, is good for me, almost necessary. I want to see you, as I also do Henry and Lynch. May God bless you all! Do not omit Henry's lessons. Talk to him about Jesus and his duty. Teach him to pray for me. Kiss the dear little fellows, and bless them for me. Oh that God may sanctify them to himself, and keep them from all evil! Pray for them without ceasing.

CCVI. TO STEPHEN HENRY OLIN.

Boston, January 6th, 1851.

MY DEAR HENRY,—I wrote your mamma's letter yesterday. I am going to write you a short letter this morning, so that you will hear the latest news. You must let your mamma read it, so that she may know as much as you do about things in Boston. Boston is not so large a city as New York—not half so large, and these streets are not so wide nor so long, nor so straight as they are in New York. They are full of snow, and the sleighs are going and the bells are jingling all the time. They don't use any carts or carriages now. They put merchandise and all such things upon large, strong sleds, and not on carts. They take the body of the carriage off the wheels, and put it on a sleigh, and so ride very comfortable and warm. The weather is very cold. The other day I saw a very large, beautiful sleigh, with six horses, and

full of many people. They had beautiful buffalo and fur robes to keep them warm, and the sleigh had beautiful pictures of gold all over it. The driver cracked his whip, and I had to run out of the way to prevent his driving over me. A good many sleighs have come close to me, so that I was afraid they would run over me, but I jumped out of the way, and so they did not hurt me. There was a little boy who fell down on the ice and broke his leg, a little way down the street. When Dr. Upham was coming to see me on Friday, the snow came down from the roof of a house, and hit him on the head so hard as to knock him down. He thought it would kill him, but he was not afraid to die, because he is a good man and loves God. Henry Sleeper has gone to Sax-onville to school, and will not come home again till next May. He was very sorry to go from home. Now you must be a good boy. Be good to dear little Lynch, and kiss him for papa. Say your prayers, and try to please God.

Your dear father,

STEPHEN OLIN.

CCVII. TO MRS. OLIN.

Boston, January 8th, 1851.

I received your *short* note yesterday with much gratification, seeing it assured me of the health and welfare of my family, intelligence that concerns me above all other worldly interests. I feel this when at home, in the midst of those I love so well, and myself a witness of their welfare. I feel a new solicitude when absent, which becomes anxiety if I do not hear from you as often as every day or two. . . . Bishop E—— called to see me yesterday when I was out. He is much oppressed by the death of Miss G——, who was a chief friend of his. He came to see when I could dine with him. To-day I go to dine with the Rev. James Porter, in East Boston. On Friday I am to dine with Colonel Brod-head. To-morrow night Mrs. Sleeper gives a party, chiefly clerical, I believe. Yesterday I had a pleasant dinner at Mr.

H——'s, a family with whom we had very pleasant relations in Paris in 1837 and 1838. What changes are wrought by only a few years! Mrs. H—— was my fellow-voyager in 1837 to Havre, a young mother with a babe some three months old. That boy is now a boy nearly ready to enter college, having four brothers, and a sister now eighteen months old. The mother is still youthful, and little changed in her appearance. The family seem religious, and wealth and the world have done little to mar a delightful simplicity and kindness which from my first acquaintance attracted me strongly to them. I always find many agreeable acquaintances in Boston, and, upon the whole, like it very much, bating the east wind, which has had the grace to hold its pestiferous breath since I came to town, leaving us to very cold but pleasant weather, which I enjoy as I do my overpowering shower-bath, as much as the nature of the case admits of. The Sleepers are kind, if possible, beyond their wont, and often reiterate the wish that you were here, to which I could respond a hearty amen. I am just-now invited to dine to-morrow with Mr. Crowell; so you see the hospitality of these good people engrosses every day of this week to Saturday.

Give my love to the family. Many kisses to dear Henry and Lynch. Be good, my dear Henry; make your mamma happy when I am away, and that will make your papa happy. Remember that our Savior loves good boys. Always think that he is looking at you, and hears what you say, and sees what you do. Try to please him in all things; that is *your* duty. Nothing is so good as to obey and love the Savior. You ought to feel very bad when you offend him, and you will be happy if you please God. Say your prayers always. Ask God to make you a good boy. Set a good example for Lynch, who will do as he sees you do. If you are good, he will be good; if you are naughty, he will be so too, I am afraid. Tell the truth. Mind your mamma always, and then God will love and bless you.

CCVIII. TO THE REV. ABEL STEVENS.

Middletown, January 31st, 1851.

. I look back with pleasure to my late visit to Boston, and to my delightful intercourse with you and my brethren there. I was not allowed to feel the slightest suspicion that I was less liked or confided in by those from whom I may have some slight differences of opinion on questions of confessed difficulty. How pleasant it is to open one's heart in a confiding circle of liberal-minded, true-hearted Christians, where there is scope for little discords of opinion in the mightier concords of a large charity! I felt that, as I always do with my Boston brethren. May God prosper you and them in all your manifold endeavors to promote the cause of Christ. This, this is our great work, and though the heathen rage, and the people imagine vain things, the labor which is thus directed can not be lost. This is my consolation for myself and my brethren. Our errors and extravagances will come to naught, but our zeal and toil for God will not.

CCIX. TO THE REV. DR. OLIN.

Richmond, January 20th, 1851.


MY DEAR BROTHER,—Late on last night I sat down to the perusal of your article in the Quarterly Review, and finished it before retiring to bed. I do not recollect ever to have been more enchained with a subject. In reflecting on it, I could but regret that such powers are not more freely and frequently employed to do good in the earth. I consoled myself with the hope that you must be engaged in the preparation of some greater work for the instruction and guidance of the Church. I hope the thought is not a mistaken one. At any rate, I determined to express to you, without delay, my sincere thanks for your address to the young men of the Church. That resolution was strengthened this morning on receiving

your sermon on the death of Mrs. Garrettson. I have already gone through it, with increasing admiration for your powers of speech, and, I trust, not without spiritual benefit. In the name of my wife, who prizes the remembrance it expresses very highly, I return sincere thanks for this benefit also. Mrs. Lee will treasure the sermon as a token of friendship, and will read it with a pleasure for its doctrines, enhanced by the great confidence she has in its author.

In a recent examination of the "Life of S. Drew," I was struck with the correspondence between himself and the Rev. T. Jacks as to the necessity of a standard doctrinal exposition of Methodism, something like the "Philosophy of Methodism," on a scale comprehending the entire system of doctrine, and its harmony with the character and will of God, as revealed in the Bible. Is not such a work still needed? It seems to me to be a lack in our theological literature; and who among living men so competent to such a work as yourself? I mean no empty compliment, but am in earnest. I know nothing of your engagements. I know not that, in the multitude of your thoughts, such an one ever entered your mind; but the suggestion is before it, and I sincerely hope it may remain and work out a favorable conclusion.

You will see from our Quarterly Review that I have thrown my line into troubled waters. If you should find leisure to read the article, and to write me a line, I should like to know if you think I have made out my case. In the article "Destiny of the Educated" you will find views not wholly dissimilar from yours, above referred to.

I have a craving to do something, help to do something, or to see others do something, for the improvement of our ministry. Your concluding paragraph is a splendid specimen of hissing-hot rebuke. It is an oiled cimeter, that Truth drives to the vitals of the lazy and indifferent. Hit them again, and harder every chance you have, and do it heartily, in the name of the Lord and for the sake of souls. Did you not



once write something on a call to the ministry? I have some recollection of it, and would like very much to see it, if my recollection is right. I am writing a series of editorial articles on the subject, but, written hurriedly, they are imperfect, and, I fear, unimpressive. Still, I hope they will serve to awaken attention to the subject, and do some little good.

Mrs. Lee and I often revisit your dwelling in our conversations of past pleasures. It would add a new pleasure to life to have you and Mrs. Olin to sojourn, for a while at least, with us.

LEROY M. LEE.

CCX. TO THE REV. DR. LEE.

Middletown, January 31st, 1851.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—I received your letter of the 20th instant a day or two since, having been absent from home for several weeks previously to the present. I receive a letter from a *Southern* friend with special emotions of pleasure, esteeming such favors as so much saved from the wreck of my early, cherished friendships. For several years I mourned over the division of our Church as a public calamity. Latterly I feel more deeply the personal, social losses I have been called to suffer, more, perhaps, than any other individual, in the disruption of ties at once harder to form and more necessary to us as we grow old. I was deeply, and, as I thought, lastingly attached to *many* early Christian friends, all of whom, with one or two exceptions, were of the South, where I became disciplined and entered on life as a man. The tempest that has passed over us, which has not yet spent its fury, has left few of all those with whom I had hoped to take sweet counsel to my latest day. It is the misfortune, and, as I think, the *crime* also, of such controversies as divide brethren, that charity is the first virtue to disappear, and the last to return. I have a horror of such strife. I distrust my own self-possession and piety too much to enter an arena where so many learn to distrust old friends and permit un-

kindly sentiments to supplant Christian affection. I have sometimes thought that you suffer less than some others in the strife; for though it is not to be concealed that you, too, often deal blows that make even the spectator recoil, not to speak of the victim, you seem to retain, more than some less exposed persons, your kindly tendencies to good fellowship. Be this your lot evermore, and your distinction so long as you feel constrained to be a man of war.

I have read with care and much satisfaction your article on Calvin and Servetus. I wish I had some better ground than you have left to doubt the justness of the conclusion to which your forcible argument conducts the unprejudiced reader. It is painful, and not very complimentary to the Reformation and to the Gospel itself, to be compelled to admit that one of its greatest lights was a persecutor unto death *by fire* of a mistaken, though, for aught that appears, sincere Christian. You must allow us to charge the dreadful sin to the times no less than to the stern, tyrannical spirit of the despot, who must be confessed, as you justly say, to have been *behind* his times rather than in advance of them. I am much pleased with this number of your Review, the first I have for some time seen, and an improvement on all I have seen, especially in the style of several of the articles. Dr. Doggett will do good service to the Church, which I deem fortunate in the selection. If he is properly supported by the Southern ministry, who are almost all distinguished by the possession of a great deal of writing ability, which hardly any thing can bring into action, he will furnish a Quarterly which will bear a favorable comparison with any in the land.

I feel gratified by the favorable opinion which your letter expresses of my two little productions. When you propose to me some large work that might hope for more than an ephemeral influence, the suggestion tallies well with my own fervent desires, but betrays an imperfect knowledge both of my mental and physical abilities. I am deeply impressed

with my lack of qualifications to write a book worthy of lasting influence. I might try, however, but for my ever-present, ever-living bodily infirmities. I am really unfit for any thing valuable. All I do is in spite of weakness and pain. I am exhausted in doing little better than nothing for this college. I would give up a place for which I am so eminently unfit, could I see myself at liberty to do so. *Then*, as I could not preach, except occasionally, I might attempt to write. I cast myself upon the Divine guidance, and so keep on my course.

CCXI. TO MR. JAMES STRONG.

Middletown, Feb. 3d, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 22d of January was received by me on my return home at the close of the vacation. An accumulation of business letters has occupied my leisure for the two or three intervening working days. I wish, after enjoying such a period for reflection on the topics suggested by you, I now felt myself qualified to advise you. In the decision of such questions of duty, which I thought you had disposed of to your satisfaction some years since, I think there is no counselor so much to be relied on as your own convictions. In deferring to these as a reliable guide, I suppose them to be the result of careful, prayerful inquiry, conducted in a spirit of consecration to God, and of an honest desire to know His will in order to obey it. I can not think that a Christian man, who seeks the path of duty in this spirit, diligently performing, meantime, such duties as are plainly incumbent upon him in his actual situation, will be left to go astray or to fail of finding out his proper mission. If, during such a process, or after a patient trial of it, you are still without *decided* intimations or impulses, I think you may safely continue to serve God in your present sphere, seeking no change until the advent of clearer manifestations. Indeed, it seems to me that your *actual* position is to be regarded a

providential intimation of the will of God concerning you, and must be respected as such until you are beckoned away from it by some clearer or more authoritative providential or gracious call. If this should seem to you a just rule of action for a Christian man, then you should feel authorized to go on in your present course without solicitude, seeking only to perform all duties in the fullest measure, and to maintain a teachable spirit and an absolute willingness to serve God *in any way* He may ordain.

I believe with you that our Church just now needs cultivated, sanctified scholarship, not less than improvement, in the preaching function. It needs both so pressingly that I see no ground of preference between the two wants, and would therefore detail each proper man to the special sphere for which he possesses the best adaptations. It seems highly credible that yours may be best for the department of Christian scholarship, to which your strong predilection ought, perhaps, to be received as a heavenly vocation on the same principle that we are to regard a "desire" for the ministry—one good element of a call to it. On this supposition the practical question arises, whether your actual position and relations are most advantageous for the best prosecution of this object. There is something quite attractive in the idea of a private literary life, and few of us, perhaps, are quite free from aspirations in that direction. We ought, perhaps, in judging ourselves and for ourselves, to take for granted that we are like other men, substantially and upon the whole, though unlike them, it may be, in many notable particulars. In *fact*, gentlemen scholars, Christian as well as others, do not, upon the whole, produce much good fruit in this country. I can name many exceptions, but clergymen and professors are the real scholars upon which we depend. It has seemed to me that, after deciding upon a literary life, you will do well to inquire if some connection with teaching will not greatly promote your direct objects, as well as the cause

of higher literary culture among us. I am not prepared to *urge* you to adopt the suggestion made by me some months since, but I still look upon such a course as likely to forward your objects above, perhaps, any other. The performance of partial professional duties would not, after a certain novitiate, interfere with your general objects, but would rather facilitate them by giving you an influential position, literary associations, and breadth of culture. Meantime, you would strengthen the institution, and render direct, valuable service by bringing your attainments to bear upon the best minds among us in the recitation-room, as well as indirectly through the press. I suggest this as matter worthy of your consideration. Yet, I will say, it seems to me to open before you a wide field of usefulness. I am not a little gratified to know that you are seeking earnestly *to do right*. I believe you will be guided from on high. May He who is the source of light make your pathway bright.

CCXL TO THE REV. DR. WIGHTMAN

(On the Wofford College).

Middletown, February 21st, 1851.

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—I wish it was in my power to offer to your consideration some suggestions likely to be of use in the organization of your new college. I feel no slight solicitude that those who have the charge of this great enterprise may conduct it to an issue that shall honorably perpetuate the name of Wofford, and worthily uphold the reputation and the yet dearer interests of Southern Methodism. The Church has never before had such educational facilities placed at its disposal. Its responsibility for using them well is solemn. I would gladly contribute any thing in my power to the success of the enterprise.

The location and the constructions present the first, and perhaps the most important questions. I will express my opinions clearly, but may not have room for many reasons.

the ~~between~~ the village and the court-house and a more rural situation. I can perceive no advantage in favor of the latter. ~~Whether~~ the college is there will be a village, whether you will or not. You may as first, but you can not permanently ~~without~~ the character of that village, and it is best not to assume the right and with the right, the obligation to ~~con-~~ ~~tain~~ it. A village created by the business wants of the community is likely to be better, on most accounts, than the one which will spring up spontaneously about the college. This, having nothing else to do, becomes a busy-body, a gossip, a gossiping person, and the college, being the only interest, must live for them, and the students will get and *claim* a social supremacy. ~~They~~ ~~is~~ ~~place~~ the teacher and the student, and to ~~demoralize~~ ~~and~~ ~~dehumanize~~ this mushroom community. I prefer the old village, on general grounds. Would I provide ~~domestic~~ ~~boarding-houses~~ &c. ? On the whole, and yet recognizing how many strong arguments rise up on both sides, I answer, decidedly, No ! At the court-house you can do without them. In the country you soon can. The old system requires *too much supervision*, and then can only partially satisfy the want it aims to supply. Keep some control over the selection of the boarding-houses. Hold the students responsible for good behavior. Their hosts will soon find it for *their* interest to co-operate with the Faculty in the promotion of order and industry. I look to the change as an *improvement* likely to prove favorable to the students' *manners*, manliness, and self-respect. It will tend to keep up home feeling, and be a *tolerable* substitute for domestic influence. You will, no doubt, find special difficulties. Every body finds difficulties under the old system. I am always more solicitous and less satisfied with the working of this part of our collegiate system than with any other. Had I to *begin* such an enterprise, I should, without hesitation, make the change on *general grounds*. There is a special reason for the same thing, of the utmost moment. You

may expend \$100,000 in constructions and appliances, and then work on in deep poverty. Adopt the reform, and you have \$50,000 on interest to pay your teachers and *live* upon. I can not express to you how desirable I regard this. A college that has no endowment finds infinite difficulty in governing students on whom its officers depend for bread. With \$100,000 in hand I would try to guard this point once for all.

I do not know the state of the popular feeling in South Carolina, but in all this region we are overborne with a demand to *popularize* our courses of study, to admit modern languages, natural sciences, all English literature, and I know not what, at the expense and sacrifice of so much of the old linguistic and scientific course. Of course nothing can be done well where every thing is attempted; and *education*, instead of being mental discipline, is coming to mean a smattering of all sorts of knowledge. I know not where this outward progress is to cease, but it threatens to blight our prospects, and make our scholarship shallow and petty. It tends to multiply teachers too much, and to demonstrate to the higher appetencies of man the truth of what the proverb teaches about cooks. I hope you of the conservative South may not be so beset, and that if you are you may find grace to keep as nearly as you can to the landmarks of a better system than that which threatens its subversion. There is room for improvement, but the conversion of our colleges into universities and professional schools is only an innovation.

CXXIII. TO THE REV. MR. DEEMS

(On family prayer).

Middletown, March 8th, 1851.

I have examined your "Home Altar," of which I received a copy a few days since, with much satisfaction. Your preliminary argument in favor of family worship seems to me to be exceedingly judicious, and well adapted to produce conviction and reform in all Christian parents who have been in

the habit of neglecting this most important and wholly indispensable Christian duty. Your discussion supposes such a degree of dereliction, on the part of religious families, as I had never suspected to exist in any part of the country among any denomination of professed Christians. I have some doubt whether this holy name should be accorded to those who habitually violate one of the most sacred of religious obligations, and with the right fulfillment of which the salutary influence, and even the existence of our religious institutions, are more intimately connected than with any of the more ostensible and imposing forms of Christian effort. In proportion as family religion is neglected must the Gospel lose its power over the consciences and the daily life of the people. No public teaching—no overflowing zeal and liberality put forth in the circulation of Bibles and religious literature, can counteract that inevitable decline of piety which will attend the decline of domestic religion. I trust that your timely appeal, which seems to me exceedingly appropriate and instructive, as well as awakening, will help to counteract an evil which, in proportion as it shall prevail in the Churches, must tend to paralyze the effects of the pulpit, the pastor, and the press for the salvation of men. Especially must the rising generation, growing up amid the shameful neglect of the most sacred parental duties, if they do not wholly reject the Gospel, embrace it under conditions the least favorable to the production of deep piety and effective religious character.

The forms of prayer which you have prepared, together with other helps to the celebration of domestic worship, appear, on the examination I have been able to bestow upon them, to be unexceptionable and judicious. Their highest recommendation may, perhaps, exist in the fact that they effectually annul, for every parent into whose hands your little volume may fall, the only plausible excuse for neglecting family prayer. The most timid mother, the least eloquent father, may pray "with book"—may no doubt pray to the edification of the family, and acceptably to God.

CCXIV. TO THE REV. DR. FLOY.

Middletown, April 5th, 1851.

I had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 1st instant. In regard to the missionary address, I do not think it would be prudent for me to attempt it. I have not been to any public meeting at night for several years, and act in this matter on a resolution deliberately taken in view of its effect on my health. *Attendance* on religious services in the evening rouses my nervous and dyspeptic symptoms more than the more regular labors of a week. Speaking on such an occasion could hardly fail of injuring me more seriously still. I hope I need not assure you that I would *gladly* comply with your request, but I think that, under the circumstances, I ought not.

I feel a degree of disappointment that Mrs. Floy is still kept in bondage, though I rejoice with you in the more favorable prospects of which you speak. Upon the whole, I incline to think that no trial is more severe to a Christian than this long suspension of activity and usefulness. I am sure that all the bodily pain and suffering involved in the trial is insignificant in comparison with the mental suffering. For this there is no remedy nor alleviation, except in strong faith, which I fear is more difficult to exercise under these than most other circumstances. We must believe that good is to come of all this. We know it *will* come, if we walk after the Spirit. We all feel a lively interest in Mrs. Floy's recovery, and I am sure that many remember her in their prayers. You and she are remembered here with an unusual degree of affection and respect.

. . . . I dread these dissensions. I often think of Paul's way of speaking of the Church, which Christ purchased with His own blood. How careful ought I, as his minister, to be! how forbearing and long-suffering, before I risk the least hazard of sowing the seeds of strife.



CHAPTER XI.

CLOSING SCENES.

TOWARD the close of the winter vacation, during which he made a visit to Boston, Dr. Olin preached twice in New York—once in Seventh Street Church, and once in the Wesleyan Chapel in Mulberry Street. On the latter occasion, the great truths contained in his text, “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure,” were unfolded and enforced with deep solemnity; and had he known that he was speaking “the words of this life” for the last time to his brethren in New York, his appeals could scarcely have been more earnest and more heart-searching. During the sermon, one young man, whose parents were friends of Dr. Olin, was enabled to find peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

On his return to Middletown at the commencement of the term, his health was so good that he felt encouraged to attempt a work which he had long wished to do—to prepare for the students a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy. Before beginning this course, he proposed writing two lectures on the Theory and Practice of Scholastic Life, a theme giving scope for hints and suggestions, the value of which had been tested

* He preached but two sermons after this—a missionary sermon at Hartford, and one at the dedication of a church in Willimantic.

by his experience and large observation. The two lectures, however, only left him on the threshold of the subject, and he wrote on, devoting nearly all the hours of every day not claimed by official duties to the labor of composition, till he found that seven lectures were necessary to give expression to his views. These lectures have been given to the public, in the second volume of his works, precisely as he wrote them. In the clear lines of the manuscript there are no traces of revision—his thoughts at once took permanent shape and form. Indeed, he uniformly wrote with so much accuracy at the first draft, that his manuscripts needed but slight revision for the press.

When he had written the fourth lecture, he began to deliver them to the students, who, with the professors, were assembled in the chapel on the mornings of Tuesday and Friday, at eleven o'clock. He was now fulfilling one of his cherished hopes—addressing young men on matters of great practical importance; and he proposed delivering this course every year to the freshman class, as well adapted to give them high aims and rightly to direct their steps as they entered upon college life. He was disappointed to find his health unfavorably affected by the delivery of the lectures; but he continued to write the remaining three lectures, which were never to be uttered by his lips! While reading the fourth lecture, he turned very pale, and sat down; but the change of attitude relieving the momentary faintness, he was able to read on to the close. This was the last time he spoke in public. The seventh and concluding lecture of the course lacked but two pages, when his hand was arrested by increasing

weakness. His mind had been in vigorous and spontaneous action, thoughts and words flowing freely; but he had overtaken his strength, and his course was now stayed. His last public counsels were addressed to students, whose interests were ever near his heart—for them were his last literary labors; and the last time he touched pen to paper, but ten days before his death, was to write his name upon the diplomas of the graduating class.

He postponed the remaining lectures till firmer health should enable him to complete the course, and obeyed a summons to New York from the chairman of a committee (of which he was one) appointed to revise the Catechism. He hoped that the change of air and a few sails on the New York Bay might ward off the attack which now threatened him. He took his little son Henry to visit his grand-parents, saying that he would soon be old enough to accompany him on his journeys, and that his company would be a source of great satisfaction to him. The weather proved unfavorable; constant rain prevented any excursions, and, after devoting himself for several days to the business upon which he had been called, he returned home not at all improved by his journey. He was not able to be present at the session of the New York East Annual Conference in May; but his brethren proved their regard for him by placing his name first on the list of delegates to the ensuing General Conference.* He made


* During the session of the General Conference, which met in Boston, May, 1852, Dr. Holdich presented the following preamble and resolution, which were unanimously adopted by a rising vote: "Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death the Rev. Stephen

another effort to rally — he went again to New York, and repeatedly sailed to Staten Island, with the hope that the sea-breeze might prove healthful and invigorating. From exposure, however, he took cold, and he was confined to the house for some days with inflammation of the lungs, from which he so far recovered as to return home, only to remain a prisoner on his couch in the study. He dressed himself daily, as usual, and came to his meals; but no medicine had any effect upon the chills and fever, the familiar enemy which held him in its grasp. He sometimes strolled on the piazza, and made bows and arrows for the little Henry, the unfolding of whose powers of body and mind he watched with the most lively interest. One day he ventured to hope that the disease was mastered. A long interval had passed without a chill; he felt better and brighter than he had done since the beginning

Olin, D.D., L.L.D., late president of the Wesleyan University, who was a member elect to this General Conference, from the New York East Conference; therefore,

“Resolved, That while we desire to bow with humble submission to this dispensation of the Divine hand, we unfeignedly mourn the departure of one who, by his soundness of faith, purity of life, comprehensiveness of intellect, and extensive learning, was so well qualified to be a light and a guide in our Israel; but while we regret that we can not enjoy the benefit of his counsel in this General Conference, and that the Church militant is deprived of his eminently useful labors, we rejoice in the satisfactory assurance that he has left the Church on earth to be united to the Church in heaven, and that in life and death he had made manifest the power and excellency of redeeming grace.”

Resolutions similar to this in tone were passed by the students and by the alumni of the Wesleyan University, by the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, by the Genesee Conference, by the Preachers' Meeting in New York, and by the Bedford Street Church.



of his illness. He drove out with his wife to Middlefield, and at an antiquated place, called, in his family parlance, the Ancient Neighborhood, he got out of the carriage to cut some cedar branches for bows for his little boy. He said that it would please the little fellow to know that he had been thought of during the drive. The balmy air seemed to give him new life. His spirits rose, and he indulged hopes that he was now to be restored to health and activity—hopes which he had not known for several months, and which made that drive truly delightful. It was his last *happy* drive. Two or three times he drove out subsequently, but as an invalid in the carriage of his physician. That night, with periodic certainty, the chill came—the enemy was still in the strong-hold.

On Tuesday, July 22d, an early Southern friend, into whose family he had been most cordially received when he first went to the South, and whom he had not seen for seventeen years, came with her husband to see him, having taken a journey of seventy miles for that purpose. This visit was a great gratification to him. It brought up most vividly remembrances of the scenes and the friends of his early manhood. He heard, too, with deep emotion, the declaration of his friend, made to Mrs. Olin, that to him she owed more than to any man living, for that through his instrumentality she had been brought to the knowledge of the truth. He remembered speaking plainly and earnestly to her about the great interests of her soul, but he did not know that his words had had any agency in leading her to the determination to live for Christ.

The next Saturday James Lynch, the dear little two-

years' old boy, who had been sporting round in all the joyousness of health, pleased with the visit of this lady, was taken ill with the dysentery, then an epidemic in the place. On the Friday after, at one o'clock in the morning, he died. During that sorrowful week, as Dr. Olin lay, feeble and lonely on the couch in the study, which was under the room occupied by the patient little sufferer, he went through all the pangs of the impending separation. The pattering of the little feet, so ready to run to the study—the lessons of cheerful obedience just learned, the daily invitation to dinner, and the little triumph of leading his father into the dining-room—the bright little face, the large, deep blue eyes, with that peculiar *inward* look—all the winning charms of this treasure lent had been present with him in those solitary hours.

On Thursday afternoon he was called up to take leave of the little one, whose last lisping words were those of prayer and love. The father, who was suffering with the pain of the same disease, was completely overcome with those farewell words. It seemed to him, as he afterward said, as if the spiritual was already shining out and asserting its power, as the earthly part was fading away; and when asked to look upon the lovely little marble image ere it was buried out of his sight, he said no; he wished ever to retain the remembrance of that "Good-by, papa"—that was his child's farewell. But it was when they came to take away his child and bury him that the fountains of the great deep of his heart were broken up, and his emotion became so uncontrollable that it alarmed those who stood beside him. The funeral services began, and the Rev.

Mr. Reid made an address in the hall, that it might be heard by the family up stairs; but Dr. Olin, who was now confined to his bed, found the effort to hear too painful for him, and turning to the kind physician, who had come to sit by his bedside in that hour of trial, he carried out a train of thought on which his mind had been previously occupied. He spoke of the dawning of intelligence in a child—of the gradual development of reason as suggesting the inquiry whence this intelligence? It can not have created itself—it can not be the offspring of matter—it must have proceeded from a higher intelligence, and, if so, where and what is this intelligence? There was no escaping, he thought, from the conclusion to which such reasonings lead us—the belief in God, the creator of all. Christianity is the only solution for the problems by which we are surrounded. He thought, he subsequently said, that it was no desecration of that solemn hour thus to converse, and he felt the absolute necessity of turning away from the agonizing thoughts, too poignant for his debilitated frame.

He requested his friend, Professor Lindsay, to call every morning and evening, on his way to his boarding-house, to pray with him, and said to him, with deep feeling, "You have a new claim upon our regard, because our little boy loved you so much." On the Monday before Commencement, he had a violent attack of hiccough, which alarmed his physician, Dr. Harrison, who attended him throughout this illness with the most watchful care. Dr. Harrison remarked that he had known even old persons recover from such an attack; and after he left the room, Dr. Olin turned to his wife,

and said, most emphatically, "You see what he thinks of my case." But this passed away, and as the disease did not assume a very severe form, no special apprehensions were entertained by any of the household, several of whom were prostrated by the same epidemic. The next day he sat up in bed and signed the diplomas as they were handed to him. It was the last act of his official life.

Commencement day, which was on Wednesday, the 6th of August, like one memorable in his early history, passed sadly enough. On both days was he prostrate and enfeebled, and the words he was to have uttered were spoken by another; but how changed was his position and prospects! Then, though he was apparently drawing nigh to the gates of death, over which gleamed no bow of heavenly hope, yet abundant mercies were in store for him, and a holy and useful life awaited him. Now that his appointed hour was indeed at hand, he could; "resting on the old foundation," look back on a past blessed by God's presence and spent in His service, and in meek submission to His will; and forward to a future, where he would find "his own place" amid that ransomed host to whose anthems of praise his own spirit had been so long attuned.

The day after Commencement, Bishop Janes and Dr. Floy called to see him, and the bishop prayed with him. On the next Friday, as the physician advised that Henry should be sent to his relations in Rhinebeck, he came bounding into the room, pleased with the thought of leaving the house—so silent, lonely, and sad to him,—for "happy Glenburn," associated with his childish

images of delight. His father told him to get on the bed, and, crossing his hands upon his head, he breathed a deep and heartfelt prayer, and pronounced a solemn benediction. One long, close embrace, and the two were parted. As the unconscious child left the room, the father said, "I shall never see that boy again!" On Monday he eagerly listened to the letter which told of Henry's well-doing; and the last time he mentioned the beloved child was two nights before his death, when he held out his right hand, exclaiming, with deep solemnity, "The hand of the Lord be upon my son Henry!"

One day, when the papers were brought in from the post-office, he desired his wife to read the names of those who were the subjects of the obituary notices in the Southern Christian Advocate. He said he always looked at that column with interest, as, in that record of those who had passed away to the better land, he frequently recognized the names of the old familiar friends of other days. Not "of the earth, earthy," was this last message brought to him by the printed page.

On Tuesday, the 12th of August, the physician announced, in his most cheerful voice, that Dr. Olin was better, and confirmed the statement the next morning, adding that his pulse was stronger than it had been during his illness. He said before his patient that he had been seriously alarmed about him on the Monday when he was attacked with the hiccough, but he now thought the danger over. Dr. Olin observed to his wife, "You know I always told you that if I were attacked with dysentery, dropsy, or any acute disease, that it would make an end of me; but it may please

God to lift me out of this, and we will take the little lad and go somewhere."

Were the morning and evening the same day? That afternoon the hiccough attacked him very violently, his pulse fell, and the changed expression of the physician's face told but too plainly his forebodings. In the still watches of that night, Dr. Olin said, "O Lord! is my time come? Hast thou no more work for me to do on earth, and hast thou a work for me to do in heaven? Well, take me, and bless those I leave behind me."

One of his brethren,* who kindly and repeatedly watched by his bedside, writes:

"The doctor was fully alive to the liabilities of his position. He desired that a number of his friends and members of the Joint Board should be at once summoned, that he might make a communication to them. Several of them reached his bedside in time to be recognized, and by their presence and prayers to cheer him as he walked down into the valley and shadow of death; but he had not power to address them. In his moments of temporary delirium he seemed to be urging this same matter, assuring his friends that he had not sought the office which he held, or retained it on his own account, but that it had been urged upon him, and that his motives had been of the highest and purest character.

"On Thursday afternoon he seemed to be engaged in prayer. Evidently meditating upon his probable decease, and upon the solemn mysteries of another world, gasping between each word, he began to speak: 'How mysterious that in a few days, perhaps a few hours, without any premonition, the Divine Being will call the soul into eternity.' 'But he doeth all things well,' remarked one by the bedside. 'What

* The Rev. B. K. Peirce.

thinking man,' continued the doctor, 'would dare say to the great onward movements of Divine Providence, nay! I would not.' Pausing a moment, and speaking with indescribable feeling, he added, 'I would say, the will of the Lord be done!'

"As Dr. Floy came in, late in the evening, he remarked to him as he pressed his hand, 'Very low, but the physicians are not without hope.' 'You have,' said Dr. Floy, 'hope in Christ, I doubt not.' 'Oh! yes, hope in Christ'—pointing with his finger upward—'most certainly, alone in Christ.'"

On Thursday afternoon he called to his bedside Mr. White, a student, whose unremitting attentions, and faithfulness in carrying out the physician's prescriptions, were, he said, invaluable to him, and lifting up his hand, he said, with the deepest emphasis, "The Lord bless this young man abundantly, now and evermore!" His salutations to his friends had taken the form of benedictions. "The Lord bless you and yours!" he said to Professor Smith, on Friday. "The Lord bless you, my sister!" he said to Mrs. Loomis, as she approached him, and he gave a parting blessing to his sister-in-law, who was completely overcome with the deep meaning of that last look.

Mr. White, who watched by his bedside night and day, said that his religion seemed interwoven with his whole nature, that all his utterances, gasping and indistinct as they might be, or even wandering as they were at the last, had some reference to the great theme. "Pray for the state," he said, on awaking from slumber, "that its rulers may be men of God." He tried to go on, but signified that he was unable to express what he meant to say. On another occasion, in apol-

ogizing for the trouble he gave, he said, "It is not from me, but from God," and then intimated that he could not express his meaning, which was that his illness, with the consequent care that it involved, was providential.

Friday morning his symptoms were more favorable. He felt relieved from the agony he had suffered for a fortnight, ten hours out of the twenty-four. "How sweet this is," he said; "I have known nothing so soft and peaceful for many days. This is from God—all good comes from Him." In the afternoon he put his hand caressingly on his wife's forehead, and said, "Dear little lamb! may the Lord keep you from all evil, and bless you with all good for evermore." It was the last blessing he pronounced.

About nine o'clock in the evening, Bishop Janes arrived from New York, and, with some friends from Boston, came to his bedside. After the usual salutations, he inquired, "What is the state of your mind?" Dr. Olin replied, "I am resting on the old foundation." "That is safe," said the bishop. He responded, "Yes, and I shall be saved, though it be as by fire." After a moment he repeated, "I shall be saved!" He afterward said something about the Church, which could not be understood, from the feebleness of his utterance. These, his last words, expressed his humble but unwavering trust; "the old foundation," the tried corner-stone—his resting-place for many a year, did not fail him now.

Soon after, the dull, heavy slumber attendant on typhoid fever came on, and, for the first time, *all* hope faded away from the watchers by that bedside.

Early in the morning of the 16th of August, his friends were summoned. Not a word nor tone broke the solemn silence—not a struggle nor a groan, but the breathing became fainter; and as the town clock was striking six, in the peaceful stillness of a summer morning, the spirit passed from its earthly tenement, "Bishop Janes closing the eyes and sealing the lips, upon whose eloquent tones so many have hung breathless."

An expression of deep tranquillity, of perfect peace, rested on his massive features in their marble repose. He looked like a Christian warrior taking his rest after the conflicts of life.

A number of his brethren and friends came from a distance to follow his remains to the grave. On Monday, the 18th, they were carried to the Methodist Church, and placed in front of the altar where he had so often broken the sacramental bread, and from the pulpit, hung with black, where he had discoursed of immortality and eternal life, Bishop Janes recalled those memories of him, which will be fragrant while he sleeps in dust. The hymns sung at these funeral services were the 1086th of the Methodist Collection:

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last!"

and the 1083d hymn, selected by the bishop as peculiarly descriptive of his varied life, his calm and peaceful death:

"How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!"

"A holy quiet reigns around—

A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

"Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell,
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

"Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies !"

In the peaceful calm of a beautiful summer afternoon his body was borne to its last resting-place in the college burying-ground. His grave was beside that of his infant son, and near the tomb of his friend and predecessor, Dr. Fisk, and there was his body committed to the ground in sure and certain hope of resurrection unto eternal life.*

* "There lies buried one of the greatest men of the present generation. The brilliancy of his genius was in keeping with the virtues of a noble heart, and transcendent mental endowments were associated with spotless purity of private character. Pre-eminent talents were consecrated to the glory of Christ, and given without stint to the cause of public usefulness. No 'pale gradations' of approaching twilight gave warning of the setting sun. In the fullness of mid-day beam and meridian fame that bright orb has been suddenly quenched. A bereft family, an orphaned university, a smitten Church, mourn the magnitude of a loss which can never be repaired. Let us bow to the Divine dispensations, adoring where we can not comprehend ; and, gathering up the recollections of departed excellence, attributing to the right source—the grace of God,—whatever was good, or great, or useful in his character and life, let us, in our humbler spheres of duty, follow him as he followed Christ, till we come at length to the spirits of just men made perfect, to the joyous 'general assembly' before the throne."—*W. M. Wightman.*

CHAPTER XII.

REMINISCENCES OF STUDENTS.

"WE do not hesitate," says Dr. Wightman, "to express our conviction that, with the pre-eminent qualifications he possessed for influencing young men, for wielding aright the potent instrumentalities belonging to the professor's chair, aided by the power which gave his sermons a baptism of fire, when occasionally he was able to preach, Dr. Olin did more for the Church than if he had even worn the mitre. We never knew a professor or president half so idolized by his students, one half so fitted to impress the great lineaments of his own character on the susceptible minds of young men, or so qualified to bring the vital spirit of religion into all the agencies and appliances of education. His work was marked out by Providence; he was sustained in it until the mission of his life closed. Posterity will regard him as a great leader in the educational enterprises of the religious body with which he identified himself, when there were scarcely half a dozen regularly educated men in the ministry, and no institution of learning of high grade to be found in the whole connection."

A meet introduction are these words to this chapter, which aims to present Dr. Olin's character as it was stamped upon the minds and memories of young men for whose well-being he ever felt a lively and unflinching solicitude. He may be thus seen from a new standpoint, and probably the most favorable position for obtaining a proper estimate of his qualifications as a guide and governor of youth. "At every thought of

him," says one, "I thank God more fervently for the human soul and for immortality." Says another :

"He was a father among us, and equally did he command respect, inspire awe, and win affection. How well could he encourage the ambition and enthusiasm of youth without approving its follies and indiscretions. The sincere and generous manner in which he bestowed praise, and the faithfulness with which he administered cogent, scorching admonition, both publicly and privately, were matters of universal remark. Of his piety I ought perhaps to say nothing ; but an incident occurs to my mind worthy, I think, of mention, giving as it does a brief but instructive glimpse of this man of prayer. It was told me by one of the students who were accustomed to attend the class-meetings held at the president's house. During these seasons of hallowed interest, not soon to be forgotten, he has been heard praying with fervent though subdued voice in his study, imploring, no doubt, the blessings of Heaven upon the class, and upon the institution which enlisted so much of his labor and his love. . . . His discourses gave *me* a *new idea* of the power of eloquence and the mission of the orator. My attention was once directed to some stanzas from Mrs. Browning's *Vision of Poets*, as giving a striking likeness of the doctor preaching, especially when much animated :

"His eyes were dreadful, for you saw
That *they* saw God—his lips and jaw
Grand-made and strong as Sinai's law.

"They could enunciate, and refrain
From vibratory after-pain,
And his brow's height was sovereign."

A young minister of the New York Conference, while still a student in the New York University, spent a summer in Middletown for the benefit of his health, and occasionally saw Dr. Olin in his own house. In

speaking of his posthumous works, he alludes to the personal and unconscious influence which Dr. Olin had exerted over him :

“ To the Church at large these volumes are, to an extent beyond any similar publications from our ranks, an honor to her literature, and a positive addition to her treasury of broad, practical views and lofty impulses. Indeed, the two last words seem to me to imply that more *especial* mission which it was his to accomplish, and which these sermons and lectures will still sustain. Others in large measure furnish instruction, and arrange the government of the Church ; but such an impulse of Christian heroism and magnanimity, such a realizing sense of the high vocation to which we are called, comes to me from no other source. God sent him to be what he was and is, a *power* in the very heart of the Church. . . . Beyond the general benefits, which I shared with so many, I can not forget that my own slight intercourse with Dr. Olin, and especially in one interview, had the most important bearing on my position and sphere of ministerial labor.”

The following tribute, “ from a member* of one of the last classes graduated under him—one, too, who is unspeakably indebted to Olin for whatever of energy, principle, and manly aspiration may enter as forming elements into his character”—proves his ability to “ impress the lineaments of his own character on the susceptible minds of young men.”

“ All that I shall say will find echoes in the hearts of many over whom Dr. Olin’s influence is most commanding. You may understand my feelings toward the man when I tell you that if I ever attain heaven, it will doubtless be owing, in a good degree, to the fact that I was permitted, at

* Mr. N. J. Burton, the valedictorian of the class of 1850.

a critical period in my history, to look upon the Christian religion as working out its benignant mission in his soul ; sweetening, strengthening, and elevating his sympathies ; entering and pouring a restless, beneficent life into his large, catholic mind ; robing in a divine beauty the mighty proportions of his character, and in his public efforts imparting to his ardent intellect a light, a dignity, a grandeur of action, which made his performances like the sun's march across the firmament, strong, luminous, and resistless. He was eminently fitted, both by nature and discipline, for guiding young men. His generous judgments of their motives, when smaller souls would have been stirred with suspicions—his lively and tender appreciation of the difficulties and discouragements which environ and depress the student—his unfailing urbanity—his thorough manliness—his wide and glowing apprehension of all that goes to make up true nobleness, and the contagious enthusiasm with which, at fitting times, he set before those committed to his charge his grand ideal of a manly character—all these qualities established for him an undisputed dominion over the finest, noblest feeling of the youthful student. And now that the clouds of the cemetery are upon him, it is grateful to me to bear testimony to his princely endowments of mind and heart. I call to mind the solemn prayers which he used to offer for us when, the day's work done, we were gathered in the college chapel. After a day of mental toil on the minute points of scholastic culture, an introduction, in those evening exercises, to his broad visions of moral truth, wrought in us such experiences as is born in the heart of the traveler who has made a weary march along shadowed, craggy ravines, and perplexing forest paths, and at last, as the sun descends, emerges to the mountain top, from which he may scan interminable landscapes. The immediate earnestness that brightens his eyes, the amazing reach of his sympathy, his deepness of intuition and force of expression, the fullness of his warm sympathy and his thorough acquaintance

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ness of the fearful verities of eternity which characterized those evening devotions, will live in memory forever. It is a rare blessing to be near and feel about and within you the breath of a mind so kingly, of a heart so rich and deep. Ill health prevented Dr. Olin from laboring in the recitation-room, but his *presence* was a conscious culture, and the few things which he was permitted to say to us will make him eternally influential in many souls. But he is asleep in the cemetery of the university over which he presided. And now these words I cast as a wreath upon his grave: God stamped manhood on him from his birth, and religion put upon his greatness so much of beauty as shall make him memorable for generations."

"When in his presence," writes Professor Lippitt, "we felt that we were in the presence of a father. Students, when called before him, were usually compelled, by his frankness and manifested confidence in them, never to dissemble. Few could go before him and meet the gaze of that eye, which seemed to read the very soul, and do aught but confess the truth. And I have often thought that it would be punishment enough for any one who could be thus guilty to *feel* that he had deceived one who was so open, confiding, and unsuspecting. His constant theme to the students was the cultivation of high and holy moral principles. In the chapel, how often have we listened to the rich treasures of thought and illustration that he brought from the store-house of his mind, to urge upon us the necessity of living up to some exalted, moral standard! His language to us was ever to choose the *right*, the *good*, and the *true*, and adhere to them whatever it might cost. Was any act committed by the students which called for censure, with what pained feelings he referred to it, and then, making the act the embodiment of some principle, he would portray the evil tendencies of that principle with a power and earnestness that carried conviction to every serious mind. His government over us was

mild and gentle, yet stern and decisive. He did not scold or threaten, but he *acted* promptly, energetically, without fear or favor, when duty called. If a student had committed some flagrant act, a public acknowledgment must be made, or he must leave. I remember an instance which will illustrate the point.

"Our class had desired a holiday one afternoon for some purpose which we deemed sufficient, and therefore applied to the professor, who was to hear our class that afternoon, to excuse us from our recitation. This he refused to do. The class thereupon took the half day *volens volens*, omitting the recitation, and spending it as we desired. The class were reasoned with by the professor, and urged to make some acknowledgment. This they declined doing. The next night, after prayers, the doctor requested us to stop. He called us forward before him, and then gave us a mild but earnest lecture upon the nature of law and the duty of obedience. He then mentioned the unpleasant circumstances in which we were placed toward our teachers, and said that he had written a paper which he thought would settle the matter, and which would be satisfactory to all concerned. We thought, by the mild manner toward us, that he was about to propose a compromise, which we deemed a victory, or, at least, that he was in a manner to condemn us, though in reality to condemn the professor. Never were students more terrified. The paper contained a full, frank, and humble acknowledgment of our error, and an expression of our sorrow and a pledge of future obedience. After having read it to the class, that he presumed that we all would sign it without recitation, adding, *ominously* that those who took his words to heart, their trunks and leave the college grounds in the morning. I need not say that the paper was signed with no reluctance on our parts, and ever after we felt that we were not to trifle with college laws.

"His whole soul was given to the education of his pupils. His life, and he often mourned his inability to do more for them."

among the students. But when among them, they all felt that he was their friend—one who had a great interest in their welfare. He took pleasure in inquiring into their plans for life, and often added his advice and counsel. So great was this confidence in this solicitude for them, that they often sought aid from him in the choice of pursuits, or in marking out a course of reading. He ever sought to impress upon our minds the grandeur of Christianity, and to enforce upon us the obligation of meeting all its requirements. Especially did he seek to instill into our hearts a zeal for the missionary enterprise, and a heart-felt interest for the conversion of the world. Hence we see Williams, who graduated in 1844, leaving for the shores of Africa, soon to sleep beneath its burning sands; and White, who in China to-day is preaching the truths of the Gospel to them that sit in darkness,* and others, I doubt not, under his instructions, first awakened to a zeal for the salvation of the heathen. Many others shall go forth to the missionary field. To beget such high Christian daring and self-sacrifice for the cross is surely not to live in vain.

“Those who have read his baccalaureate addresses will have perceived how deeply he felt for the future well-being of the students, and how earnestly he strove to kindle in them the most ardent longings for a life of true and exalted greatness. A great man, he used to remark, was not he who read the most, but he who thought the most. He was great who revolved great thoughts in his mind, and made great and pure principles his rule of action. Hence he urged us to seek for the first principles of things, and to struggle for the mastery of wide, comprehending, and far-reaching causes. To incite to deep and earnest thought is a higher aim than merely to impart the graces of an education.

* Dr. Olin strongly urged the establishment of a mission to China, and was one of a number of persons who contributed \$100 a year for its support. He gave about a tenth of his income to benevolent objects.

“He remarked to our class once concerning his method of study when in college: ‘In the study of mental and moral sciences,’ he said, ‘he was accustomed to write an analysis of each lesson, and commit it to memory, and then to read the text in connection with each division, and then, repeating his analysis, repeat also to himself all the thoughts embraced under each division as he recollected them.’ Thus he prepared himself for the recitation-room. He assured us that this method had given him, in a great measure, his precision of language, as well as his power over it.

“He took a peculiar interest in the spiritual welfare of the students, especially of those preparing for the ministry.

“How many now on fields of labor in our various Conferences look back to his influence and advice that decided them to toil for perishing souls! After they left the institution, his interest in them did not cease, but often his eye followed them—often his pen counseled them, urging them to the performance of their high duties with holy zeal and unwearied study and preparation. God wants no idlers in his vineyard. He used to remark that the highest intellectual power, sanctified by the grace of God, is the most powerful engine for good in the world; that we should seek for the highest intellectual culture and the most comprehending knowledge, that we may lay it upon the altar of God, and go forth in the Spirit of Christ to conquer the world; that an archangel’s intellectual power, could man possess it, dedicated to the service of God, would be the most exalted offering we could bring; that *learning* is not an evil, but only unsanctified learning.

The following letter is from Mr. R. O. Kellogg, a gentleman connected with Lawrence University, in the Far West. He was a student from Wisconsin, whose college life fell between the years 1846 and 1849.

“For some time after my admission Dr. Olin was absent

upon a European tour, and the first distinct impressions respecting him are those received as I joined, by sympathy, in the general rejoicing on his safe return to Middletown.

"On seeing him, esteem and reverence were at once the emotions with which I began to regard him, and these emotions have but strengthened to the present moment. I never went to his room, even upon a trifling college errand, without feeling that I had been in the presence of a great and good man. At such times his manner, though not formal and distant, was likely to produce in all a proper and high respect for his position as president. I think that none of any sensibility could easily bring themselves to trifle in his presence, even about those minor delinquencies which students generally think of small account, and very venial. His estimation of what most consider trifles in morals and in manners, used to be the subject of frequent remark among the students. He seemed to look upon the principle, not the act, and to regard with almost the same abhorrence and condemnation the wanton breaking of a pane of glass and the willful burning of a building. Triflers could not sympathize with such feelings, and were sometimes led to say that undue prominence was given to what they deemed slight offenses; but it always seemed to me to show in him a most exalted view and theory of *right*, an unusually perfect *beau ideal* of propriety and honor. I know not how others felt, but, as was remarked of Dr. Arnold by one of his pupils, it seemed to me a shame that any one should tell to him, so unsuspicious and trustful, any thing but the plain, straightforward truth. Prevarication and falsehood stood side by side, too base to be entertained in thought for a moment.

"We used sometimes to think that he was inclined to flatter us into duty and effort, and compliment us a little more highly than he really meant, but I do not think so now. I believe it arose from the generosity of his nature. The same catholicity of spirit which characterized his religion was per-

ceptible in his estimate of character and intellect. He never loved or was inclined to *depreciate* any one's efforts. He loved to exalt man, and to look upon him as a being richly endowed, and called to a most high and holy calling, and, as a consequence, he was not disposed to underrate or discourage individuals. This trait of character, this appreciation of thoughts and efforts so far below his own, will, I think, be remembered by all for whom he ever corrected a chapel-piece. As he drew a chair close beside his own, and, to them looking over, re-read the piece, and delicately and kindly gave the reasons for the corrections he had made, deferring much to their judgment, and consulting their taste in each, they must have felt, if not a little self-elation at success with which he found so little fault, at least that he was disposed to give them all the credit they deserved.

"As is usual, until my senior year I had scarcely met him elsewhere than at his room in college, and, when invited to his house, though partly prepared for it by the remarks of others, I was quite surprised to find him making all so wholly at ease, and to see him enter so heartily and pleasantly into conversation with all, the humble as well as the high. I remember with great pleasure two or three evening visits, which he made specially agreeable. In one of these he related to a friend and myself some incidents of his college life, and the history of one of his fellow-students, I think it was, who, young himself, got married hastily to an aged spinster, and repented at leisure. He narrated the circumstances with great humor, laughing heartily himself, and causing us to laugh most heartily. The poor fellow was taken sick, and somehow it fell to his lot to be taken care of chiefly by said spinster, and she so overcame him in his weakness, so baited his affections with toast and broth, and won upon him by kind attentions and gentle strokings, that she caught him, and he had, of course, to give up college and college fancies, and betake himself at once to the prose, the bread-and-dinner side of life.


"But others, more intimately acquainted and better able, will doubtless furnish illustrations of Dr. Olin's social character, his genial humor, and kind familiarity. Of the impression made upon me by his intellect I may perhaps speak more definitely. In his sermons, and even in his prayers in chapel, I always looked upon him with a species of wonder, with a feeling akin to that felt while gazing upon Niagara. His lofty thoughts, his comprehensive, ennobling views, his deep earnestness, and his power to do with language what he willed, impressed me with a feeling of the sublime. I saw, with a sort of astonishment, the ease with which he used long, massive words, and wove them into graceful speech; and recently, reading an account of Wickersham's machinery, which weaves, with all the apparent ease of a common loom, huge iron rods into beautiful gates and various articles of utility and ornament, I thought it a fit illustration of the way in which Dr. Olin's giant mind twined the most massive words into smooth, even, beautiful speech. Words seemed to take for him, whether speaking extemporaneously upon some unimportant matter in the chapel or more elaborately in the pulpit, precisely the form he wished, to twine to fit the thought; or, using a different, and perhaps more delicate figure, they seemed to be chameleon-like, and take precisely the color of his thoughts. This, as mental states and spiritual wants are never twice exactly alike, gave to his daily prayers a freshness and sincerity that are wanting in petitions full of habitual expressions and threadbare phrases.

"If the strength and accuracy of expression excited admiration, the thoughts much more. Such clear analysis, wide generalization, and truthful delineation of mental processes and moral states, could but produce effect, and beget in those that heard desire for similar clearness and scope of thought. Although he seemed to tower in intellectual stature above common men as much as he did in physical, there was nothing in his character to discourage emulation.

"He dwelt so frequently upon the necessity of labor for success—patient, persevering labor—and the certainty of failure in reaching any thing truly great, even in this world, without it, and high moral motive in it, that none, by his example, were led to sigh despondingly for genius, but rather stimulated to exercise and develop to the utmost the powers which God had given them."

"The most vivid recollection that I have of Dr. Olin is the recollection of him as he stood in the pulpit delivering to our class his last baccalaureate sermon. It is the mental daguerreotype of him there that I look upon most frequently. I see him there tremulous with emotion; now with both hands pressing upon his heaving chest as if to keep it from bursting; now with eyes and hand uplifted in prayerful appeal to Heaven; now bending over the desk toward us, urging us with tearful earnestness to be men, high-minded, Christian men, above paltry, ambitious, and time-serving expedients—to live for God, and always, persistently, and hopefully to do right. Especially to those who were to be teachers did he give a most impressive, earnest charge. Never shall I forget how he exalted the teacher's calling, how he warned us not to warp and mar immortal souls. Till then, I had thought to seek some employment more honored and lucrative, and to teach but a short time, as 'an unpleasant necessity; but since, I have come to feel that the sphere of a faithful teacher is as high as almost any need to seek. The faithful preacher's alone is higher, and even he can scarcely wield, for good or evil, a more potent influence."

This chapter finds a significant conclusion in the language of the Valedictory of 1851, in words written for, but destined never to fall upon his ear. These utterances, modified in their expression as spoken of an absent president, breathed the farewell of the class to him whose earthly relations with them had forever closed:



"We mark, sir, the day of our first meeting with you as one of the brightest periods in our history. From that time until now you have manifested, in a way quite peculiar to yourself, the most whole-souled interest in every thing pertaining to our good. In words of approval and admonition, when you seemed least to know it, you have given utterance to thoughts characterized by an internal expansive principle, which we must, whether we would or not, hold in time-lasting remembrance.

"You have discovered to us a deeper meaning in the declaration that 'man was created in the image of his God,' have made us feel that life here and life hereafter were joined in one great ritual; and, as for *duty* and *eternity*, you have actually burdened the words with meaning.

"Permit me further to say, that although we ardently wish for your entire restoration, we are taught a most invaluable lesson by your physical weakness. You know full well the tendency of those who are just entering into active life to magnify the importance of human efforts. But *we*, convinced that there is room enough for human virtue and folly—for the devotion of the hero, and the selfishness of the coward in the broad outlines of the destiny appointed to the world—are yet made deeply—O how deeply!—sensible at the outset, that, after all, the mightiest human instruments may be dispensed with. It is a harsh philosophy that would close the flood-gates of feeling now, as we go out forever from your manly guidance. Be assured we shall ever entertain for you sentiments of profoundest regard—I would say of affection, but the word has been perverted in its use. It is really an affection strong and genial, which you have not given us—into which we have not argued ourselves, but which we have been imbibing imperceptibly, incessantly for years, until it is now incorporated into our very being—not as a substance, but as an everlasting relation. Farewell!

CHAPTER XIII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. OLIN, BY THE REV. ABEL STEVENS.*

STEPHEN OLIN stands forth with commanding prominence and an imperial mien among the princes of our Israel. He was a shining light—a full orb; if not the most notable, yet the most intrinsically great man, take him “all in all,” that American Methodism has produced. So manifest and commanding were his traits, that this pre-eminence can be awarded him without the slightest invidiousness.

His character, moral, social, and intellectual, was throughout of the noblest style. In the first respect he was pre-eminent for the two chief virtues of true religion, charity, and humility. In respect to the former he had, with theological orthodoxy, a practical liberalism, which, we fear, most orthodox polemics would pronounce dangerous. There was not an atom of bigotry in all the vast soul of this rare man. Meanwhile, it could be said of him, as Rowland Hill said of Chalmers, that “the most astonishing thing about him was his humility.” He was, we think, the best example we ever knew of that child-like simplicity which Christ enjoined as essential to those who would enter into the kingdom of heaven, and Bacon declared to be equally necessary to “those who would enter the kingdom of knowledge.”

His social character was as beautiful as his intellectual was great. If it could not be in the nature of such a man to indulge the permissiveness, the sheer inanities which inferior minds may deem the appropriate relaxation of social conversation, yet was he ever ready for and warmly the cheerful re-

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mark, but the exhilarating pleasantries. His familiar friends will never forget this charming trait of his social character. Nor were these buoyant intervals rare or brief. Often, through a prolonged, but always fitting conversation, would this play of sunshine illuminate his presence, and with it would intermix congruously, often most felicitously, the radiant play of thought or the happy expression of Christian sensibility. A truer and more forbearing friend could not be found. His domestic affections were warm, and the circle of his family was a sanctuary full of hallowed sympathies and enjoyments.

It would require a more capable hand than ours to estimate the intellectual dimensions of such a man. His scholarship was, we think, more exact and thorough within his professional sphere than varied or comprehensive beyond that limit. We speak now of *scholarship*, as distinguished from general information. He was conservative in his views of classical education, and very decidedly opposed to the "modernized" system of training attempted and abandoned at Harvard, and now experimenting at Brown University. A high and finished classical discipline was his ideal for our own college, and that institution has sent out, under his superintendence, as thorough students as have honored the education of the land.

While he was a *genuine scholar* within his appropriate sphere, he possessed also a large range of general intelligence, though, as we have said, without that devotion to any favorite department of extra-professional knowledge which often relieves and adorns the professional life of studious men, by becoming a healthful and liberalizing counterpart to their stated routines of thought. We are not aware that he was addicted to the national literature of any one modern people, to the speculative philosophies which, with so much fallacy, have also developed so much mental vigor and splendor in the continental intellect of Europe, or to any one department

of the elegant literature of our language. We know not that he had more than a sort of casual acquaintance with these, formed mostly through reviews. With the current history of the world, in politics, science, learning, and especially religion, he had, moreover, more than the usual familiarity. A remarkable memory, tenacious of even statistics and names, doubtless gave him in this respect an advantage over most intellectual men.

The *original* powers of his mind were, however, his great distinction. And these, like his person, were all colossal—grasp, strength, with the dignity which usually attends it—a comprehensive faculty of generalization, which felt independent of details, but presented in overwhelming logic grand summaries of thought.

This comprehensiveness, combined with energy of thought, was the chief mental characteristic of the man. Under the inspiration of the pulpit it often, and indeed usually, became sublime—we were about to say godlike. We doubt whether any man of our generation has had more power in the pulpit than Stephen Olin; and this power was in spite of very marked oratorical defects. His manner was quite ungainly, his gestures quite against the elocutionary rules, his voice badly managed, and sometimes almost painful in its heaving utterances. But the elocutionist is not always the orator. While you saw that there was no trickery of art about Dr. Olin, you felt that a mighty, a resistless mind was struggling with yours; you were overwhelmed—your reason with argument, your heart with emotion.

When he began his discourse, your attention was immediately arrested by the dignity and sterling sense of his remarks. You perceived at once that something well worth your most careful attention was coming. Paragraph after paragraph of massive thought was thrown off, each showing a gradually increasing glow of the sensibility, as well as the mental force of the speaker. By the time he had fairly en-

tered into the argument of the sermon, you were led captive by his power; but it would be difficult to say which most effectually subdued you, his mighty thoughts or his deep feeling. You seldom or never saw tears in his own eyes, but they flowed freely down the cheeks of his hearers. Ever and anon passages of overwhelming force were uttered, before which the whole assembly seemed to bow, not so much in admiration of the man as in homage to the mighty truth. Such passages were usually not poetic, for he was remarkably chary of his imagery; but they were ponderous with thought—they were often stupendous conceptions, such as you would imagine a Sanhedrim of archangels might listen to uncovered of their golden crowns.

At suitable periods of the sermon, which usually occupied from an hour and a half to two hours, he would pause briefly to relieve his voice and his feelings. The mental tension of his audience could be perceived at such times by the general relaxation of posture and the simultaneous heaving respiration; but as soon as, with a peculiar measured dignity, he resumed the lofty theme, all eyes were again fixed, all minds again absorbed.

Effective as was his preaching usually, it was not always so. His ill health sometimes spread a languor over his spirit which no resolution could throw off. We spent a Sunday evening with him after he had failed, as he thought, in a sermon during the day. He referred to it with much good nature, and remarked that his history as a preacher had taught him to expect the blessing of God on even such efforts. He proceeded to relate an instance which occurred during his ministry in South Carolina. He preached at a camp-meeting, where a Presbyterian clergyman, who was to address the next session of his Synod in Charleston, heard him. The Presbyterian doctor repeated not only the text, but substantially the sermon, before his clerical brethren, giving, however, full credit to its Methodist author. So remarkable a

fact could not fail to excite great interest among the people of Charleston to hear the latter.

He at this time occupied the Methodist pulpit of that city, and the next Sunday evening his chapel was crowded with the élite of the community, including several clergymen. He preached long, and, as he thought, loud and confusedly ; in fine, he felt, at the close of the discourse, confounded with mortification. He sank, after the benediction, into the pulpit to conceal himself from view till the assembly should be all gone. By-and-by he espied some eminent individuals apparently waiting in the aisle to salute him. His heart failed. Noting a door adjacent to the pulpit, he determined to escape by it. He knew not whither it led, but supposed it communicated with the next house, which had once been a parsonage, as he recollected having heard. He hastened to the door, opened it, and, stepping out, descended abruptly into a graveyard, which extended beyond and behind the former parsonage. The night was very dark, and he stumbled about among the tombs for some time. He reached at last the wall which closed the cemetery in from the street, but found it insurmountable. Groping his way to the opposite side, he sought to reach a back street by penetrating through one of the gardens which belonged to a range of houses there. It was an awkward endeavor in the darkness and among the graves, but at last he found a wicket gate. He had no sooner passed through it than he was assailed by a house dog. Having prevailed in this encounter, he pushed on and reached the street, with some very reasonable apprehensions that the neighborhood would be alarmed by his adventures. He now threaded his way through an indirect route to his lodgings, passed unceremoniously to his chamber, and shut himself up for the night, but slept little or none, reflecting with deep chagrin on the strange conclusion of the day. On the morrow he hardly dared to venture out ; but, while yet in his study, Mr. ———, one of the first citizens in Charleston, and

a leading officer in a sister denomination, called at the house. He was admitted to the preacher's study with reluctance; but what was the astonishment of the latter to hear him say that the sermon of the preceding evening had enabled him to step into the kingdom, after many years of disconsolate endeavors during which he had been a member of the Church. The same day a lady of influential family came to report the same good tidings. Other similar examples occurred that morning, and this failure was one of the most useful sermons in his ministry.*

His style was somewhat diffuse, and always elaborate—too much so for elegance. Johnson used to insist that his own pompous Latinism was an effect of the magnitude of his thoughts; its fantastic collocations, even in the definitions of his dictionary, stand out, however inexorably and grotesquely, against the fond conceit; the critics pronounced his verbiage a result of his early study of Sir Thomas Browne. False in part as was the great author's apology, it was also in part true. He had a magnitude and Roman-like sturdiness of thought, which demanded capacious expression, though the demand was exaggerated, and thus became a characteristic fault as well as a characteristic excellence. Dr. Olin's style was affected by a similar cause, but not to such a faulty ex-

* "I think," says the Rev. Dr. Wightman, of Charleston, "that the sermon referred to as having been preached in Charleston has become confused with one preached in Washington, Georgia. No doubt he preached one here which, at the time of its delivery, he considered a failure, but which, after developments, proved to have been signally owned of God in communicating peace and comfort to several estimable persons. I believe I heard it myself, and I recollect one lady, now deceased, who was brought into the liberty of the children of God while hearing it. But I do not think that any single pulpit effort of his *here* ever brought into the Methodist Episcopal Church any number of the leading citizens; but a sermon at Washington, Georgia, was the salient point of a most powerful revival, accompanied by the reported results."

tent. The defect was perceptible in his ordinary conversation, and quite so in his extemporaneous sermons. In some of his later writings, however, he seemed to escape the excesses, while he retained the excellences of his style.

Dr. Olin was gigantic in person. His chest would have befitted a Hercules; his head was one of those which suggest to us preterhuman capacity, and by which the classic sculptors symbolized the majesty of their gods. Though of a very different craniological development, it could not have been less capacious than that of the noted American premier; and, crowning a much more lofty frame, must have presented, with vigorous health, a more commanding indication. This Titanic stature was, however, during most of his life, smitten through and through with disease and enervation. The colossal head seemed too heavy to be supported, and appeared to labor to poise itself. The eye, somewhat sunken in its large socket, presented a languid expression, though relieved by a sort of religious benignity which often beamed with feeling. This great man must be added to the long and melancholy catalogue of self-martyred students. His infirmities commenced with his college life; they were exasperated by his labors as an instructor in a Southern climate, and have been the burden of his later years, almost to the exclusion of any continuous labors. During these years, his usefulness has been confined mostly to very occasional discourses, some of which have been published; the quiet but inestimable moral power which the mere official presence of such a man can not fail to exert over any responsibility to which he is related; and last, but not least, the ministration of example under circumstances of suffering and personal religious development.

He was frankly independent in his opinions, and not without what would be called strong prejudices—no uncommon accompaniment of powerful minds. He was decidedly conservative on most subjects, though early inclined to political

liberalism. On the nife question of slavery, he shared not the strong moral sentiment of the North, yet he lamented the institution as calamitous. The Fugitive Slave Law he deplored as a necessary evil, and was favorable to its enforcement. He inclined to stringent institutions of government in both Church and State, but, at the same time, deemed our own Church polity susceptible of many liberal improvements, in order to adapt it to what he considered the demands of the times. He wished to see the period of our ministerial appointments prolonged. He was especially interested in the intellectual improvement of our ministry, and was one of the warmest friends of theological education among us. Before a theological school was begun in the Church, he wrote home from London, where he witnessed the experiment among the Wesleyans, a public letter urging the subject upon the attention of the Church, and inclosing a considerable donation toward it. He believed this, indeed, to be the capital want of Methodism in our day, and never disguised the conviction amid any prejudice to the contrary. He entertained sublime views of the missionary enterprise, and longed and labored to see the Church's energies amply brought out and applied to this work, especially in the foreign field. The evangelization of the world he deemed an achievement quite practicable at this day to Protestant Christendom. Some of his discourses on the subject were signal efforts of intellect and eloquence.

On the night of the 15th of August, 1851, it was our mournful privilege to stand in a small and silent circle by the death-bed of this good and great man. The barbed frame lay helpless and heaving in the last struggle. "I hope in Christ (pointing with his finger upward)—most certainly in Christ alone! I believe I shall be saved, though as by fire!" were among the last utterances of the dying sufferer. Early the next morning he was no more among men.

We quote still another sketch of Dr. Olin's character, written by the Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, for the pages of that journal :

" His life was a simple, earnest striving for moral purity—something far nobler than the highest aims of mere human ambition. It could almost be said of him—so free was his beautiful soul from all merely earthly aspirations, as a wise man said of himself—that he cared not for monument, history, or epitaph, not so much as that the bare memory of his name should be found any where but in the universal register of God.'

" Dr. Olin was a man of remarkable organization. His physical and mental proportions were alike gigantic. His intellect was of that imperial rank to which but few of the sons of men can lay claim. At once acute, penetrating, and profound, it lacked none of the elements of true mental greatness. We have known many men far superior to him in acquired learning ; but for breadth and comprehensiveness of range, for vigor and richness of thought, for fertility and abundance of invention, we have never met his equal. The great things that he did in preaching, in talking, in writing, for the last thirty years of his life, were accomplished rather by observation and thought than by reading or study ; of these his uncertain health made him incapable. Yet his acquisitions were of no mean order ; a broad and deep foundation had been laid in the severe studies of his youth and earlier manhood ; and he had a wonderful sort of intuition, if such it may be called, into all forms of human thought and knowledge. His judgment was so profound, that on all subjects of an ethical, political, or religious character his *a priori* judgments were of more value than most other men's conclusions on the largest collection of facts would be.

" But grand as was Dr. Olin's intellectual being, his moral

life was still grander. So overshadowing, indeed, was its majesty, that we can hardly contemplate any portion of his nature apart from it. The whole truth, were we to set it down as our eyes see it, would perhaps be judged, by those who did not *know* Dr. Olin, to be but another addition to the fond exaggerations of friendship. We see so much of earthliness in men, even in men of deservedly high name and station, that it is hard to believe in a life free from this base alloy. If man *can* be free from it, he was. He walked on in the daily path of life, spending his great mind in the service of the humblest of his fellows more cheerfully than if he had been serving kings—in the world, working for the world, but not of it. Presenting in himself an embodiment of the loftiest ideal of human purity and love, it was the effort of his life to raise others to breathe in his own celestial heights.

“Not that he *felt* himself to be thus elevated. The crowning beauty of his whole nature was its humility. Severe as was his virtue, he knew too well that, after all, it was not *his* ever to know or think himself more virtuous than others; and so charity, the meek attendant of humility, was ever by his side. In all things else but intellectual and moral pride he would have been a fit companion for those great spirits that taught of old in the Stoa, or discoursed of virtue and beauty in the groves of the Academy. He had their supreme love of truth; he had their profound contempt for all that is low, groveling, and earthly; but he had, too, what they had not, a clear apprehension of the relation between man and his Creator, and a deep sense of the corruption and debasement of humanity as estranged from God.

“And the basis of this high morality was laid in pure religion—in an humble and total self-consecration to the service of God, his Creator, and in a most ardent love of Christ, his Redeemer. He had but one aim in life—to realize a high idea of Christian holiness, and so to promote Christ’s kingdom upon earth. To this point all his studies tended; for this all


his intellectual treasures were lavished; for this he freely spent his worldly goods; to this he devoted health, and strength, and life.

“The highest style of man is that which combines a loving heart with high intellectual and moral power. A more genial and affectionate nature than Stephen Olin’s we never knew. His religious affections overflowed in the broadest Christian sympathy for the race; while upon his family and friends he lavished a wealth of love which few men are endowed with. His social life was all affection and tenderness. With his friends there was no restraint or reserve. His whole heart was poured forth in the gushing flow of sympathy. He delighted, too, in all the manifestations of affection—in the *detail* of feeling—in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within—to count, as it were, the very pulses of the life of love.’

“With such qualities of mind and heart, it is not wonderful that he was pre-eminent as a preacher. In overmastering power in the pulpit, we doubt whether, living, he had a rival, or dying, has left his like among men. Nor did his power consist in any single quality—in force of reasoning, or fire of imagination, or heat of declamation—but in all combined. His course of argument was always clear and strong, yet interfused throughout with a fervid and glowing passion—the two inseparably united in a torrent that overwhelmed all who listened to him. His was, indeed, the

“‘Seraphic intellect and force,
To seize and throw the doubts of man;
Impassion’d logic which outran
The hearer in its fiery course.’

“Of his writings we have left ourselves no room to speak. It is the grand *totality* of his character that we have sought to express; yet our feeble utterances have fallen below our aim. His life, his spirit, and his death, are fitly embodied



interpersonal relationships
and his working style
length, and life

The highest style of man is that with a cool heart with high intellectual and moral and affectionate nature than any other. His religious affection leads to the sympathy for the poor, which he lavished a wealth of his life and with the rest of his life.

With his family in
their home, now you
the "Affairs" of
the "Affairs" of
the "Affairs" of

...the ...

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in a noble strain of Wordsworth's, that reads almost as if it were written for him :

“ ‘Who is the happy warrior? who is he
That every man in arms would wish to be?
’Tis he
Who fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows—
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire—
Who, therefore, does not stoop or lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state—
Whom they *must follow*—on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all—
Who, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven’s applause—
This is the happy warrior—this is he,
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.’ ”

THE END.





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